Calvin Coolidge talks about Your Taxes

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July 23, 1932

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5¢ a copy
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"Bugs" Baer's

first short story

Son of Balko

JULY 23, 1932

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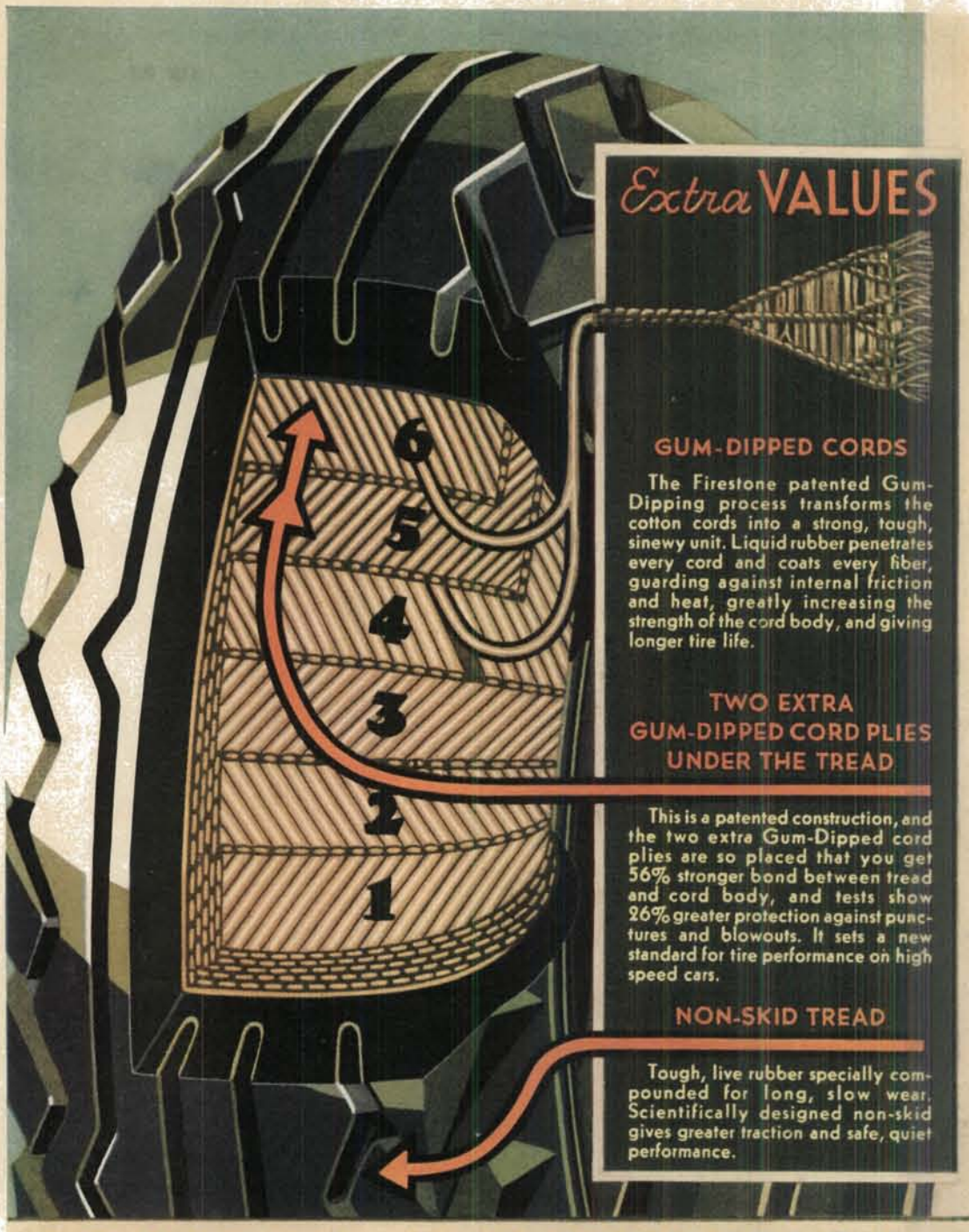


Extra VALUES

GUM-DIPPED CORDS

The Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process transforms the cotton cords into a strong, tough, sinewy unit. Liquid rubber penetrates every cord and coats every fiber, guarding against internal friction and heat, greatly increasing the strength of the cord body, and giving longer tire life.

TWO EXTRA GUM-DIPPED CORD PLIES UNDER THE TREAD

This is a patented construction, and the two extra Gum-Dipped cord plies are so placed that you get 56% stronger bond between tread and cord body, and tests show 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts. It sets a new standard for tire performance on high speed cars.

NON-SKID TREAD

Tough, live rubber specially compounded for long, slow wear. Scientifically designed non-skid gives greater traction and safe, quiet performance.

MORE QUALITY *for* LESS MONEY!

QUALITY and LOW PRICE reap their biggest reward when everyone is demanding the most for their dollars. Never before have so many car owners expressed a preference for Firestone Extra Quality Tires as NOW.

There's a reason—They have found that Firestone extra construction features—not found in any other tires—make Firestone Tires stronger and safer—yet the prices are no higher than for ordinary tires! Think of it —*high quality at the lowest prices ever known.*

Why should you and your family take unnecessary chances by using any but the safest and best tires that experience and skill can build?

Take this ad to your Firestone Service Dealer Today and Equip your car with the tires that give—*Most Miles per Dollar.*

Listen to the **"VOICE of FIRESTONE"** *every Monday Night over N. B. C. nationwide network*

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION • QUALITY • PRICE

MAKE OF CAR	Tire Size	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Ford, Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.79	$9.30
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.35	10.38
Ford, Ford	4.50-21	5.43	10.54
Chevrolet, Whippet, Plym'th, Erskine, Plym'th, Chandler, DeSoto, Dodge	4.75-19	6.33	12.32
Durant, Gr. Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-K.	4.75-20	6.43	12.48
	5.00-19	6.65	12.90
Essex, Nash	5.00-20	$6.75	$13.10
Essex, Nash, Olds'bile, Buick M.	5.00-21	6.96	13.54
Chevrolet, Olds'bile	5.25-18	7.53	14.60
Buick, Stu'b'k'r	5.25-21	8.15	15.82
Auburn, Jordan, Reo, Stu'b'k'r, Gardner	5.50-18	8.35	16.20
Marmon, Oakland, Peerless	5.50-19	8.48	16.46
Chrysler, Stu'b'k'r, Viking	6.00-18	$10.65	$20.66
Stu'b'k'r, Franklin, Hudson, Hup'bile	6.00-19	10.85	21.04
La Salle, Packard	6.00-20	10.95	21.24
Pierce A.	6.00-21	11.10	21.54
Buick	6.00-22	11.60	22.50
Pierce A.	6.50-19	12.30	23.86
Stutz	6.50-20	12.65	24.54
Cadillac, Lincoln, Packard	7.00-20	14.65	28.42

TRUCK and BUS TIRES

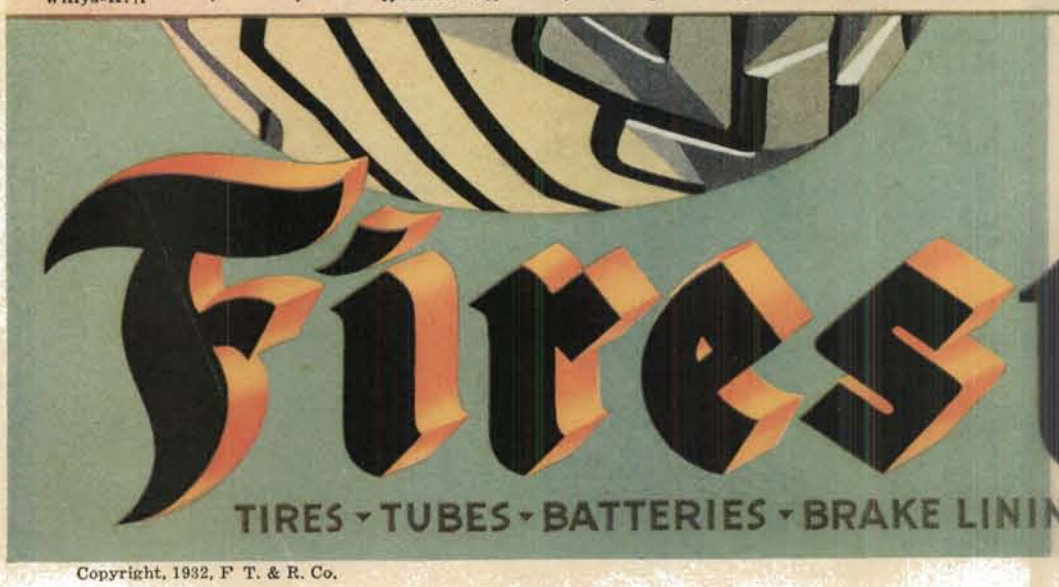
Tire Size	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
30x5 H.D.	$15.35	$29.74
32x6 H.D.	26.50	51.00
34x7 H.D.	36.40	70.60
36x8 H.D.	51.65	100.20
6.00-20 H.D.	11.65	22.60
6.50-20 H.D.	15.50	30.00
7.50-20 H.D.	26.45	51.60
9.00-20 H.D.	46.50	90.40
9.75-20 H.D.	61.65	120.00

Firestone SENTINEL TYPE

SIZE	Our Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Tire Price Each	Our Cash Price Per Pair
4.40-21	$3.59	$3.59	$6.98
4.50-21	3.95	3.95	7.66
4.75-19	4.63	4.63	9.00
5.00-19	4.85	4.85	9.44
5.25-21	5.98	5.98	11.64

Firestone COURIER TYPE

4.40-21	$3.10	$3.10	$5.98
4.50-21	3.55	3.55	6.98
4.75-19	3.98	3.98	7.65
30x3½Cl	2.89	2.89	5.75



THE TIRE THAT TAUGHT *Thrift* TO MILLIONS

Firestone

TIRES - TUBES - BATTERIES - BRAKE LINING - SPARK PLUGS - RIMS - ACCESSORIES

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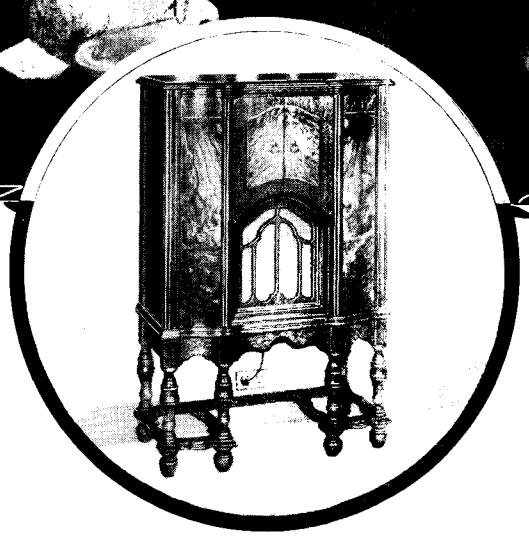
NO FAVORS GRANTED! These five M. I. T. men operated the tuning and volume controls, switched the sets on and off, and counted the ballots.

BOSTON LENDS HER BEST TRAINED EARS

...and again a great star proves its greatness



THE WINNER! The new G-E Convention Model, General Electric's latest triumph! Seven major engineering advances, including "Twin Push" (Class B) Amplification, 12 tubes of new type throughout, Dual Automatic Volume Control, Automatic Lo-Tone Compensator, High Power Dynamic Speaker and Improved Tone Equalizers with ACOUSTIC ORIFICES.
Complete with tubes. $139.50

BEHIND the footlights of Boston's Jordan Hall, four famed performers awaited the curtain. Four famous radio sets, hidden by a silken screen—ready for the tone-test.

And just beyond the orchestra pit—what an audience! 54 members of the faculty of the noted New England Conservatory of Music. *Teachers* of music—connoisseurs of tone—ready to listen.

The master of ceremonies was talking. ". . . . Each set will perform anonymously. Not by name, but by number. And to insure fairness, five senior classmen from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will handle the sets."

Half an hour later a General Electric Radio—known only as "Number 3"—had sung its way to a new tone triumph! Pitted against three *higher-priced* sets it won the *best tone* vote of Boston's best trained ears! Won *three times* as many votes as all other radios combined . . . 41 out of 54 votes!

In tests all over the country, trained ears and untrained ears have compared its tone with others. Again and again G-E wins! Wins because of its better, *truer-to-life tone.* And that is the one thing above all things you want in the radio you buy. It is the thing you get in a General Electric—*marvelously better tone!* Hear it—and "Believe your own ears!" Prices are now lower than ever—from $46.75 to $345 at your G-E dealer's. Ask him to show you the many G-E models. Or write Section R-277, General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

• *Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon Eastern Daylight Saving Time.*

• *When wiring or rewiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.*

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE Cuban revolt of August, 1931, was a great disappointment to all connoisseurs of revolution. The insurgents landed at Gibara. They were driven into a railroad tunnel. Then they were driven out again. And that was that. But the real end of the revolution wasn't in Cuba at all: it was in Atlantic City and it took the form of a dance.

The glorious uprising began in Bryant Park, New York, and it had every prospect of success until the bootleggers muscled in. Even then it might have succeeded if Colonel Collazo hadn't stopped by the wayside to eat a spaghetti dinner.

William G. Shepherd tells you "How Bootleggers Stole the War." It's the most amazing story of revolution that you've ever heard.

KATHLEEN NORRIS begins the adventures of Norah Oliver, who became, through force of circumstance, a "Wife for Sale." It's a story of the amazing consequences which followed a lovely girl's attempt to aid her family. In it you will find the bravery and tenderness and wit with which Mrs. Norris holds millions spellbound.

UNDERSTATEMENT may be a useful literary device, but it won't get you far when you're in love. Take Burnsy, for example. The only compliment Julie Gannon ever got out of him was, "Oh, I've seen worse than you." Even that took a lot of effort and hardly amounted to a proposal. Luckily they finally got Burnsy under an anesthetic and then he was able to speak his mind, as Richard Connell explains in "No Way to Win a Girl."

JIM COLLINS tells you what a test pilot thinks about when the wings of his plane suddenly fall off in the middle of a power dive. In "High Spots" he gives you a series of vivid snapshots from the life of a professional flyer.

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN introduces you to our biggest hero of the year—a sperm whale seventy feet in length. If excitement at this drama of the deep doesn't raise your temperature you will find the excursion into green water a good antidote to the weather. The title is "For My Lady," but if you think that makes it a love story you're wrong.

LOVE, however, is the theme of Dana Burnet in "Let's Be Crazy." It is, he would lead us to believe, an irresponsible emotion fraught with rash wisdom. Maybe he's right.

P. G. WODEHOUSE, John B. Kennedy, Henry M. Williams, Dr. Ruth Wadsworth, J. C. Derieux, Clinton W. Gilbert and others add to the merriment. Tie that if you can!

This Week

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July 23, 1932

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●

Any Week

FIRST out of the bag is a postal card from Philadelphia: "Your magazine isn't so bad considering you don't know any better. My real name's J. H. Pollack. What's yours?"

THEN Mr. Louis O. Lewis of Dayton, Ohio, insisting that "something ought to be done about Communists. I was all steamed up about communism until I met a couple."

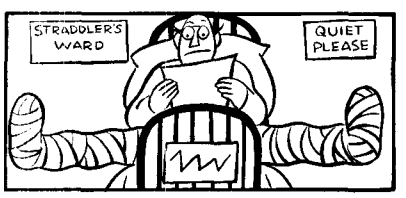
NEXT we learn that Mr. Theodore Hilly of Dubuque, Iowa, hasn't yet got over that keynoting at the Republican convention. Says he: "Senator Dickinson says the Hoover administration saved us farmers a pile of money. That makes me a paint drummer or a banker or something because I even lost my farm."

AND Dr. R. P. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas, quotes his old friend, Mr. Garner Garlington, the Sage of the Sand Hills: "That back-to-the-farm movement is right down my stake-and-rider fence lines. If prices keep on burrowing down I'm turning my back to the farm permanent."

"I'VE been doing some looking up," says Mr. Joe Doles of Salt Lake City, "and have found out what's the matter. Ninety per cent of our laws were made by men that have been dead so long that we've forgotten their names."

"THE government," thinks Mrs. F. L. Luscombe of Pocatello, Idaho, "conscripted the worker in 1917 to save capital, so why not conscript capital now to save the worker?"

MR. HENRY R. RUST of Chicago advises us that the hospitals of that city are "jammed to the doors with politicians who busted both legs straddling."



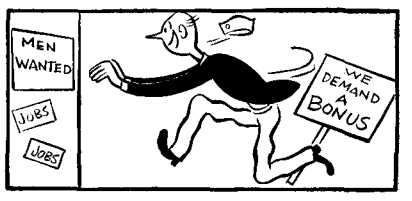
"COME to think of it," sighs Mr. Jack Knebel of Missoula, Montana, "suppose the meek did inherit the earth, would they be satisfied?"

"IT'S all wrong," sighs Mr. Loren Cinnamon of New Orleans. "We sent Senator Kingfish Long to Washington, thinking to get rid of him. And every time we come out of the cellar to see if everything's all right, there's the Kingfish back again. I hope he breaks his roller skates or gets pinched in Labrador or something."

CAPTAIN ED LOWENTHAL of Syracuse, New York, is tired of being told to be kind to the goose that lays the golden eggs. He doesn't think the eggs are golden in the first place and doubts that the creature is a layer anyway and finally he promises to murder and eat it if it comes romping his way. "The only thing I ever knew it to do," says he, "is to write Republican platforms."

"WHERE," demands Mr. Ernest Mitchell of Mayview, Pennsylvania, "are the great pensmen of yesterday such as Washington, Franklin and Jefferson? They proved that the pen is mightier than the sword. Today all we have is piffle and trash and vulgar sex stuff and egotistical rubbish and—"

WE HAVE received no letter recently in which we concur so wholeheartedly as this one from Mr. Lee E. Bennet, "ex-private A. E. F." of Denmark, Iowa. "All I ask of my country," writes he, "is a chance to earn a living for myself, wife and children. Give us a chance to work and see if the vets don't let up on the government."



"JUST so you'll know how bad things are down this way," writes Mrs. Carl Kobrin of Natchez, Mississippi, "somebody sent our state House of Representatives an infernal machine without any explosive in it."

MISS WILLA ELLENBOGGEN of Burlington, Wisconsin, thinks something should be said for Mr. F. M. McAuliffe of Milwaukee, whose car got out of control in Madison and leaped the curb, knocking over a traffic dummy, demolishing a fire hydrant and plunging through a large plate-glass show window of a drug store. What impressed Miss Ellenboggen (and us) is that Mr. McAuliffe's hat was knocked off.

DR. LEON R. KRAMER of Hanover, Kansas, isn't so impressed with the Seabury investigation of Tammany Hall. He suggests that the Tammany boys, including Jimmy Walker, spend a few days in his state and learn something.

MRS. BELLE LOTOS, "private amateur medium," of Pittsburgh, Pa., rushes in with a word of cheer: "The right man will be elected in November but it will be too late."

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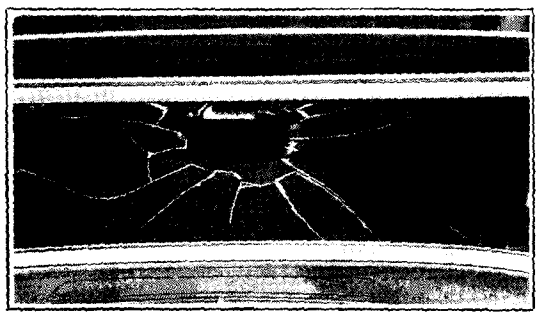
WARNING

If your car is equipped with *ordinary* glass, and if anyone in that car is ever injured in an accident, the chances are practically even* that the injuries will include painful, ugly cuts that often leave unsightly scars or worse.

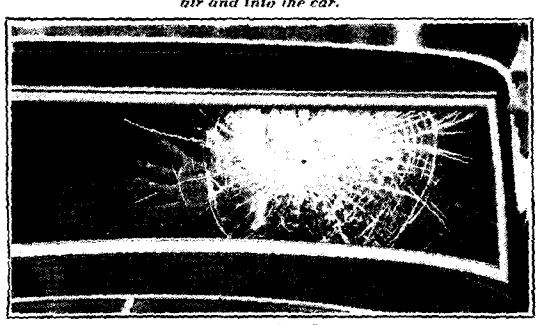
** This figure is obtained from a recent survey in which 147,100 motorists were questioned. 45% of those who reported injuries in automobile accidents were cut by broken glass.*

We threw a brickbat, full force, at the windshield of a car equipped with Libbey-Owens-Ford Safety Glass. A high speed camera caught it just as it struck. Notice how the glass merely *cracked* under the terrific blow. *It did not shatter and fly.* The brickbat actually *bounced away* from the Safety Glass windshield. Anyone sitting in that car would have been *safe.*

THIS AMAZING TEST PROVES THAT LIBBEY • OWENS • FORD SAFETY GLASS will protect you



This is what happened to the ORDINARY Plate Glass Windshield. The brickbat went right through it. The great, gaping hole shows how the pieces of broken, flying glass were scattered through the air and into the car.



This is all that happened to the Libbey-Owens-Ford Safety Glass Windshield. The patented transparent adhesive and the thin, clear pyroxylin plastic between the two sheets of fine glass prevented it from flying.

After this dramatic exhibition of the terrific impact that L-O-F Safety Glass will resist *and still protect you*, an *ordinary* Plate Glass windshield was substituted in the car. When the brickbat struck the *ordinary* glass, there was a terrifying crash and jagged, razor-edged, danger-dealing chunks showered the interior of the car. Those are the flying daggers that cause so many injuries . . . *needless* injuries that often have very serious, even fatal results. Could anything prove more convincingly that L-O-F Safety Glass in your own car will put an end to this menacing danger? Can you . . . who naturally consider the safety of everyone who rides with you . . . *afford* to be without this vitally important safeguard? Insist on it in your new car. L-O-F Safety Glass is used by Packard, Graham, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo, Willys, Willys-Knight, Ford, Cadillac, LaSalle, Lincoln and Nash.

•

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO, manufacturers of Highest Quality Flat Drawn Window Glass, Polished Plate Glass and Safety Glass; also distributors of Figured and Wire Glass manufactured by the Blue Ridge Glass Corporation of Kingsport, Tennessee.

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD SAFETY GLASS

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Ten cents a month brings your child the finest breakfast money can buy

Quaker Oats alone gives this rich nourishment and mellow flavor. Serve it regularly and cut breakfast costs in half.

YOU can cut breakfasts costs almost in half. Serve richer, more flavory breakfasts. Protect precious child health. By serving Quaker Oats regularly.

For Quaker Oats is rich in body-building protein. The same element that makes meat, milk and eggs so necessary. It provides minerals, like fresh vegetables. It is full of concentrated energy usually found in expensive foods. Yet it costs less than ½ of a cent a dish. A wonderful way to cut food costs and still keep children growing at their best!

Only Quaker has this richer flavor!

In addition–(and this is important–for children's appetites *must* be tempted)–Quaker Oats has a nut-toasty flavor that makes oatmeal eating a delight. This is because of the *exclusive Quaker roasting process.*

First, only the richest flavored oats are used. The choice 30% in every bushel. Next, Quaker *roasts* the plump whole kernels through 10 different ovens. Roasts the flavor *in* so it can't cook *out.* Then you cook them to delicious flavor–complete digestibility, in 2½ minutes!

In addition every Quaker Oats package contains *from 30 to 40% more oatflakes* than many millers pack. Do you know any other breakfast . . . any other oatmeal that gives you so much for so little? Protect health and tempt appetites while you save, by asking for Quaker Oats.

AS MILLIONS KNOW

•

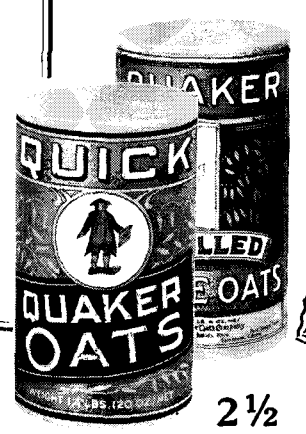
Only Quick Quaker Oats and Quick Mother's Oats give you these exclusive features

1 Choicest oats–we use only the best 10 pounds in every 32 pounds (1 bu.) –the rest is rejected.

2 Ten Roastings – through different ovens
–to give richer flavor
–to cook deliciously done in 2½ minutes.

And

In addition–30 to 40% more oatflakes than many millers pack.



Have you tried Quaker Crackels? They are the newest of ready-to-eat cereals . . a combination of grains, blended together into crisp, golden little pillows.

Quick Quaker Oats, *cooks in* 2½ *minutes*

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Cartoons by J. N. Darling

We have a conflict between the native and the alien idea

Everyman's Property

"Nothing seems clearer than that if the people are to control the government they must pay the taxes to support it. These two go together. And secondly, if the people are to have an opportunity to own the property of the nation they must pay the taxes on it. These two go together. Power and responsibility cannot be separated, politically or economically. If we delegate the paying of our taxes we shall find we have delegated the control of our government"

By Calvin Coolidge

A GOOD many of our ideas are traditional. Without realizing it we get them by inheritance. They grow out of environment and custom. That is the reason why the same words convey different meanings to people who have come from different parts of the world so that the native-born and the foreign-born usually have difficulty in understanding each other.

We appear to be in danger in the United States of a confusion, arising in part from the circumstance of our mixed population, in relation to the rights of the people to own property. By those who by birth, inheritance or education have our new-world conception of property it is regarded as an inalienable right which is possessed by every individual and must necessarily be protected by the most careful guarantees of the government. To those who have the old-world conception it appears to be some form of unjust privilege which should be rigidly circumscribed or perhaps entirely abolished. Here we have a conflict between what I conceive to be the native, home-produced idea and an imported alien idea.

It is very easy to see how the old-world popular attitude towards property developed by recalling a little history. It is only in recent times that there has been any considerable wealth in personal property. Great accumulations of stocks and bonds, merchandise and movable property are distinctly modern. They do not yet have any tradition of their own. The old idea of property referred almost exclusively to real estate. The main form of investment was land. The rich man was the proprietor of large estates.

More than that, land holdings were associated with the orders of nobility. Oftentimes they did not represent purchase and sale but were conferred by the sovereign upon some of his retainers as a mark of favor for the purpose of supporting a title and ruling certain territory, and so were in effect privileges. In order to perpetuate the original intention the land was entailed, so it could not be sold but descended to the eldest male heir with the title. While such a system made the aristocracy rich it left the people who were obliged to get a living by working the land inevitably poor. For generations their inherited idea of property was the privilege bestowed by the sovereign upon the land-holding nobility.

While any student of political economy would know that there was another side to this picture, that need not here be considered. What I am trying to indicate is why and how a certain prejudice against property and property owners gained a widespread and deep-rooted existence in the minds of many generations of old-world people. And what I believe can be demonstrated is that whatever conditions and customs may have existed in the old world which justified such complaints they have no counterpart which would warrant a like prejudice in the United States. What was the privilege of the few in other countries became the right of many in our country.

Certain events in history decreed that this was to be so. The discovery of this hemisphere was made under the flag of Spain and for a long time that country laid claim to the western world in its entirety and was able to enforce its claim by its fleet. But the defeat of the Armada in 1588 left the sea open to the English and determined that this part of the world was not to be Spanish. Gradually our eastern shore from Maine to Georgia came under English rule. The long struggle for supremacy between the Crown and Parliament continuing during the period of our early settlement and ending with the downfall of the Stuart kings placed the rank and file of the English people on the side of self-government. While they were joined by other strains just as devoted to liberty, it was the people from the British Isles with their genius and training for self-government who were predominant in determining the character of the Colonies.

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Two other events completed the outcome. First came the victory of General Wolfe at Quebec in the French and Indian War. After that, all danger that this country might be Bourbon was passed. The last step was taken at Yorktown, where monarchy met its final defeat. After that we had a new and vigorous nation of free people completely independent of any old-world traditions which were not voluntarily accepted.

What remained to be done was to establish forms of government in harmony with the liberty already won. This was accomplished in due time by our Constitution. Under it all orders of nobility were forbidden. By the declaration of this principle of equality all persons were thereafter to be judged on their own merits. Privilege was abolished. And for the further protection of the people it was provided that the obligation of contracts should not be impaired, that no person should be deprived of life, liberty or property except by due process of law, nor should private property be taken for a public purpose without just compensation.

All of these provisions are for the protection of the people. They were made by men who had felt the burden of an aristocracy, who were familiar with the abuses of arbitrary governmental interference with private contracts, who had seen persons imprisoned and executed and property seized without any warrant of law. They were made in the cause of liberty and self-government.

The men who did these things were not seeking to pull down but to build up. They did not attempt to destroy but to construct. If they engaged in a leveling process it was not to level down but to level up. They were not given to cant or pretense. They did not address each other as "Citizen" or "Comrade" but as "Mister" or "Master." In the empire they founded the people were not to be subjects of the government but masters of the government by being masters of themselves, of their own affairs, and of their own property. There was to be no privileged class living on the bounty of the government but the government was to live on the bounty of all the people proportionately contributed.

These in general were some of the fundamentals of our national and state constitutions which were gradually worked out into statute laws.

Bulwarks of Land-Owning

Because of those principles and of our vast territory we have always been able to appease the land hunger of the people. Since we had no titles of nobility to support, we have not encouraged the holding of great estates in perpetuity. They usually become divided among all the heirs on the death of the owner. In fact such large holdings of tillage land as exist are seldom used for profit, but are some rich man's fancy, constituting a burden rather than a privilege. The public domain, which was almost boundless, was opened to homestead settlements at a low price and on generous terms. Our system of Land Banks and Intermediate Credit Banks has given a bounty, tax free, to those who needed to borrow to engage in agriculture. We have enacted a great deal of legislation in our attempt to provide that the resources of property should be generously extended to the people who live in the open country.

To take care of the needs of our urban population, to finance the owning of homes, we have the resources of Savings Banks, Building and Loan Associations, Insurance Companies and National Banks and Trust Companies. On top of all this there are great manufacturers, credit concerns, mail-order houses and retailers which sell on the installment plan.

Carrying Out a Good Idea

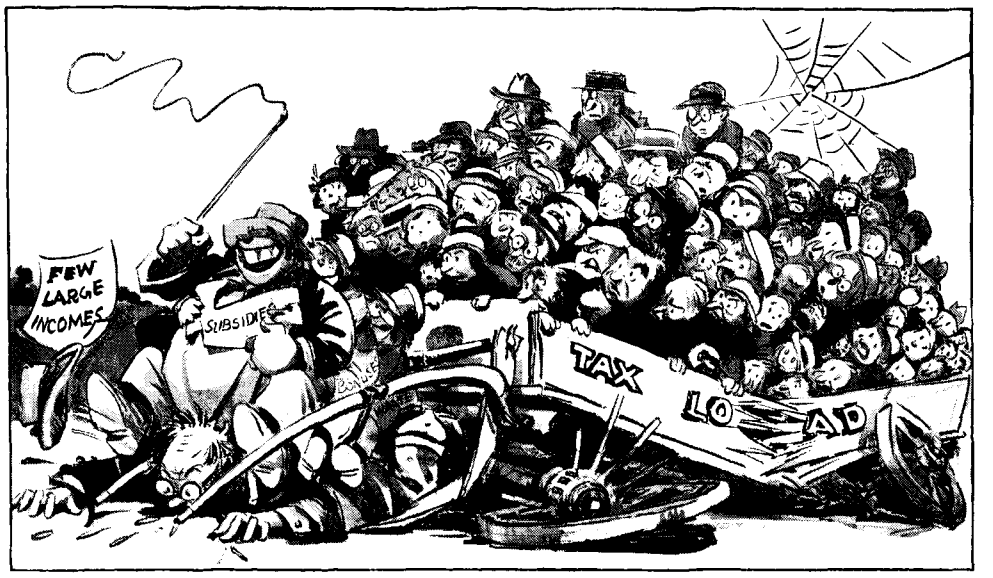
If there is anything to criticize about the property rights of this country it does not seem that it can be claimed they have been too exclusive. Whatever advantages they carry have been open to all the people.

When we examine the development of modern business we find the great corporations. But they are no longer the property of a few large stockholders. They are divided up into shares so numerous as to be beyond comprehension, by which the people at large can and do become owners and partners in these enterprises through bond and stock ownership.

One of the most important of these kinds of property is represented by the public utilities. These comprise railroads, street railways, telephone, telegraph, radio, gas and electric lighting. We call them public utilities because they are all dedicated to public service. In order to secure that service to the best possible advantage of both the owners and the public they are all under the regulation and control of the national, state and local governments. It is probable that these properties are owned directly or indirectly by more than seventy millions of our people. They represent an investment of many billions of dollars of the money of the people.

These vast properties are not operated for the benefit of private individuals. In order to be of any value, to earn any return on the money invested in them, they do and must work for the public. What they do enters into the everyday life of the ordinary person. They bring the materials of which our houses are constructed, they transport food and clothing, they light and warm our homes. We are dependent on them for our postal service, for the transmission of messages, for the assembling of the news in the public press, for transporting us about town or across the continent.

While it happens that the ownership of these indispensable public servants is vested in the people, that is not the important point. The important consideration is that they are all working for us. Their services are all subject to our order at any time without discrimination at a price which our various governments have fixed and judged to be fair. We can command the service. We have Boards and Commissions constantly looking after our interests. While we expect improvements in management and operation, it is difficult to conceive of any advantages to be derived from this form of property which the present system is not able to provide for us.



Our tax load will be great or small according to our method of handling it

The Foundation of Credit

About one sixth of the wealth of the nation is represented by deposits in banks. The function of these institutions is to furnish facilities for moderate savings deposits, provide currency and exchange for commercial purposes, and finally to be reservoirs of credit available for carrying on the business of the country. These too are distinctly modern. They are as necessary as blood to the body since they provide the circulation that sustains our economic life. Nearly every business deal, every dividend and every pay envelope represents a banking transaction.

Banks are both borrowers and lenders. They borrow from their depositors and lend to their customers. For that reason their managers find themselves between two conflicting forces. In the first place, they must be able to pay their depositors whenever requested. In the second place, they must keep their funds invested both to get earnings for expenses and dividends and to function as sources of credit for business. The depositor wants safety, all the interest he can get and his money on demand. The borrower wants low interest and some assurance that he can have credit as long as he needs it and keeps his security good. Both of them must have faith in their bank.

Very few banking transactions are made in coin. For the most part they are an exchange of contracts. A depositor has a contract. Checks, drafts, notes and bonds, even those of the government, are all contracts. That is one reason why the constitutional restraint against impairing the obligation of contracts is so important. It protects nearly all banking transactions, gives them certainty and security, and is the foundation of all public and private credit.

Because of the great power they exercise and the immensely important place they hold, banks have been the subject of much legislation and are under the most strict supervision and control by both state and national governments. The general policy has looked to safety of deposits, adequate supply of credit and sound management. The effort has been to avoid a monopolistic situation on the one hand and to try to secure able, experienced and conscientious management on the other. If there have been errors perhaps they were mostly on the side of keeping the banking field open by granting charters to people who lacked the qualifications of sound bankers, yet free competition is usually wholesome. At times we have had too much, rather than too little, credit. Experience is all the time helping solve our banking problems and improvements are all the time being made. But in general the business

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has been well conducted. If there have been abuses and failures the losses to depositors have been surprisingly small. On the whole it would not be easy to devise a method by which this kind of property would perform a greater public service than it is doing under present conditions.

A few years ago we had much discussion and some alarm over the great aggregations of property. But the need of mass production, the existence of the keenest kind of competition in all large and important industries and the results of experience have shown that we have little or nothing as yet to fear from mere size. Then, too, the managements of large concerns have a different attitude from that of the last generation. Arrogance is gone. A spirit of service towards the public and towards employees has come. While this spirit has not yet made itself universally felt on the positive side, yet the growth of welfare work, the care of the health of the wage-earners and their families, group insurance, provision for old-age retirement and for participation in industry through stock ownership, are all manifestations of it.

A Symbol of Liberty

If these advantages are to accrue to the employees it is necessary to have large concerns to furnish them. It was also found that increasing the output reduced the unit cost and tended to increase wages. If employment is to be provided for our great population it will have to be by large industries. Small shops would not now be adequate. We are no longer disturbed by size but regard it as more power for service.

Such, briefly, are a few examples of the forms of property under our system and the benefits which they confer upon the people. They all flow naturally from the principle of equality. Reduced to its lowest terms our system rests on the right of all persons to the rewards of their own industry. It is based on individual independence. The field of opportunity is open. The government puts no limit on the amount of service to be performed or the compensations to be received. Neither does it intend to give special privileges. These are some of the elementary principles which the people of the United States assume to be understood when they refer to their property rights.

It would be a mistake to suppose that our Constitution undertakes to protect property as such. Property has no rights, only the people have rights. The Constitution protects the rights of the people in their property. There is no purpose to protect a person because he is rich or powerful. The whole idea is to protect the poor and weak. We want to make their rights just as sacred as the rights of those more favorably situated. Equality of rights is the aim. When property rights are in jeopardy the first to suffer are the wage-earners. The protection of property rights is the only way to insure any opportunity for employment and progress.

Because of these safeguards ownership has become widely distributed. Their maintenance is the only guarantee of a further broadening of distribution. Nearly two thirds of our people have life insurance, millions more have savings deposits. Indirectly these people own many of the bonds of the government, the industries and the public utilities. Millions of others are small shareholders. Probably more than two thirds of all these indirect or direct owners are wage-earners or their dependents. These are the people who will suffer if property rights are ever disregarded.

While our system is opposed by some inherited and uninformed prejudice it is in little danger from direct assault. The people know that property in the United States generally represents service and merit. They know that it is absurd to suppose that a people capable of self-government are not capable of managing and holding property. They know that ownership is an indispensable symbol of liberty. They believe thoroughly in the obligation of contracts, in due process of law, and in compensation for public takings.

Our danger lies in indirect attacks on our property rights under the guise of taxation. This is rendered possible by constitutional changes already made.

Originally direct taxes of the national government had to be apportioned according to population and in the states the proportional rule was generally in force. Then each dollar paid the same tax, but of course the man with a thousand dollars paid ten times as much as the man with one hundred dollars. Now we have a system of graduated income taxes and inheritance or succession taxes under which one thousand dollars may be called upon to pay a rate indefinitely greater than that assessed against one hundred dollars and the estates of deceased persons may be taken in their entirety. We are hearing proposals for putting arbitrary limits on incomes and inheritances.

Many are beginning to wonder if it would not be wise to supplement our system of taxation by providing that a large number of people should pay a small but certain direct tax. The levies on tobacco and gasoline produce a very large revenue which is not burdensome to the consumer. The extension of such a system to many other commodities would seem to be in complete harmony with the spirit of a self-governing people.

If it is necessary to meet an emergency excessively high taxes on a few large incomes and inheritances might be made temporarily without great injury. But to adopt such a system permanently and, under the pretense of raising revenue, pursue a policy of expropriation and attempted redistribution of wealth would have the gravest consequences. One of two things would be likely to result: Enterprise would be stifled, accumulations of property would be dissipated, and a condition of depression would become chronically progressive, with a falling standard of living, economic suffering and great poverty on the part of the people. The other alternative would be the creation of a class of great wealth who would have a large control of the government because it would be dependent on their money for its support. Only under some system of privilege and by exploiting the people could such a class continue to pay the high taxes required. That would be the re-creation of the age of overlords. The rest of us would be reduced to dependency. In either case the people lose.

Nothing seems clearer than that if the people are to control the government they must pay the taxes to support it. These two go together. And secondly, if the people are to have an opportunity to own the property of the nation they must pay the taxes on it. These two go together. Power and responsibility cannot be separated, politically or economically. If we delegate the paying of our taxes we shall find we have delegated the control of our government. Our system of property rights has been devised out of much hard experience for the purpose of confirming the liberty and independence of the people. It cannot be limited or destroyed without limiting or destroying the opportunity of the people.

The property of the nation is charged with a public and social service for the benefit of the people. That is why taxes are paid and charity is supported. But these benefits can be secured and increased only by conserving and increasing property. They are the rewards of industry and moderation. Our system does not put property rights above human rights. We regard our material resources as a means to a higher life. We undertake to protect property rights for the sole purpose of protecting human rights.

No one would deny that there have been abuses of property. We have had thieves and swindlers since the world began. But that is no reason for discarding a sound system. Guilt is personal. If a bookkeeper by accident or design falsifies his ledger we do not condemn the rules of arithmetic; we try to reform the bookkeeper. The trouble with him was that he did not observe the rules. Because we sometimes suffer from ignorance and dishonesty is no reason for changing our system of property rights. We cannot make the exception the rule. We must make the offenders observe the system. Besides, the great mass of the people are honest and the great mass of business transactions are scrupulously correct.

No Time to Waver

There is always a temptation in time of adversity to think anything would be better than that which we have. Naturally we ask ourselves why, if our system is sound, it does not work better. The answer is that our system has worked better and is now working better than any other that was ever devised. Under it we have had more progress and more comfort than ever came to any other people. Even in our present distress we are better taken care of than we could be under any other system. We are wise enough to know that there is no system of property rights that is proof against human folly and greed. We cannot expect perfection. We do expect improvement. But that is no reason why we should agree with those who would persuade us that all our hard-won victories were mistakes which we ought now to abandon. Our greatest hope of success materially and spiritually lies in the continued support of those political and economic institutions which were established by the Constitution of the United States.

Portrait by Bradford Johnson

Kathleen Norris

Because Mrs. Norris understands the way of a maid with a man, vast thousands wait upon her words. In "Wife for Sale," her new novel, Mrs. Norris tells the absorbing story of a brave girl who volunteered to sacrifice herself in order that others might live. Courage, character and mother wit carried Norah Oliver along a hard and confusing road—but let Mrs. Norris tell the story. Even that famous lady has never written one more certain to enthrall your interest. You'll love and remember Norah

Wife for Sale

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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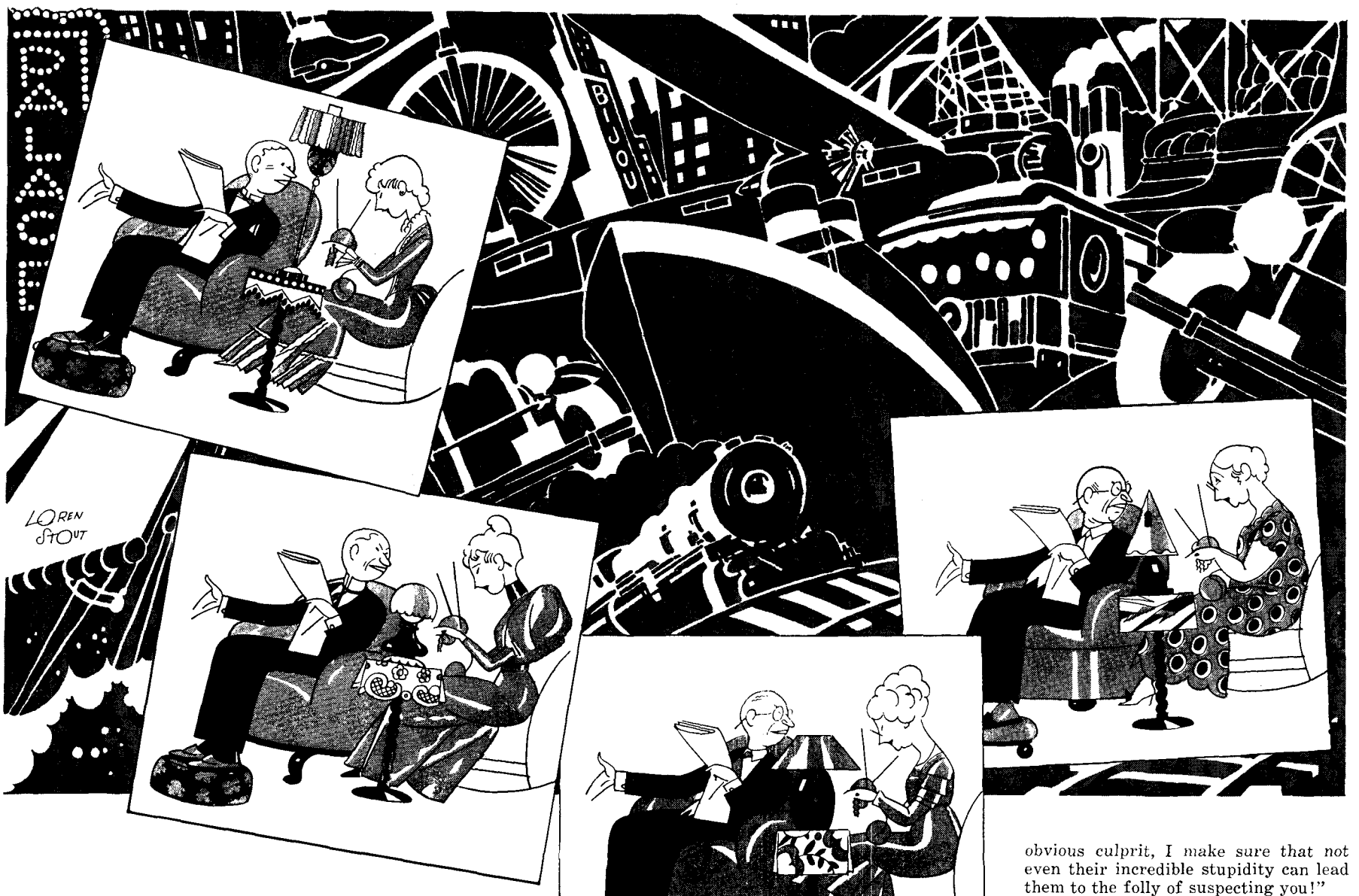

Illustrated by Loren Stout

Forethought

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

WE MUST discuss, my dear Ellen, a topic which I know will distress you."

Under Mr. Porson's affectionately solemn gaze Mrs. Porson's plump, vague face arranged itself in a look that was altogether wifely, a look that agreed and listened, that reverently, timidly adored. Her lower lip, however, quivered slightly.

"Yes, Herbert."

Mr. Porson nodded in approval of the voice, a voice of admirable wifeliness.

"We must once more consider," he said, "the possibility of your being left a widow."

Mrs. Porson bent her head. Mr. Porson could hear the faint sound with which she caught her breath.

"I quite realize," he said firmly, "how painful this must be for you, but I must ask you to be brave, my dear, brave and sensible."

"Yes, Herbert." Mrs. Porson did not, however, lift her head.

"I have been reading about that poor woman whose husband was so mysteriously murdered last week," Mr. Porson continued, tapping the neatly refolded newspaper on his knee. "With their usual stupidity, it seems, the police have been browbeating her most brutally in an absurd endeavor to force a false confession from her. The thought came to me, as I read, that in spite of my lifelong rule of guarding against all foreseeable misfortune, I had taken no precaution whatever against such a calamity as this."

He paused, wagging his head in sorrowful self-censure.

"After all the proof I have enjoyed," he sighed, "through all our happy, tranquil years together, that safety and well-being are not gifts of blind chance but only the just rewards of reasoned, vigilant, unfailing forethought."

"Yes, Herbert."

"Our remarkably good health, for instance," Mr. Porson pointed out, "is ours simply because, looking wisely forward, we have sanely ordered our dress, our diet, our hours of labor and repose, our habits and amusements. Thoughtless people, heedless of the risks of contagion ever present in crowded places such as theaters, for instance, have paid with suffering, even with life, for their folly. We have not had to pay."

"No, Herbert," said Mrs. Porson.

"Thousands upon thousands have been maimed or killed in motor accidents, while we, foreseeing the dangers inseparable from motor vehicles, have been sensible enough to keep out of them, just as we have escaped the dreadful catastrophes of railroad and steamship travel by remaining safely and happily at home."

"Yes, Herbert."

"WE HAVE, in short, escaped avoidable disasters by foreseeing them," Mr. Porson summed up. "We have taken wise precautions to minimize the consequences of those that are inevitable. You are, I think, already shielded against every foreseeable misfortune except the one to which I have alluded, against the chance, that is, of my being murdered in circumstances that might permit police stupidity to suspect you of complicity in the deed. Against this possibility, remote though it may seem, I am now protecting you."

He beamed upon Mrs. Porson's face, vaguer now than usual, and more than usually blank with timid inquiry.

"I have written a letter," Mr. Porson said, "which I am depositing with my lawyer, to be opened in the event of my death by violence. In this letter I direct the police to search for one named Red Mulcahy, who, I assert, has sworn to kill me for reasons which I leave unstated."

Mrs. Porson's wide, robin's-egg eyes became wider and more terrified than ever.

"Who," she whispered, "is Red Mulcahy, and why—?"

"There is no such person," Mr. Porson said patiently. "I have invented him. By providing the police with an obvious culprit, I make sure that not even their incredible stupidity can lead them to the folly of suspecting you!"

He leaned back, watching through his joined fingertips the dawn of understanding, awed and raptly worshiping, in the soft, vague plumpness of Mrs. Porson's face.

"Well, my dear," he prompted kindly, "what do you think of it?"

Mrs. Porson rose slowly. "I think," she said, "I think it's wonderful. Just—just wonderful, Herbert."

"Oh, no." Mr. Porson, gallantly opening the door for her departure, laughed disclaimingly. "Nothing, my dear, but forethought. That is all. Just forethought."

HE CLOSED the door. Mrs. Porson stood in the hallway for quite a long time. Then she went into the bedroom and, standing before the bureau on which a silver-framed portrait of Mr. Porson continued to beam upon her, slowly put on her hat. Mr. Porson had bought it for her only yesterday. She stood before the mirror, looking at the hat, for two or three minutes. Then she went very softly past the study door and downstairs to the street.

It took her a long time to walk downtown. A great many cars whizzed past her before she found the street she sought. It was a frowzy street, given over to the cheap and tawdry pleasures of the heedless proletariat. There were penny arcades and museums of anatomy and, on the corner, a dejected movie theater. Mrs. Porson looked at the posters in front of the theater for quite a little while. Slowly she went on to the shooting-gallery next door. A soiled man leaned arm-gartered sleeves on the counter where rifles and revolvers waited. Mrs. Porson went close to him. Her lower lip quivered a little, but she managed to speak quite distinctly.

"How—how long," she said, "how long would it take for me to learn to shoot?"

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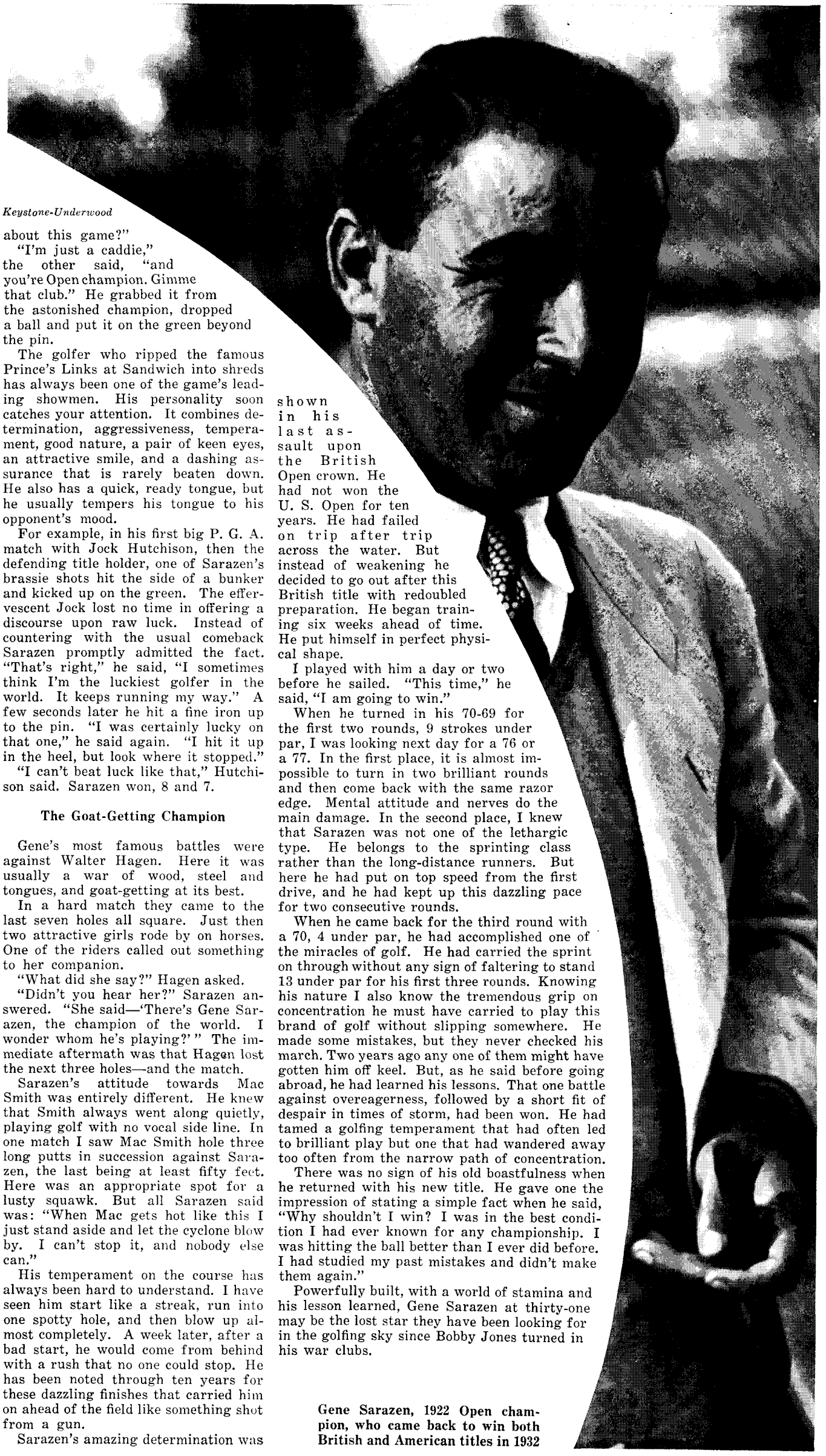
Number 69

Here is Gene Sarazen's golf psychology: "All men are created free and equal, but I'm one shot better than the field." Cocky? Possibly, but that attitude has helped him clean up plenty of golf titles and a lot of prize money

By Grantland Rice



Keystone-Underwood

Gene Sarazen, 1922 Open champion, who came back to win both British and American titles in 1932

"NUMBER 69!"—at this call a stocky little Italian, just eleven years old, picked up a golf bag and started for the first tee at Apawamis. He appeared more serious than the other caddies, and his alertness also caught your attention. Eugene Sarazini was one of the most popular caddies around the Apawamis course.

It is a long hike from Number 69 at Apawamis, Rye, N. Y., 1912, to the Open golf tournament of Great Britain, 1932, when the Prince of Wales was among the thousands waiting to pay tribute to a world's record score. But that is the march Gene Sarazen made in one of the leading human dramas connected with sport. At the age of twenty-one he was Open golf champion of the United States and now at thirty-one he not only has won almost every important title but has become the biggest money maker of his game. In twenty years, Sarazen has gathered in something like $300,000, which is more than Number 69 ever dreamed about.

Sarazen has always been an unusual mixture. As a caddie he was quiet, serious and yet alert and eager to please. As a young golf professional he was cocky, a trifle on the aggressive side and yet pleasant and interesting. He declared before the Open at Skokie in 1922 that he was going to win. That brought a laugh, for the field included Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen and all the big guns of that day. But he did win.

It was about this time that Ed Sullivan, a close friend, asked Gene what his golf psychology was. "Simply this," Sarazen answered: "All men are created free and equal, but I'm one shot better than the field."

That is the mental attitude Gene has carried to most of his golfing wars. He had to wait ten years after Skokie to win his next big Open, but in the meantime he was cleaning up big-money tournaments right and left. It's estimated that in the last five years he has averaged $30,000 a year from his various golf activities.

There was a brief period after he won his first title when it seemed as though he reached fame too quickly. Apparently he was becoming spoiled. But Gene had a good head on top of his broad shoulders and this little flurry didn't last long.

Some of his old pals who were still caddies helped bring him back to earth. Just after he had picked up his first title he was playing a match at Westchester Biltmore. At one hole Gene asked his caddie what club to use. "A mashie niblick will do it," the caddie answered. Sarazen used the mashie niblick and the ball dropped short into a bunker guarding the green.

"That was great advice," Sarazen said. "Why don't you learn something about this game?"

"I'm just a caddie," the other said, "and you're Open champion. Gimme that club." He grabbed it from the astonished champion, dropped a ball and put it on the green beyond the pin.

The golfer who ripped the famous Prince's Links at Sandwich into shreds has always been one of the game's leading showmen. His personality soon catches your attention. It combines determination, aggressiveness, temperament, good nature, a pair of keen eyes, an attractive smile, and a dashing assurance that is rarely beaten down. He also has a quick, ready tongue, but he usually tempers his tongue to his opponent's mood.

For example, in his first big P. G. A. match with Jock Hutchison, then the defending title holder, one of Sarazen's brassie shots hit the side of a bunker and kicked up on the green. The effervescent Jock lost no time in offering a discourse upon raw luck. Instead of countering with the usual comeback Sarazen promptly admitted the fact. "That's right," he said, "I sometimes think I'm the luckiest golfer in the world. It keeps running my way." A few seconds later he hit a fine iron up to the pin. "I was certainly lucky on that one," he said again. "I hit it up in the heel, but look where it stopped."

"I can't beat luck like that," Hutchison said. Sarazen won, 8 and 7.

The Goat-Getting Champion

Gene's most famous battles were against Walter Hagen. Here it was usually a war of wood, steel and tongues, and goat-getting at its best.

In a hard match they came to the last seven holes all square. Just then two attractive girls rode by on horses. One of the riders called out something to her companion.

"What did she say?" Hagen asked.

"Didn't you hear her?" Sarazen answered. "She said—'There's Gene Sarazen, the champion of the world. I wonder whom he's playing?'" The immediate aftermath was that Hagen lost the next three holes—and the match.

Sarazen's attitude towards Mac Smith was entirely different. He knew that Smith always went along quietly, playing golf with no vocal side line. In one match I saw Mac Smith hole three long putts in succession against Sarazen, the last being at least fifty feet. Here was an appropriate spot for a lusty squawk. But all Sarazen said was: "When Mac gets hot like this I just stand aside and let the cyclone blow by. I can't stop it, and nobody else can."

His temperament on the course has always been hard to understand. I have seen him start like a streak, run into one spotty hole, and then blow up almost completely. A week later, after a bad start, he would come from behind with a rush that no one could stop. He has been noted through ten years for these dazzling finishes that carried him on ahead of the field like something shot from a gun.

Sarazen's amazing determination was shown in his last assault upon the British Open crown. He had not won the U. S. Open for ten years. He had failed on trip after trip across the water. But instead of weakening he decided to go out after this British title with redoubled preparation. He began training six weeks ahead of time. He put himself in perfect physical shape.

I played with him a day or two before he sailed. "This time," he said, "I am going to win."

When he turned in his 70-69 for the first two rounds, 9 strokes under par, I was looking next day for a 76 or a 77. In the first place, it is almost impossible to turn in two brilliant rounds and then come back with the same razor edge. Mental attitude and nerves do the main damage. In the second place, I knew that Sarazen was not one of the lethargic type. He belongs to the sprinting class rather than the long-distance runners. But here he had put on top speed from the first drive, and he had kept up this dazzling pace for two consecutive rounds.

When he came back for the third round with a 70, 4 under par, he had accomplished one of the miracles of golf. He had carried the sprint on through without any sign of faltering to stand 13 under par for his first three rounds. Knowing his nature I also know the tremendous grip on concentration he must have carried to play this brand of golf without slipping somewhere. He made some mistakes, but they never checked his march. Two years ago any one of them might have gotten him off keel. But, as he said before going abroad, he had learned his lessons. That one battle against overeagerness, followed by a short fit of despair in times of storm, had been won. He had tamed a golfing temperament that had often led to brilliant play but one that had wandered away too often from the narrow path of concentration.

There was no sign of his old boastfulness when he returned with his new title. He gave one the impression of stating a simple fact when he said, "Why shouldn't I win? I was in the best condition I had ever known for any championship. I was hitting the ball better than I ever did before. I had studied my past mistakes and didn't make them again."

Powerfully built, with a world of stamina and his lesson learned, Gene Sarazen at thirty-one may be the lost star they have been looking for in the golfing sky since Bobby Jones turned in his war clubs.

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Bef[illegible]fter

WHEN Lady Dinah Feraday told her husband that she intended to fly the Atlantic he begged her not to.

She had no right to risk her life, he said. It wasn't fair to him or the twins; it wasn't fair to herself.

"Aren't you famous enough?" he said.

"No," Lady Dinah said, "I'm not. I'm looking forward to the time when I'm forty-five and a back number and you're the most famous man in England. Unless I've something to look back on, Colin, what will there be left for me?"

He no longer argued.

"You'll have wireless, of course?" he said.

"No. I'm not taking an ounce more than I need."

"I wish I knew how to discipline you, Dinah."

That annoyed her. She said haughtily:

"No man can make me do what I don't want to do. And, Colin, when you married me you said you'd never come between me and my flying."

"How the devil did I know you were planning a crazy stunt like this?"

"You ought to have guessed, darling."

"When do you leave?"

"I don't know. The bus is all tuned up, anyway."

"Told your mother?"

"Good Lord, no! I've told no one."

NEVERTHELESS, by evening the news had spread all over London that Lady Dinah Feraday, the famous young airwoman, racing motorist, explorer and traveler, was planning a solo flight to New York, and, although the evening papers published long interviews in which she denied laughingly having any such intention, all her friends knew it was true.

She set off next day before a crowd of not less than two thousand adoring admirers.

She stood by her monoplane in her overals—tall, slim, handsome, her small tanned face alert and smiling, her gray eyes dancing with excitement, her wavy, curly dark hair tossed in the breeze—and laughed at the cameras.

"I'll make New York in less time than Lindbergh made Paris," she said.

As the monoplane took off, a motor car dashed up and a young man hurried toward the flying ground.

"Has Lady Dinah Feraday gone?" he asked.

"Just this minute," a man said. "Look."

The crowd cheered.

A woman said mournfully:

"That's the last anyone will ever see of Lady Dinah."

"S'sh!" another woman said. "That's her husband."

The press photographers turned on him eagerly. They were sorry for him because he looked unhappy, but business was business.

In the descriptions of Lady Dinah's departure the evening papers stated that her husband had known nothing of the intended flight and had only heard of it casually through a friend. This, however, was denied in later editions. Feraday had known all the time. He considered no woman better fitted to make the flight than his wife. He had willingly given his consent.

And then on both sides of the Atlantic an eager public settled down to wait.

A Cunarder and two tramps reported having sighted Lady Dinah's monoplane. A French liner had heard the noise of an engine passing overhead in the night.

After that there was no more news. Lady Dinah had disappeared and the breeze that had been easterly veered round to the nor'west and strengthened to half a gale.

Though Lady Dinah's mother was prostrated by anxiety, Lady Dinah's husband was still confident that all was well. He told the reporters that he was expecting to hear hourly from New York of her safe arrival. Aëronautical experts, however, pointed out that Lady Dinah was already some ten hours overdue. It was not possible that she could reach New York now on the fuel her monoplane carried. The newspapers began to take a pessimistic view of her chances.

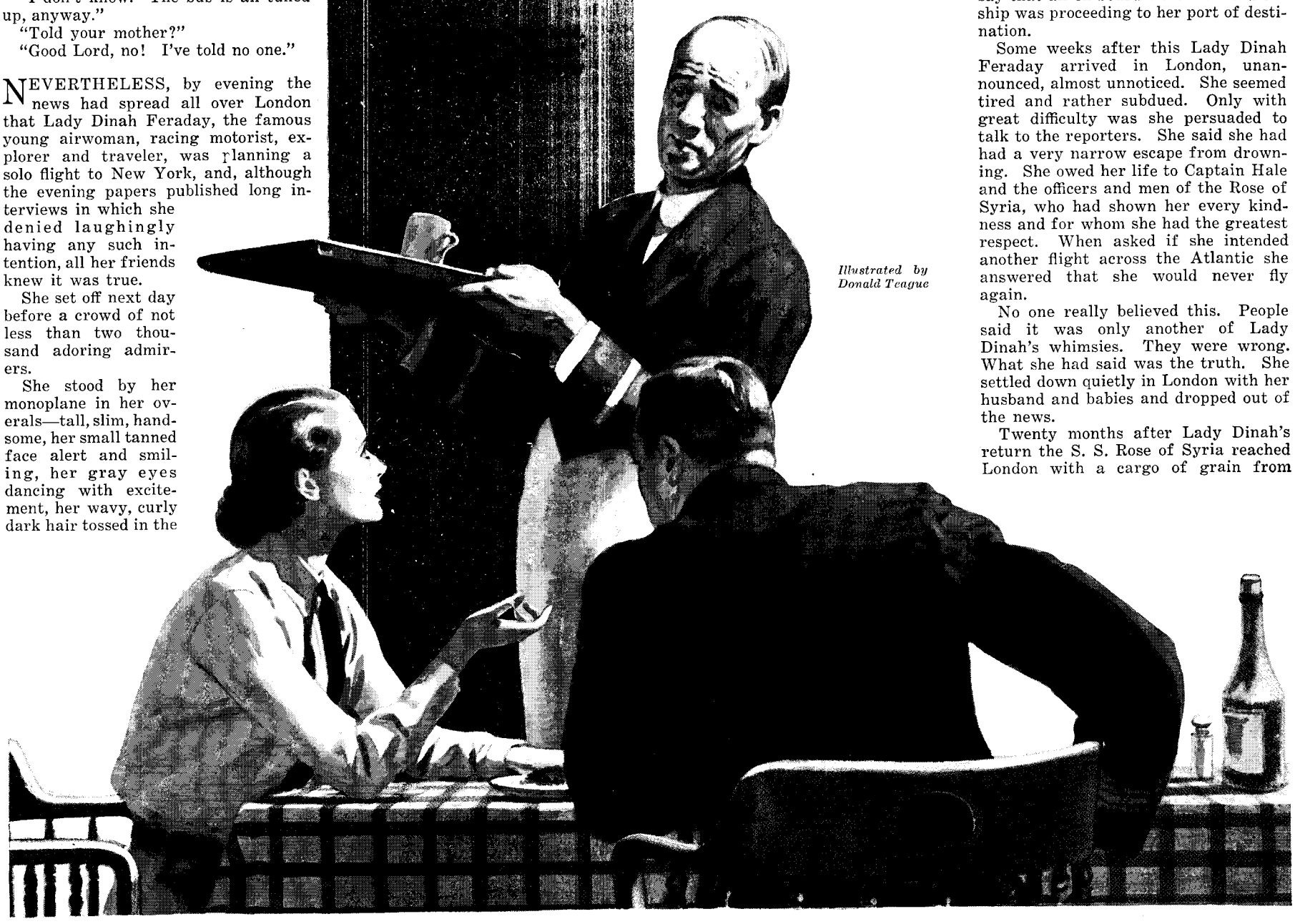
WHEN all hope had been abandoned word came from the master of the tramp steamer Rose of Syria that Lady Dinah Feraday was on board, alive and in good health. The excitement and relief both in London and New York, where Lady Dinah was well known and popular, were terrific. Newspapers everywhere radioed for full details. If Lady Dinah would send an account of her flight and rescue she could name her own terms. Lady Dinah did not reply.

Four days passed and then an S O S from the Rose of Syria was picked up by half a dozen steamers. Frantic demands for further particulars met with no response until some hours later the captain sent a message to the owners to say that all on board were well and the ship was proceeding to her port of destination.

Some weeks after this Lady Dinah Feraday arrived in London, unannounced, almost unnoticed. She seemed tired and rather subdued. Only with great difficulty was she persuaded to talk to the reporters. She said she had had a very narrow escape from drowning. She owed her life to Captain Hale and the officers and men of the Rose of Syria, who had shown her every kindness and for whom she had the greatest respect. When asked if she intended another flight across the Atlantic she answered that she would never fly again.

No one really believed this. People said it was only another of Lady Dinah's whimsies. They were wrong. What she had said was the truth. She settled down quietly in London with her husband and babies and dropped out of the news.

Twenty months after Lady Dinah's return the S. S. Rose of Syria reached London with a cargo of grain from



Illustrated by Donald Teague

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Australia and berthed in Millwall Dock.

Captain Hale, who was square and short and burly and red-faced, and his chief engineer, Mr. Murgatroyd, who was pale and lean, sat in the back room of a West Ferry Road pub and smoked and drank their beer and were happy in their own sedate and quiet fashion.

A young man entered and ordered a pint of ale. Presently he said: "Would you two gentlemen care to join me?"

"Thank you, mister, we will," said Mr. Murgatroyd, who on principle never refused the offer of a drink.

"Make it three pints," said the young man to the barman.

When the drinks came they began to talk. After a few desultory remarks the young man said: "Just home from a voyage?"

"We are."

"Might I ask the name of your ship?"

"The Rose of Syria."

"Indeed," said the young man. He seemed to be thinking. "Isn't that the ship that picked up that airwoman?"

"Lady Dinah Feraday," said Captain Hale. "Yes."

"I read about it," said the young man. "Bit of a handful, wasn't she?"

Captain Hale took the pipe from his mouth.

"I shouldn't say that," he said. "She was headstrong, of course. Hog-headed, if you like, but not a handful. She fought, but when she was licked she didn't bear no malice. That's something, isn't it?"

"Sounds entertaining," said the young man. "I gather that Lady Dinah gave you a good deal of trouble."

"Tell him, Captain Hale," said Mr. Murgatroyd and drank some beer.

Captain Hale also drank. He set his pewter mug down on the table and said:

"I wouldn't go so far as to say she gave trouble, mister, but she tried. She tried her hardest. From the time she set foot on the bridge deck, all dripping wet, to the time I took her in hand, she was what you might call—"

"Trying," said the young man.

Captain Hale and Mr. Murgatroyd eyed him stonily for a moment and then both laughed heartily.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Murgatroyd, "that's clever, Captain Hale, ain't it?"

"Trying's the right word," said Captain Hale.

"What way?"

Captain Hale was a deliberate, slow-thinking talker and he refused to be hurried.

"It was the second mate spotted her from the bridge, flying low. He sent for me. 'That's Lady Dinah Feraday,' he said, 'and she's coming down.' She was. I ordered one of the lifeboats swung out and a crew to stand by. The monoplane circled around, getting lower and lower, until all of a sudden it was down—flop!—nose under water, tail well in the air, and sinking. I rang the engines to *Stop* and we lowered the lifeboat."

"WHAT was the weather like?" asked the young man.

"Being September, it wasn't what you'd term bad, but it was bad enough. There were gray clouds all over the sky and the seas were getting up, long and heavy and slow, with the wind blowing the white tops off 'em. I knew that the boat would make it, but I thought what business had a damn' fool girl to risk not only her own life but the lives of six men for no reason! In the end it was touch and go. I could see her in the water as clear as I can see Mr. Murgatroyd. The second mate grabbed hold of her just in time and I rang the engine-room to *Slow ahead* and brought the ship round to lee'ard to give the men at the oars every chance.

"When we'd hoisted the boat on board and were once more proceeding on our course I came down from the bridge and seen the young woman we'd saved. She wore overalls and a flying cap with goggles and because of the life-saving waistcoat she had on was a bit swollen-like."

"She was a good-looker," said Mr. Murgatroyd. "She was tall and brown and she had short, dark, curly hair. Very nice."

"Aye, she was a good-looker all right," said Captain Hale. "You wouldn't have thought, to see her, she'd have flown all them long miles, would you?

"'I'm Lady Dinah Feraday,' she said.

"'Are you?' I said, not best pleased. 'All right, then. The steward will show you the spare berth. You'd better get them wet things off and have a hot rub-down and a hot drink and then get in between blankets and keep yourself warm.'

"'You might send a message to London to say you've picked me up, will you?' she said.

"'I'll attend to all that, ma'am,' I said, and I told the steward, who was a widower with three grown-up daughters of his own, to see after her.

"'Isn't there a stewardess on board?' she said.

"I said pretty short, no, there wasn't. The steward would do anything for her she wanted.

"'I can manage perfectly well, myself,' she said and she looked the steward up and down, kind of—of—"

"Of supercilious," said Mr. Murgatroyd.

"Supercilious, yes," said Captain Hale, "and the steward was red in the face and I climbed to the top bridge again to keep an eye on the weather, which was getting worse.

"HALF an hour after that the steward came to me, looking popeyed and not quite his usual self. He said: 'Sir, Lady Dinah wants to speak to you at once.'

"'What for?' I said.

"'I daren't tell you,' he said.

"Lady Dinah was sitting up in the bunk in the spare berth, wearing the second mate's clean pajamas, and mad.

"'I hope you're not feeling seasick, ma'am,' I said.

"'Captain Hale,' she said, 'I'm never seasick. I understand from that steward of yours that you're bound for Capetown. I got kind of twisted about when I was in the air, looking for a steamer—how, I don't know—and I made sure you were headed toward the United States.'

"'We're bound for Dakar and Capetown,' I said.

"'That's pretty damned awkward,' she said. 'Listen to me, Captain: you'll just have to turn the ship round and get into touch with some ship going the other way. I'm not going to Dakar for you or anyone else.'

"I WOULDN'T have believed it, honest, if I hadn't heard it with my own ears. I said:

"'Lady Dinah Feraday, you'll go where I take you, and you'll remember I'm master, not you.'"

"'You're not my master,' she said."

"You'll do as you're told. You'll obey my orders from now on"

"'Did she say that?'" said the young man. The stout landlord came to the door of the room and he said to him: "Three more pints, please."

"She did say it," said Captain Hale. "She said: 'I've never been bossed by a man yet and I never shall be. I've had my own way all my life and I always shall have it.'

"'That's as may be,' I said, 'but you've got to the one place where you'll do as you're told. You'll obey my orders from now on, the same as anyone else on board.'

"'Like hell I will,' she said.

"'What's more,' I said, 'if you swear like that you'll get into trouble.'

"'Don't be a damned fool!' she said.

"'Very good, ma'am,' I said. 'But any more bad language and you keep your room the rest of the voyage.' She looked at me and said, 'By heaven, I believe he means it.'

"And then I went to my own quarters, feeling a bit worn-out, and Sparks came to me and said he didn't know which way to turn: all the newspapers in the British Empire and the United States, and all the press agencies, he said, were sending messages to Lady Dinah Feraday. What ought he to do? Stay up all night, or what? I said:

"'Sparks, stand your ordinary watches. That's all. Any personal messages for Lady Dinah that come to you in the ordinary course of duty you may take; but anything from newspapers is nothing to do with you or me or the ship.'

"Well, that night it come on to blow. We rolled."

"Aye," said Mr. Murgatroyd. "We rolled."

"At breakfast-time we were still rolling and shipping a good deal of water. I asked the steward if he knew how Lady Dinah had slept, that kind of thing. He said he didn't know.

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Whose Picture do you Want?

He makes his camera tell the truth. "Look pleasant, please" is a phrase Steichen never uses. If you're not pleasant, he won't make you look that way. He's absorbed in recording the essences of men and things—not in making jellyfish look like Cæsar. The top-notchers like it. They come to his studio in droves, begging. Here's his story

By Walter Davenport

Courtesy of Vanity Fair

Greta Garbo is kind to the camera, says Steichen, and proves it with this arresting study of your favorite actress

I DIDN'T know you were moving," I said, picking my way through his studio. It looked as if several truck loads of unrelated paraphernalia from the miscellaneous department of a large storage warehouse had been unloaded there by the simple process of throwing it in through the windows.

"I'm not moving," said Steichen. "I'm about to photograph a carton of cigarettes. Sit down. First we'll smoke a couple of them, you and I. If they're as good as the advertising copy insists, I shall be in precisely the proper frame of mind to make their portrait and you to enjoy watching. What made you think I was moving?"

"The place looks as if you were just leaving—or had just arrived."

"Nonsense. It's usually worse than this. I was just warming up."

"To photograph a carton of cigarettes?"

"Well, anyway," said Steichen, who is generally conceded by our best photographers to be America's best photographer, "this is the way I go about it. It's my way. It may amuse you to know that once I photographed a cup and saucer more than a thousand times before I got what I thought a photograph of a cup and saucer should be."

"The same cup and saucer?"

"The same cup and saucer," he said. "At that, photographing inanimate objects is more satisfactory—even easier—than making camera portraits of human beings. Working on the inanimate, you have only yourself to fight; with the human subject, you have the sitter to combat and Heaven knows how many of the sitter's relations and

Introducing Mrs. Steichen and, incidentally, one of her talented husband's achievements. It's called "Blue Sky"

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A study in simplicity, posed for Steichen by a blind child

A stage "still" which captures the full intensity of a dramatic moment in "The Front Page"

Courtesy of the Institute for the Blind

friends. That's why I don't bother much with portrait photography any more—that and the fact that I can make more money this way. Commercial or advertising work. But even if there wasn't that agreeable reason, I'd rather work with the inanimate. The chances of getting what you're after are greater. Look here."

Whereat Edward J. Steichen, once a Milwaukee newsboy and vegetable hawker whose camera was to draw the applause of such artists as Auguste Rodin and such poets as Maurice Maeterlinck, salvaged from the suite of disorder that is his studio a batch of photographs. The top one was of a blind child with a fur and cotton duck in her hands. It is reproduced on this page.

Courtesy of Vanity Fair

He had made the picture to advertise a foundation for the blind. To me it was a little startling. The clear beauty of the child alone made you suck in your breath. Her fingers were caressing the downy neck of the duck and its smooth back. She stood there in oblivious simplicity. For her, the wonders of the universe stopped at that duck.

More than a Picture

Like so many blind whose eyes are shut and unmarred, hers were the eyes of the complete dreamer. Her face was utterly rapturous. It was hard to believe that she couldn't see. But when you had looked awhile, you got it: that passionate eagerness for more that lights the dark eyes of those who have never seen.

"I don't like it," snapped Steichen, snatching the picture from me. "I'd probably never like it because I'd never be able to get into a picture of her what I feel for her. Oh, no. I'm not arty. But that photograph is more than a picture of a blind child; it represents a futile effort of mine to get on a plate what I see in a human subject. They're not all like that. I've photographed other blind people—did my best—got praise for the result. But every now and then a human being with the appeal of that child stands in front of my camera and I flop. When I looked at her I wanted to give her the studio, the whole works—money, a home. Understand? Or am I a fool?"

"Anyway you'd have lots of company," I said.

"Anyway," he said, "it serves to show how portrait photography takes it out of me. And don't think, either, that it's always sympathetic—this reaction to the sitter. Lord, no. Sometimes you have nothing but murder in your heart for them."

"The women, chiefly?"

"Not at all, not at all," he cried. "A man about to sit for his portrait is so much vainer than a woman that, comparing them, modesty becomes a purely feminine quality. You should have been here the day I was photographing that Philadelphia millionaire. Horrible. The man came in followed by a mouse-eyed valet carrying—now don't interrupt me—a vanity case. Lord, yes, a vanity case—a leather case about the size of a woman's week-end bag, you know.

"The sleek fool sat down. Paying no attention to me and acting as though my only job was to open and shut the camera shutter like a tin-type gypsy, he faced his valet, who stood off regarding him tenderly like a dilettante at a trick art exhibit. Cocked his silly head this way and that, surveying his master. Moved to the right a step and looked. Moved to the left a step and looked. Then, believe me or not, he advanced reverently and touched old Narcissus' necktie a bit—so. Then he brushed his master's black hair and ever so delicately elevated one of his mustache points a thirty-second of an inch. Or something like that. . . . Blaaah! I took his picture. I fixed him, the pop-eyed satyr. Or thought I did. But the fool thought the portraits good. Too bad. Too bad."

The Most Difficult Sitter

Appropriately enough, Mr. Steichen grasped a handful of his abundant gray hair and gave it a yank.

"Did you have many like that?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Not that bad. I'm just patriotic enough to believe that America hasn't many like that. No, no more like that. I still do portrait work but only in special instances, or perhaps if I *want* to work with a person. But one sitter a day is plenty. Plenty for me, anyway. They take too much out of you. Do you know the most difficult person I ever had to photograph?"

"Who?"

(Continued on page 38)

Courtesy of Vanity Fair

Ultra-modern composition and unconventional illumination combine in this interesting self-portrait of the photographer

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A calm voice said, "Stick here, Lou, while the rest of us go in for a minute"

Found Out

The story of a man who loved a girl enough to risk his life to lose her

By Ernest Haycox

PEDDLER ZEKE jogged his team and cabinet wagon across the vastness of Harney Rim, up and down the dog-trot roads, into the deep isolation of the desert roof. He sold Bill Linkamon's wife a boiler and a card of bone buttons, dispensed six pairs of copper-riveted pants at Y-Cross, and learned a scandalous bit of news from Jubal Kilgore concerning the Terrill girl. At Crooked Stake ranch he ate his supper; and his wagon light made a jiggling wake through the shadows all up the side of Thunder Horse, where he camped. Thus, bartering and gossiping, Peddler Zeke arrived at dusk of the second evening in Spanish Flat—a Spanish Flat full of Saturday night's glitter and noise.

There was a cluster of stags on the lodge-hall porch. Inside, fiddle and guitar played Over the Waves and couples went wheeling by the open door, women's white shoulders making a pretty sight. But Peddler Zeke, seeing young Jim Logan tilted against a porch post, said, "I got that odd-sized bridle buckle for you, Jim," and went immediately on. In the stable he dallied over his chore of putting up the horses; and presently a sleepy-toned voice sent gentle patterns across the half dark.

"When a gray old wolf licks his whiskers at me, I rise to ask. What's up, Zeke?"

Peddler Zeke turned to the rearing shadow in the archway. "This noon I passed the cabin in the willows—the one on Thunder Horse. Black hat hangin' on the antelope prongs outside the door and a gray pony with stockin' feet half hid in the brush."

"Flack?"

"He's returned," said Peddler Zeke.

Light lanes ran across the street from Rabb's saloon to cut Jim Logan's body in clear silhouette and to accent the flat strength of his rider's frame. He was quite tall, square at the shoulders, small of flank. Black hair lay unruly on his head, a head tipped a little forward in the manner of a high-built man. Even in the semi-obscurity his features were definitely rugged against a sun-bronzed skin. One arm rose to the cigarette in his mouth and he said, "Thanks, Zeke," with a grave thoughtfulness.

"I NEVER forget a friend. Not the kind you been to me. Be careful. You chased him out of here once. He'll be rememberin'."

Jim Logan walked back to the lodge hall, in and out of the puddles of illumination flooding through the store openings. There was a freshening sound of excitement and the music rose and fell with a rippling rhythm. Six Open-A hands breasted the street and dismounted at Rabb's; the Lakeview stage, late tonight, careened in from the desert darkness, lifting banners of dust. Idle at the doorway of the hall, he saw a circle of men lower the express box from the stage seat and limp into Rabb's with it. But none of these sights focussed his attention; he was thinking of Henry Flack, realizing that news of the gunman's return, after a year's enforced absence, would be already passed along surreptitious channels.

"Curiosity," he reflected, even now weighing his future in relation to Henry Flack, "would never draw him back. It's a pot of honey that brings him. I wonder—"

The music stopped. Turning, he saw the dancers trooping to the side seats. His partner, Gary Danster, made one final wheel in the center of the floor with Loretta Rawlins, spinning the full hem of her dress and setting up a quick riot of color. The yellow-headed Gary laughed and drew the girl toward a far corner, gesturing with an electric energy. Everything the man did, Logan thought with a sudden fatherly admiration, had a zest to it; and the two made a fine pair.

Throwing his cigarette to the dust, he went in, elbowing between the milling couples with a slight touch of awkwardness. In the glow of the hall he appeared older than he actually was; doggedness lived in his lip corners and there was a kind of slow, hard competence all about him, somehow out of keeping with the clean sweep of his features and the latent humor in his glance. At the end of the hall he was at once admitted into a ring of men; suddenly smiling, he drawled gently to the seated Loretta so hemmed in:

"I'm applyin' early. If you're hardened to punishment you might risk one round with me."

She was speaking to the lithe Danster, placed negligently against the wall, but her eyes whipped around to Logan, full of gayety. The straightness and quickness of the glance was like a shock and, often as he had seen her change from the chrysalis of old ranch clothes to this feminine perfection, he was nevertheless freshly astonished.

COPPER-RED hair made a lustered glow above a fair, slim-featured face. Beneath the gray coloring of her eyes was a hint of depth and steady feeling. Her bare shoulders moved toward him and she said, faintly eager, "If you don't regard this as a duty—"

Gary Danster muttered his disgust and then grinned, whereat the whole cast of his face turned cheerfully handsome. "Logan, you're the most indifferent-talkin' rascal I ever heard."

"Etiquette, to those as practice it," mused Logan, watching Loretta's smile break through the firm red lips. This girl, quite capable of busting down a strong steer, looked actually fragile. Some faint perfume clung to her hair.

"As regards Loretta," grinned Danster, "you'll do your askin' of me. I brought her here."

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"I ask you often enough," grumbled Logan. "All right, Mister Danster, be generous or I'll bust your confounded neck."

"A beautiful side of the fabled Danster-Logan friendship," mocked Loretta.

Danster's glinting amusement spread. "I'll make him squirm a while," said he idly. Then his attention, rising and passing across the hall, struck the doorway and stopped there. An instant alertness shaded the humor; the careless eyes narrowed from the impact of something he saw. Yet he was off guard only a moment, and when he looked back to the watchful Logan an easy amusement screened whatever he felt. "All right, I'll make the sacrifice. You can have the next dance, Jim. Lord have mercy on you, girl."

LORETTA rose gracefully and put one arm on Logan's tall shoulder. He wheeled her into the stream of couples with his mind divided and his eyes elsewhere. Danster moved toward the door, paused in it with a show of casualness, and slipped from sight. Some premonition struck Logan like a bomb and he collided head-on with an adjoining couple. Loretta's muffled laugh came up to him, free and sweetly pleasant. "I'd bet on you any day, Jim."

"Not for dancin'." said Logan and stopped at the doorway. "You need air —so do I."

Loretta preceded him to the porch and turned about. "Not for dancing, but for getting what you want when you want it."

"The habit of a slave-drivin' foreman."

"You had it before. That's what made you foreman."

"Gary's a good number. He'd give me his shirt."

Loretta looked up, oddly sober. "Never forget to be loyal, do you?"

Scanning the street, Logan found no Danster. The restless one had made a quick disappearance and, more deeply disturbed than he cared to admit, Logan rolled a cigarette to cover his purposeful inspection. The Lakeview stage, new horses and driver, rolled out of Spanish Flat; Rabb's saloon sent volleys of noise between the buildings, and Logan forgot to erase his scowl when he lighted a match to the smoke.

"What's up?" demanded the girl.

"Nothing."

"Am I that green? Something rides you."

"A foreman's life is full of grief," said he, trying to be casual. "I've got to get this wild-eyed Anvil crew home halfways sober. Hear 'em takin' Rabb's apart?"

"And where is the wild Jim Logan that used to take Rabb's apart all by himself?" asked Loretta. One hand touched him and he caught the scent of perfume again. "Where is he?"

"He grew up," muttered Logan. "Ain't done that since—since a long time."

"SINCE you came to Anvil. Why, Jim?"

"A man grows up," repeated Logan.

"Perhaps," murmured Loretta and turned toward a topheavy, uncompromisingly square figure marching up the porch steps. A seamed and shrewd countenance commanded them.

"Loretta, you're practically naked. Dance and come out here to catch a thunderin' cold. What's the matter with you, Jim? It's my daughter you're lookin' after."

"I'm foolish for a fact, Colonel," admitted Logan. "We better go in."

"Wait a minute," said Colonel Rawlins. "Leave half a dozen of the men at Rabb's tonight and tomorrow. Stage brought the pay-off money for me and three other outfits tonight. It's in the saloon safe."

"Came unexpected, didn't it?"

"Purposely arranged," said Rawlins. "We wanted no road-agent business. There's six months' pay for about a hundred and fifteen men in that safe. Strong bait."

"All right," answered Logan, and saw the colonel march away. Loretta whispered an amused phrase that he only half heard, for his thoughts had centered on Henry Flack again. Flack knew. This was the honey that attracted the killer hidden in the willow cabin.

"Jim," said Loretta.

The music stopped again. Logan pulled himself out of his preoccupation. "I'm miserable company for you. Always have been. Can't seem to mix business and pleasure."

"It is a reason as good as any," said the girl quietly, and turned in. Logan shot another glance down the street, this time rewarded. Danster walked from an alley near Rabb's alone; but in another moment a second man emerged and headed for the saloon. It was, Logan discovered, one of Rabb's barkeepers. Following Loretta across the floor, he stood silent by her chair, all the pleasantry gone from the night; the small talk around him made sound but no significance, and when Danster came up, the glint of a higher and more restless humor in his eyes, Logan bowed himself away.

He sat for a while on the porch, locked in hard study. Flack's presence in the country was like the dropping of a pebble into still waters, each spreading ring reaching outward and outward to disturb the previous calm; and his faintest whisper reached down from the willow cabin to complicate the affairs of men. The barkeep, Logan well knew, was Flack's ally—and the barkeep had drawn Gary Danster into the darkness. What for?

"The young helter-skelter fool," said Logan, gripping his calloused fingers together. He thought he knew what for and the knowledge was not pleasant.

BACK of him the fiddles went lightly and brightly through a schottische and the guitars made a stirring undertone. That was the thing Danster loved —action, excitement, anything to stir his blood; a horse exploding beneath him, fast riding, dust kicked up. But there was another side of the man and long ago Logan had discovered it; brilliant in the rushing moments, his partner had no grit to withstand the slow drudgery of the cattle land. It took a stubborn fellow to stand up under the punishment of monotony—and Danster was a changeling. Logan remembered with a sort of slow discouragement how often it had been necessary for him to lend the man steadiness.

The dance showed signs of ending. Rising, he walked to Rabb's and across the crowded room, eyes touching the still and impassive face of the barkeep who had met Danster. Motioning to half a dozen Anvil men, he went through an inner door to a small office; Rabb came along, too, and stood beside a safe in the corner. Logan pointed it out to the assembling punchers. "Pay-off money in that. You mugs are married to this room till the cash is removed. Get serious about it. Better than twenty-two thousand dollars there."

Rabb grinned and Logan, half through the doorway, pivoted and

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Illustrated by John Gannam

He straightened his shoulders, the whole burden of weariness sliding from them. "Who?" he grumbled. "Me? A plowhorse like me?"

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Son of Balko

This is Bugs Baer's first fiction story. "But not," says the famous humorist, "my last"

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ON THE first anniversary of our marriage we were seated on an angle around the living-room table. Just the two of us, if you excluded the dog, which simple sum in subtraction was impossible. He was one of those microscopic Chewawa muzzlers with a face like both ends of a worm. All a Chewawa dog does is to chew and bark *wa-wa*. That dog hated me worse than all the poison in a drug store and he was willing to mix it himself.

For a dog that was small enough to fall overboard in a teacup and never make enough ripples to reach the porcelain, he had a name long enough to keep a census taker sharpening his pencil for a week. It was Indomitable Yarborough Pride of Nottingham Perdook. He had won seventeen blue ribbons in dog shows for the finest specimen of male Chewawa. Indicating that he was not only a valuable pup but that the judges had very good eyes. You could crowd two dogs like Perdook between the split halves of a lunch-wagon roll and get more nutrition biting your own thumb.

When we bivouacked around the parlor lamp at night, Perdook always picked a spot where he could watch my feet. I admit that I had kicked him a couple of times but never got any distance with him. Once I had dropped him in a mail chute without postage or return address. He came back an hour later and gave me a triumphant look that said I might have gone game if I had played it at no trump.

On still another humanitarian occasion I tossed him into Lake Sunniper and pushed him under eight times with an oar. Merely for science and research. I quit when he came up the last time with a fish. There was a spaniel somewhere on Perdook's ancestral diploma even if he never graduated.

I hated Perdook because he was a small dog. He hated me because I wasn't. I love dogs but they have to be big, strong and sympathetic like the St. Bernards, who carry kegs of cognac to travelers stymied in blizzards. It's a shame our winters are getting so warm. Every snowstorm we had this year turned into rain.

THE wife and I had many a gentle riot about Perdook. If we had to have a dog around the two-family garage I wanted one that was fierce enough to turn a burglar into twins with one bite.

Our bungalow was robbed once by a sneak thief who wrote us a note thanking us for the spongy ride and the buggy cake. When the handwriting experts arrived they discovered the gum-heeled intruder had wiped the pen on Perdook.

That's why I was determined to get a big watchdog around the shack if I had to stay awake myself. Arguing with the wife's like lathering a mirror and shaving your reflection.

One day I put it squarely up to her. "You've got to choose between me and that bacteriological pooch."

But I fooled her. I changed my mind and stayed.

It's a terrible thing on your initial wedding anniversary to be sitting there realizing that you are the stepfather to a peevish mutt that is only nine hundred and ninety-six legs short of being a centipede. The wife looked at me; I looked at her, while Perdook wept gently like a grandmother reading that her favorite grandson had robbed a bank and had been caught this time.

Perdook was a weeper. He always cried and I could have forgiven him if either one of us had enjoyed his snaps at my lumpy ankles. He was the only dog I ever saw that could grab you by the calf and look disappointed. Maybe he was right. While Perdook was sobbing neatly but firmly the wife was knitting him a sweater about the size of those woolen caddies Englishmen put on their morning eggs. She called that "sewing on little things."

I didn't mind her knitting sweaters for Perdook but it sure got me sore when she padded the shoulders. She wanted him to look manly.

However, even with Perdook, we weren't doing bad on our primary wedding anniversary. Outside of Perdook's crooning wa-was we were keeping silent and that's something.

SUDDENLY, the little woman who pares my mane looked at me from practically nowhere and said, "We've been married a year, dearie."

She was as correct as a trivet. Perdook endorsed the statistics with a couple of wa-was and I nodded to keep him company.

"You love me, don't you?" asked the wife.

"You're happy, aren't you?" I crossworded.

"Yes, honey."

"Then why start an argument?"

"Oh, that's the way you feel about it, is it?"

"Well, Louise, you know how I feel about it. I want a big dog around here."

"Isn't Perdook enough for you?"

"He doesn't even begin to remind me of a dog," I answered.

"He's pedigreed and he does tricks."

"Sure, he stands on his head when he's kicked and—"

"He can carry and fetch."

"I know it. He was taught that by the prowler who rifled our bungalow. Anything the guy overlooked was brought to him by Perdook. He's a nice, faithful dog. He's the kind of a herring hound who would protect you from your enemies if you happened to be going his way. I've read a lot of dog stories by Jack London, Albert Payson Terhune and those fellows but they never said a word for those little Junkenese mopers. They all wrote about big dogs—big dogs. Lemme see—I know something about a big dog. How does it go? A man may lose his money—and his friends may desert him in the hour of strife and need—children, wife and relatives may leave him—fame, honor and prestige may evaporate on the wings of disaster—but there is always one friend on whom he can rely—one true pal who is there when fortune's sun turns to clouds and rain—and who is that?—his faithful dog will be there by his side—provided it's a big dog—"

"Who wrote that?"

"It's Senator Vest's tribute to a dog—he made it in Washington—on the Senate floor—"

"Senator Vest?"

"Yes, Senator Vest. And he was buttoned carefully. It's a classic. And he didn't say a word about those little mezzanine pooches like Perdook. He meant a strong, husky outdoor dog."

"Perdook is good enough for me."

"I ain't saying anything against that. But I do say he is going to have company."

The wife gave me one of those building-inspector-in-a-deserted-village looks. She realized there was something on foot and its arches weren't broke. When she spoke it sounded just as if a smelt frozen in the ice had turned ventriloquist:

"Do you mean to tell me you've bought one of those St. Bernards?"

"Nope. I haven't bought any St. Bernards."

"Found him, then?"

"Nope. I didn't buy him. Didn't find him. He's not a St. Bernard. He's a present. And he's a strapping big Eskimo from the last frontier where men are men and the Northwest Royal Mounted gets 'em every time."

The wife knows that when I make up my five-and-three-eighths mind to do a thing I do it. I'm so stubborn that when I ring up the doctor on the phone and he says, "Who's there?" I won't answer him.

SO ALL she said was, "Suppose he doesn't get along with Perdook?"

"He doesn't have to get along with Perdook. He's so tough that Perdook has to get along with him. But they'll be all right if Perdook knows which side his dog biscuits are buttered on."

"Where did you get this creature?"

"If you listen and don't interrupt I'll give you the whole story in one load. Ziggy had him all set for the big Olympic winter-sports scene in the Follies. The action was to take place on Mount Hoogissomething-or-other in the Adirondacks. One of these Ali Ben Haggin tableaus with beautiful girls on skis, prettier girls on snowshoes and gorgeous girls on dog sledges. It was an All-American pageant with silver-frosted drapes and rock salt for ice and snow. But, after everything had been set for the rehearsals, dogs brought by radio all the way from Alaska and the scenery all fitted, Ziggy called it off like

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that. Ziggy all over. He'll spend fifty thousand dollars on an idea and then can it before Floyd Gibbons can say two one-syllable words."

"Why," said the wife, "that sounds splendid. It would have been beautiful. Why did he stop it?"

"Well, Ziggy suddenly figured that if it was a snow scene the girls would have to wear some clothing. Then it wouldn't be the Follies. It would degenerate into burlesque. So it's out and that's how I got the dog. Ziggy paid almost three grand to bring Son of Balko here. But he's giving him away. He's the most generous guy with his backers' money you ever saw."

"Son of Balko is a queer name," said Louise. "Is he part mule?"

"No, he ain't part mule. He's the best breed there is. He's Malemute, Alaskan husky, Siberian wolf; and, besides that, he's one of Balko's pups."

"Balko?"

"Do you mean to say you never heard of the famous Balko who carried the potatoes to Numbska?"

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"I NEVER even heard of Numbska."

"Well, all you college graduates are the same. The minute you grab your sheepskin you think it's an injunction to stop you from reading and thinking. Balko was the lead dog on the famous team when Numbska had the scurvy. You know where Numbska is? It's four stations past the last stop on the Yukon railroad. If you lived there you could light your pipe on the aurora borealis. It gets so cold up there that if you sneeze on a windowpane it freezes, and when it thaws out in the summer the pane sneezes again."

The wife sniffed a couple of octaves above sarcastic. She knows me like a borrowed book.

"Well, dearie," I continued, because with me a sniff is no interruption, "Numbska is so far north that the natives have to go downtown to look at the North Pole. And that's where Son of Balko comes from. Lemme see, Ziggy told me he would be in tomorrow morning over at Grand Central in a special refrigerator car. I'll get up early and go over and get him."

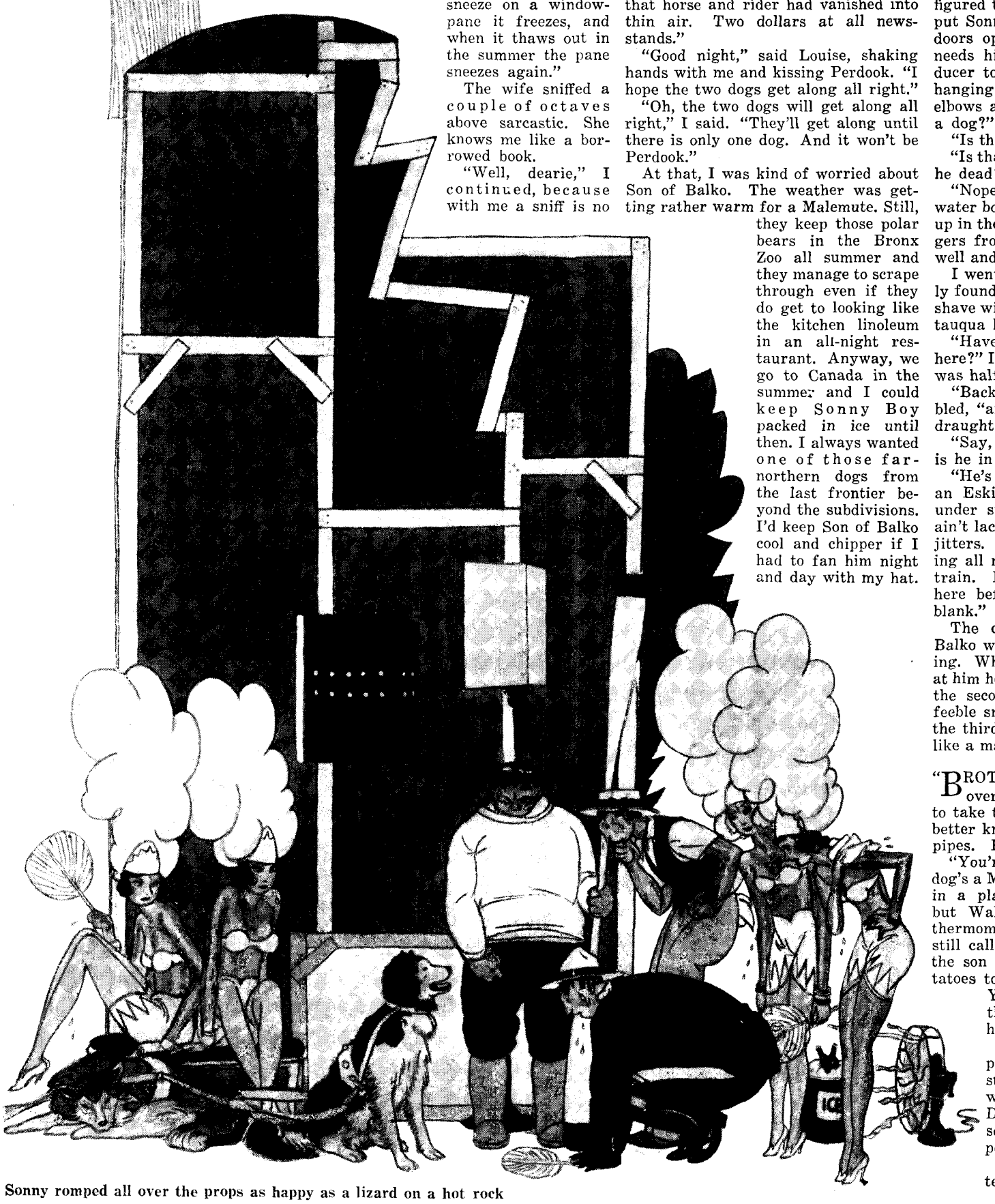
"Well, see that you don't wake Perdook when you get up."

"Wake Perdook up? He'd sleep all the way through a sausage machine and come out of the other end still snoring. Why, any time you have to undergo the painful operation of having your house burglarfied I'll guarantee Perdook as a good local anesthetic. Tomorrow, we'll have a real dog in the house, or, I should say, out in the garden. You can't keep an Eskimo husky under a roof. They've got to be outdoors with the stars, the lone pines, the silent valleys and the wooded hills—everything that Zane Grey writes about. You know, she rushed up the winding trail, but it seemed that horse and rider had vanished into thin air. Two dollars at all newsstands."

"Good night," said Louise, shaking hands with me and kissing Perdook. "I hope the two dogs get along all right."

"Oh, the two dogs will get along all right," I said. "They'll get along until there is only one dog. And it won't be Perdook."

At that, I was kind of worried about Son of Balko. The weather was getting rather warm for a Malemute. Still, they keep those polar bears in the Bronx Zoo all summer and they manage to scrape through even if they do get to looking like the kitchen linoleum in an all-night restaurant. Anyway, we go to Canada in the summer and I could keep Sonny Boy packed in ice until then. I always wanted one of those far-northern dogs from the last frontier beyond the subdivisions. I'd keep Son of Balko cool and chipper if I had to fan him night and day with my hat.



Sonny romped all over the props as happy as a lizard on a hot rock

I was up bright and early the next day. Which in my case proves there's a first time for everything. The air was brisk and cold. There was even a little frost and you could see your breath like those old-time movies when they used to take the indoor scenes out on a vacant lot. It was regular Balko weather. That was a break. I got to Grand Central just when the Montreal Express was pulling in. It only takes overnight to get in from Canada and I always claimed that was wrong. It should take two nights and give the American tourists an extra twenty-four hours to sleep it off. Did you ever see a New Yorker getting off the Montreal flyer? His face is on upside down and he looks like the Apocalypse Polo Team the year the Four Horsemen won the International Cup. He could taper off on a quart of cooking vinegar.

THERE wasn't any refrigerator car on the train. That was strange. But I figured they dropped it at Harmon and put Sonny in the baggage car with the doors open wide, because a Malemute needs his ventilation fresh from producer to consumer. There was a guy hanging out of the baggage car by his elbows and I yelled, "Hey, did you see a dog?"

"Is that what it was?" he asked.

"Is that what it *was?*" I hollered. "Is he dead?"

"Nope," the fellow said. "The hot-water bottles is keeping him alive. He's up in the sleeper with his fellow passengers from Montreal. He ain't feeling well and he ain't in the minority."

I went through all the cars and finally found a conductor who was trying to shave with a blade discarded by a Chautauqua lecturer and that's hopeless.

"Have you got an Eskimo dog on here?" I asked. He gave me a look that was half intelligent and half lather.

"Back there in Number One," he bubbled, "and don't breathe on him. The draught will kill him."

"Say, that's an Eskimo dog, mister; is he in an upper?"

"He's in a lower and if he ever was an Eskimo dog he got over it. He's under six Pullman blankets and they ain't lace curtains. He's got the canine jitters. He's been whooping and wheezing all night like he's been pulling the train. If that's your dog get him off here before he asks for a complaint blank."

The conductor was right. Son of Balko was in Lower One and still sinking. When I pulled off a blanket to look at him he growled. When I pulled down the second warm blanket he made a feeble snap at me. When I peeled off the third woolen comforter he shivered like a mammy singer's knees.

"BROTHER," the conductor kibitzed over my shoulder, "if you're going to take that dog off this train you had better knit him a sweater out of steam pipes. He's cold and he don't like it."

"You're crazy," I told him. "That dog's a Malemute. He's born and raised in a place where they have nothing but Wall Street quotations on their thermometers. Sixty below par and still calling for margins. This dog is the son of Balko, who carried the potatoes to Numbska. Cold is his dish. You must have fed him something that didn't agree with him."

"Well, we gave him meat and potatoes and that ain't hay. He sure wolfed the meat but he wouldn't handle the potatoes. Did I hear you say he's the son of Balko who carried the potatoes to Numbska?"

"You heard me. I don't stutter."

(Continued on page 45)

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The world became for Mr. Eggleston a sort of nightmare knockabout sketch

Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

A LETTER which U. S. Senator Opal (an ardent "dry") has written to his bootlegger goes, in error, to Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge, a lady who is plotting to make her husband Ambassador to France. Mrs. Gedge (who, with Mr. Gedge, is ensconced in the Château de Blissac, in France) invites the senator to visit her. Hoping to recover the letter, the senator accepts the invitation. Accompanied by his daughter Jane and his valet (one Blair Eggleston, secretly engaged to Jane), he dashes to France.

Other guests arrive: the Duc de Pont-Andemer (in reality, "Oily" Carlisle, who is planning with the aid of one "Soup" Slattery, a safe-cracker, to cop Mrs. Gedge's jewels) and the Vicomte de Blissac (in reality, Packy Franklyn, a young American who, although engaged, is determined to recover the letter—for Jane).

Mrs. Gedge keeps the jewels and the letter in a small safe in a bedroom. Henceforth, there is plenty of excitement in the vicinity of that safe. . . . Packy wins the friendship of "Soup," who offers to help him steal the letter. Mr. Gedge, told that he has committed a drunken crime, disappears.

At this juncture Miss Putnam, Mrs. Gedge's secretary, goes into action. She, it appears, is a detective hired to keep an eye on the jewels. She tells Mrs. Gedge much of what is going on—and Mrs. Gedge is horrified! . . . Packy is now in a hot spot. He has "confessed" to Mrs. Gedge that he is a sleuth working for the firm with which Mrs. Gedge's jewels are insured; that he is on hand to protect the jewels. Also (unknown to him) his Puritanical fiancée, Lady Beatrice Bracken, has arrived on the scene. . . . Coöperating with Mr. Carlisle is an old flame: Medway, Mrs. Gedge's maid. Medway is deeply interested in the senator's valet—Mr. Eggleston. "Oily" is jealous. He suspects the couple of having a rendezvous at a nearby lake. Posting himself at a strategic point, where he can observe all operations, he waits—and watches.

X

IT WAS unfortunate for Blair Eggleston that Packy's well-meant advice had had the effect of putting him in excellent spirits. His smiling face, taken in conjunction with the bottle of wine which he carried, conveyed to Gordon Carlisle the definite picture of a libertine operating on all six cylinders. It seemed to Mr. Carlisle that he was about to be a spectator at an orgy.

The orgy, if such it was, began at quite a moderate tempo. Blair Eggleston uncorked the bottle, filled the lady's glass, filled his own, gave her a cigarette, took a cigarette himself, and sat down on the turf. His manner so far had been unexceptionable. And then, his words coming to Mr. Carlisle only as a faint murmur, he began to talk.

For some moments, whatever he was saying appeared to be innocuous. Then suddenly the scene changed. To Mr. Carlisle's ears there came the sharp sound of a woman's gasp. The cigarette fell from Medway's fingers. She stared at her companion as if what he had just said had shocked her maidenly modesty to the core. Distant though he was, Mr. Carlisle could discern quite clearly the horrified expression in her eyes, and he instantly decided to wait no longer.

Gertie, he knew, was no prude. If this man had said something to make her look like that, it must have been something way beyond the ordinary and it was high time for him to interfere. Glowing with the fervor which comes to men about to chastise libertines smaller than themselves, he burst from the bushes.

TO BLAIR EGGLESTON, who had seen Mr. Carlisle pottering about the château and knew him to be the Duc de Pont-Andemer, a guest of Mrs. Gedge, the spectacle of him advancing now did not immediately suggest danger. He was surprised to see him, because he had not known he was there, but he felt no apprehension. His first intimation that the newcomer's intentions were hostile was the latter's sudden spring. Something solid hit him in the eye, and for the next few moments the world became for Blair Eggleston a sort of nightmare knockabout sketch.

Your literary man is generally supposed to be a dreamy, absent-minded person, unequal to keeping his head in circumstances which call for practical common sense. Blair Eggleston was not this type of writer. He was capable of swift thought, and he thought swiftly now. And what he thought was that the soundest policy for a man of his physique, suddenly assaulted by an apparently insane duc, was to remove himself as quickly as possible.

To attempt escape in an inshore direction was not feasible. Mr. Carlisle, like Apollyon, was straddling right across the way. Making a sudden dash, accordingly, and choosing a moment when his assailant seemed to have paused for breath, Blair Eggleston galloped to the waterside and, hurling himself in, swam clumsily but vigorously to a small island which lay some fifty yards from the shore. Scrambling on to this, he stood panting. He was ankle-deep in mud, for this sanctuary of his was covered twice a day by the tide, but at least he was alone.

Meanwhile, on the mainland, a tender scene was in progress. In Blair Eggleston, watching it, this scene increased the already definite conviction that everybody had gone suddenly mad, but to Gordon Carlisle's bruised heart it brought nothing but balm. Medway, who during the recent exchanges had been hovering on the fringe of the battle like some maiden of the Middle Ages for whose favors two knights are jousting, now flung her arms impulsively about Mr. Carlisle's neck and with words appropriate to the gesture gave him to understand that the past was dead.

"Oily," she said, "you're a wow! I didn't know you had it in you. I take it all back."

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The cave-woman in her had been deeply stirred. She had always been aware that when it was a question of conjuring cash out of the pockets of his fellow men her mate had no superior, but her doubts of his physical courage had done much to neutralize the admiration excited by his professional skill. These doubts he had now set at rest, and also her doubts as to the sincerity of his love.

She kissed Mr. Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle kissed her. The little episode did not impress itself on Blair Eggleston as idyllic, but idyllic it undoubtedly was.

"Oily!" breathed Medway.

"Gertie!" murmured Mr. Carlisle.

And then, for in these practical modern days the business note is never far away even from lovers' reconciliations, Gordon Carlisle began to talk what he would have called turkey.

"Listen, baby," said Mr. Carlisle. "We've got to get busy. I'm going to open that safe tonight. Around one in the morning would be the best time. Do you think you can get one of the cars out of the garage?"

"Sure."

"Then we'll have it waiting in the drive with the engine running. I'll drop down off the balcony with the stuff, and we'll be off to Paris."

"You won't hurt yourself, sweetie?"

"Sure not. It ain't only a drop of a few feet. And let me tell you something. That letter I was telling you about that you wouldn't listen when I was telling you."

In a few brief words he related the burden of what Mr. Slattery had told him. Medway's eyes sparkled enthusiastically. She, too, had the business sense, and he could understand how admirable an asset to a young couple just starting housekeeping a compromising letter of Senator Opal's authorship would be.

Then a graver look came into her face. There was something which in the emotion of the recent reconciliation she had been in danger of forgetting.

"Oily," she said, "there's something we'll have to watch out for. That bird over there is a dick!"

"A dick!"

"That's what he just told me. Employed by the London, Paris and New York Insurance Company to watch over Mrs. Gedge's ice."

Blair Eggleston, dripping on his island, was concerned to observe his late assailant turn and direct at him a stare which, despite the distance which separated them, was so unpleasant that he wished they could have been even farther apart.

"He is, is he!" said Mr. Carlisle, tautly.

"What'll we do?"

"There's only one thing to do. Tie him up and park him somewheres till we've made our getaway."

"But how will we get at him?"

MR. CARLISLE surveyed the waste of waters with a thoughtful eye.

"Isn't there a boat anywhere around this pond?"

"There's a boathouse along there past those trees."

Mr. Carlisle became brisk.

"Baby," he said, as Napoleon might have said to one of his marshals when instructing him in his latest plan of campaign, "I'll wait here and watch him so he don't get away, and you trot along to that boathouse and get you a boat and come back here and pick me up. Then we row along to that island and prod him with the boat hook. He jumps into the wet and we haul him aboard. Then we tie him up and leave him in the boathouse and send the folks a wire from Paris tomorrow where to find him. Get me?"

"I got you."

"Then shoot," said Mr. Carlisle.

IT WAS the fact that the Château Blissac was being run on lines of the strictest teetotalism that had taken Senator Opal to the town this lovely afternoon. Accustomed as he was in private life to deviate somewhat from those principles which he upheld so eloquently in public, the château's aridity had occasioned him a good deal of inconvenience, necessitating as it did a tiresome series of daily visits to the cocktail bar of the Hôtel des Étrangers, where more liberal views prevailed. It had become a practice of his to drop in there of an evening for the modest refresher which his system demanded, and it was thither that he had repaired after leaving Mr. Carlisle.

As a rule, it was his habit to pass through the lobby to his destination at the speed and with something of the look of a steer approaching a waterhole in the Painted Desert; but this afternoon his progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of Packy. The latter, having stowed Mr. Gedge away on the Flying Cloud and moored the motor boat to the jetty, had proceeded to the hotel to communicate the latest developments to Soup Slattery. His arrival in the lobby coincided with that of the senator.

The senator, who preferred to be alone on these occasions, was not too pleased at the encounter.

"Ah, Franklyn," he said with a touch of reserve.

"Hullo, Senator," said Packy. "What brings you here?"

"I have just remembered an important cable which must be dispatched to New York without delay. I came down here to send it."

"I've come to see Soup."

"Soup?"

"My colleague. Mr. Slattery. The man who's going to bust the safe for us."

Senator Opal brightened.

"Capital! Have you—ah—made any plans?"

"Oh yes. Everything's fine. Nobody will be sleeping in Mrs. Gedge's room. The coast will be quite clear. You'll have that letter tomorrow."

It was not only indignation that had the power to turn Senator Opal's face purple. Sudden joy could do it. As he extended his right hand to clasp Packy's and laid the other affectionately on his shoulder, rather in the manner he used for meeting the important constituents during a hot campaign, he was mauve to the roots of his hair.

"My dear boy!"

"I thought you'd be pleased."

"Is this man in the hotel?"

"Yes. I'd better go and ask for him at the desk. I'll tell you all about everything later."

"Quite right. Do not waste a moment."

With feelings too deep for words, he watched Packy approach the clerk. A fear that he had had, that on a fine afternoon like this the expert of whom he was in search might not be at home, vanished as he saw the young man cross the lobby towards the elevator. Feeling that if ever an occasion justified an extra cocktail this was it, Senator Opal was turning to resume his journey when a voice spoke behind him:

"I beg your pardon."

The senator wheeled round, and for a space stood breathless. The voice had been a musical one, but it had not prepared him for its owner's overwhelming beauty. This was the loveliest girl Senator Opal had ever seen, and in an instant he was all courtliness and gallantry. Thirty years had passed since he had been really at the top of his form with beautiful girls, but in the flourish with which he removed his hat and the polished reverence of his bow there was a good deal of the old pep.

"I saw you talking to Mr. Franklyn. Can you tell me where he is staying? They say at the desk that he is not at the hotel."

IF ANYBODY had told Senator Opal a moment before that he would shortly be regretting having met this outstandingly handsome girl, he would have ridiculed the idea. Yet, as he heard these words, there did come to him a definite feeling that he was sorry their paths had crossed. The last thing he desired at this very critical point in his affairs was the arrival of persons aware of Packy's identity.

He choked a little. Then, recovering, he prepared to lie stoutly.

"Mr. Franklyn?"

"You were talking to him just now."

"Not to any Mr. Franklyn, my dear young lady. My recent companion was the Vicomte de Blissac."

"What!"

"The Vicomte de Blissac," said the senator firmly. "A very old French family."

The girl was staring at him, and he was sorry to observe that her stare was the stare of incredulity. However, he stuck to it bravely.

"These close resemblances are, I believe, not uncommon. Everyone has had experience of them from time to time. I myself . . . I remember once in Washington . . ."

The duty of a chronicler to his readers is to sift and select. Whatever of his material is not, in his opinion, of potential interest he must exclude. Out, therefore, *in toto* goes the story of what Senator Opal remembered in Washington. It would not grip. It was very long and inexpressibly tedious. Its only merit was that it served to give its narrator the breathing space he so sorely needed. By the time it had wound to its conclusion, the mere sound of his own voice had made him his calm, comfortably pompous self once more.

(Continued on page 34)

Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

"No, sir," repeated Mr. Slattery firmly. "If Senator Opal's in a spot, I'm glad of it. After what he done to me"

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A Lovely Place to Park

The romance of a girl who took a million dollars out shopping

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

MARJORIE MACLEAN had had a big day. With the check Aunt Marian had given her for being twenty-one she had been manna to the merchants. In the morning she had bought an evening dress, an English sheep dog, fourteen hats, a new piano for the Settlement, a tricky cigarette case so they popped out at you, and an evening dress that couldn't fail to leave you numb. By afternoon the girl had really hit her stride. She bought another hat because you never could be sure, a cocktail shaker three feet high for brother Ned, another leather golf bag, for he said they might quit making them, a few pairs of shoes and, finally, an evening dress that literally smote you down and left you prone and panting. Then, abruptly, they had closed the stores on her; but she'd begin again on Monday early, for she had lots of money left. Amazingly, just lots.

"You sweet old thing," she'd told Aunt Marian when she got home, "I didn't thank you half enough. I'd no idea how far a million dollars could be made to manage."

Uttering a loud cry, Waldemar MacLean, her father, vaulted from his chair. She'd done it! His appalling sister Marian had actually done it! He had pleaded with her by the hour and for days. "But, Waldemar," she'd say, "recall what that nice Mr. Hoover says on hoarding. If I give it to her it will help to end depression." But he didn't think she'd actually do it. That child! With a million dollars! Teetering on the purple rim of apoplexy, he threw up both hands and staggered choking from the room.

"Father!" Marjorie cried.

"A simple seizure, dear," Aunt Marian explained. "He's had them at me, off and on, for nearly fifty years with practically no consequences. Tell me what you bought."

And when she'd told her, breathlessly, Aunt Marian had patted her and said, "Except perhaps the sheep dog, dear? You're confident you couldn't grow to love one not so big, and bounding at you all the time? You'll be exhausted buying things, you know."

"Well, I could always get some sheep, of course," said Marjorie, "to keep him exercised."

YES, it had been a big day, although naturally it had worn her down a trifle. In the evening she had barely summoned up sufficient strength to get engaged. But she had managed it and when she'd seen the diamond it had acted like a tonic. New life hurtled through her veins.

"But, Tom!" she'd yelled, when she had breath enough. "It can't be actual! They're not supposed to grow that big. Why! You could nearly skate on it and signal ships at sea!"

A big day but it left her feeling swell. A million dollars and a huge, preposterous engagement ring is apt to make a girl feel swell if she are twenty-one and hasn't anything organic. And she still felt swell although she hadn't had a wink of sleep because she couldn't bear to close her eyes on all of this.

Now, seated in the car with Father and Aunt Marian and Ned, in their reserved space near the center of the field, waving with her left hand at as many people as she could, Marjorie thought how green and marvelous the turf looked, what an awful-looking man Pauline was with, what picture of her they would use tomorrow, where she'd start in shopping Monday and how swell she felt.

TOM saw the car and cantered up to grin at them, and Marjorie grinned back and wagged her hand as conspicuously as she could and thought how simply like nobody else in all the world Tom looked on Fadeaway and wondered, while her heart turned flip-flops, just how many friends of hers would like to cut her throat.

The game began but Marjorie was only half-attentive. To her the riders formed their swift and fluent patterns through a rosy haze. The Pickwicks made a goal and the sharp trill of the whistle was a signal for the motor horns to blow applause. The willow caromed off the boards in front of them and Tom rode off the Major while Leslie came up to send a long forehand down the field. The Pickwicks scored again. The Inlands scored. And none of it had any real significance for Marjorie. Her thoughts were more exciting than any polo could be on this sunny afternoon.

Then, in the second chukker, when she wasn't even watching, it had happened. Tom and the Major, boot to boot and riding furiously, cut across the field. One moment polo was a pleasantly exhilarating and decorative occasion and the next there was a silence and a scream and Fadeaway was struggling to rise and falling down again and Tom, a dozen feet away, was crumpled queerly in a heap. A white heap ominously motionless against the green. He didn't move. And still he didn't move. Marjorie heard Aunt Marian saying, "He's all right, dear. Hallidays have been quite indestructible for generations." But the words came to her thin and unconvincing. Still he didn't move and Ned said, "Buck up, kid. Just stunned. Could tell the way he fell."

They picked Tom up and when they did so one arm dropped out from the bundle and swung limp and rather horribly till someone took it by the wrist and tucked it up again.

"I'll go see," Ned said. "Buck up, kid. They'll slap him with a wet towel and he'll come out boxing."

THEY were going to the clubhouse with him now, and Fadeaway was being led away on three legs.

"Fadeaway looks done," her father said. "Tom will be sick about it."

Sick.

"I guess I'm going to be sick," said Marjorie.

"I'll not permit it. You've seen quantities of spills," Aunt Marian said briskly, "and you're marrying a polo player, dear."

Ned was waiting for them on the clubhouse steps when they drove up.

"They had to shoot him," Ned said. "Tough."

Marjorie shut her teeth down hard and waited.

"Tom's all right," Ned said. "He kind of sprained his neck or something and I guess he broke his arm a little but he's all right. Doctor took him home."

Marrying a polo player—it wasn't fair. Sitting in a car and being gay and grinning, with your teeth clenched and the nails dug into your palms. Strolling on the clubhouse lawn and being charming and vivacious while you saw — and you would always see —a crumpled white heap ominously motionless against the green. She'd thought that she was smart and casual and hard and horsey, but she wasn't and she never would be, darn it, and it wasn't fair.

Tom was in the library when the family finally let her get to Knob Hill. His dressing gown was bulged out on the left side by his strapped-up arm and one side of his face was swollen and an ear was bound up and his head was cocked to one side but his grin was there.

"How ya?" Tom grinned.

"Swell," said Marjorie. "Just grand. Such an amusing afternoon. A man fell off a horse and everything was gay as possible. What have you been doing, dear?"

"Just puttering around the garden," Tom said. "Give a guy a kiss."

"Oh, Tom!" said Marjorie. "Your arm!"

"I guess it's cracked a little," Tom admitted. "Darn it! Just when I needed both of them. To go around you. Marjorie, they had to do away with him. Old Fadeaway."

"I w-w-wish they'd shoot them all," Marjorie said.

"Why, honey!"

"All of them. I do, I do, I do. Oh, Tom, you d-d-didn't move!"

"Why, honey! Why, you're crying. What's the matter?"

"But you d-d-didn't move," wailed Marjorie. "You ask me what's the matter and you—you d-d-didn't move."

"Dog-gone it," Tom said.

"I'm just not built for standing it," said Marjorie. "To sit and sit and wait for it to happen any more."

"You're upset, silly," Tom laughed. "Polo's safe as Sunday school. A little spill. We all tip over now and then."

"A little spill!"

"DON'T be a sissy," Tom instructed. "I've been falling off of horses ever since I was in rompers. It's all right."

"All right!" said Marjorie. "You sprain your neck and tear an ear half off and break your arm the very second you're engaged to me and it's all right! Just look at you!"

"Let's look at you. Come here."

"I won't come there," insisted Marjorie. "I won't. Not till we get this settled, Tom."

"What settled, honey?"

"Horses," Marjorie said firmly. "Polo on those awful horses."

"Couldn't play it on a tricycle," Tom laughed. "I'd look like hell."

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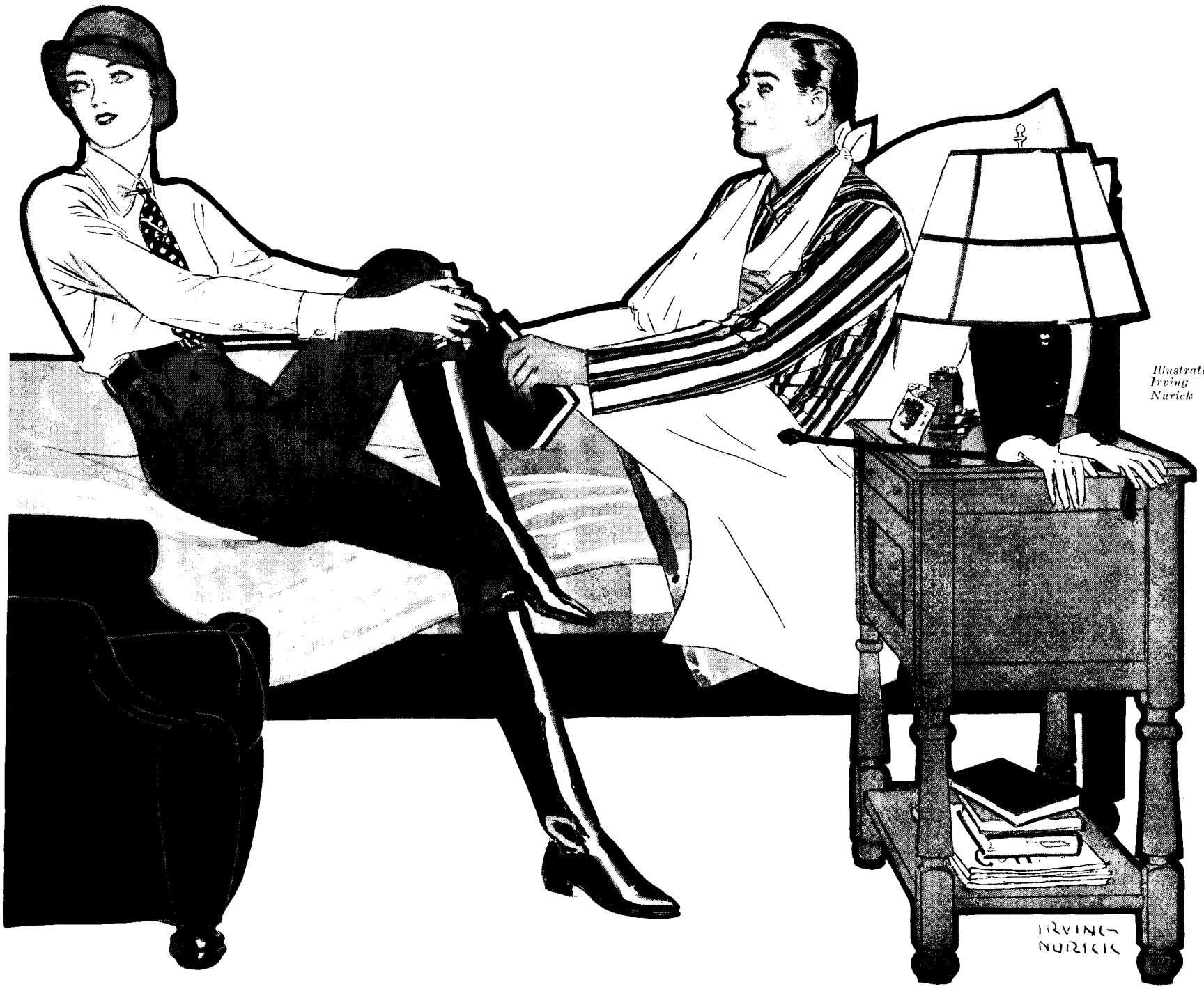
"You timed it just right," said Betty. "Have you heard the dirt?" "I haven't seen you for a day or so," said Marjorie



Illustrated by Irving Narick

"And anyway," said Marjorie, "it isn't fair to ask a girl to go through life with you in slings and wheel chairs, all the time most likely. Smelling awful."

"Awful," Tom agreed. "Some stuff they rubbed my neck with when they had me down."

"And splints and casts and braces digging into me the moment I would get the least affectionate," she said.

"SILLY," Tom said. "Why, you're crazy over polo. Everybody is. Just look at Mrs. Reynolds and Florence Dick and all the fellows' wives. Just look at little Betty Telling."

"I won't," said Marjorie, "and you can't, either."

"Spend their lives with horses. Love them," Tom said.

"Look like them," responded Marjorie. "That Telling creature."

"Look here," Tom said. "What's all this leading up to? You're not seriously asking me to give up polo. Polo?"

"I couldn't stand it, Tom. I couldn't."

"Wait a minute," Tom said. "You're upset. You've lost your stirrups, honey. Look. Now, say I had this awful fear that you'd catch colds or something or pneumonia. See?"

"That hasn't anything to do with it," said Marjorie.

"No, wait a minute, Marjorie," Tom urged. "And so I had this crazy fear and so I said you had to give up drafts and evening dresses."

"Silly."

"Lot more dangerous sitting in a draft than on a horse," Tom said. "And so I said you'd have to wear a chest protector or I wouldn't marry you. And long drawers."

"Nut," said Marjorie.

"Red flannel ones," Tom said. "If you'll agree to that I'll give up polo and I'll take up run-sheep-run. Or crokinole. How's that?"

She'd never make him understand. No, never. She loved to ride, herself. She'd been enthusiastic over polo ever since she'd been eleven, ever since she'd seen Tom riding on the Junior team. He'd never understand that it was different, now. To him this afternoon was just another spill. He couldn't know what it had done to her. He'd laugh at her and treat her like a baby and he'd laugh at her and call her sissy and he'd keep on playing polo just as hard as he was able and he'd marry her and she'd be miserable. Twenty-one and with a million dollars and a huge, preposterous engagement ring and miserable, and she couldn't help it and she thought she'd go away some place and cry.

"Don't be a sissy," Tom said. "Give a guy a kiss."

A WEEK had been enough of this, Tom Halliday decided. His neck was still stiff and he couldn't seem to get it loosened up. His arm was knitting and it itched until sometimes he thought he'd have to saw the splints off and get at it. Everyone had felt they ought to come to see him—droves of people, and the ones who bored him most would stay the longest and he'd have to sit and grin until he thought his face would crack.

There was a plot, too. It was getting pretty dog-gone obvious there was a plot, for every time his girl would come to see him some nice old lady would be sure to stagger in a minute later with a parcel of petunias and sit and sit and sit.

THE truth was no one had the least consideration for an invalid. The moment you were down they hopped you, friend and foe. People you had never cared for brought you things you didn't want at just the worst times and they ganged up on you so you didn't get a minute's peace or privacy.

Tom could have stood all that and lots else, standing on his head, if he hadn't had to worry over Marjorie. But something, he was pretty sure, was eating her. She didn't come to see him half as often as he felt entitled to, and when she did she fidgeted and had a kind of funny far-away expression like there was something on her mind and it was eating her. He'd thought, at first,

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that it was just because he'd had the spill; but no, she hadn't brought the subject up again at all. Something was the matter, though. The trouble was that girls were queer. You couldn't tell about them. You'd think that once a fellow got engaged he wouldn't have to get upset about them any more and he could get a little relaxation, but it didn't work out that way with girls like Marjorie. You take a girl like Marjorie and it was hard enough to make yourself believe she loved you in the first place.

Looking at yourself, you realized there wasn't much excuse for it. Marjorie had known lots of men. She'd traveled and she'd met them everywhere, the most outstanding kind of chaps. Brilliant fellows. Lads who were doing things. And all of them, it stood to reason, must have been in love with her. They couldn't help it if they had the faintest smattering of brains. You take a girl like that and any minute she is liable to look at you and give a start and say, "For Pete's sake! I don't love this animal! You take him off a horse, and what in Pete's name have you?" No, when you came to think about it, it was touch and go and would be till you cantered up the aisle. If he could just get up and out of here and drag her off alone somewhere he might find out what made her act so funny. One thing, thank the Lord, she wasn't interested in any other man. Right now at least, within a week of their engagement.

LUTHER came in. "Mrs. Telling's come to see you, Mister Tom," he said.

Now what did Betty want? But he couldn't be offensive.

"Ask her to come up, Luther," Tom said, "darn it."

"Hello, darling," Betty said. "I just lurched in to bring a book I crouched all night over. Simply filthy. And to tell you Willie's left me."

"Left you?"

"We tossed up," said Betty, "to see who'd go to Reno. Willie's furious. He says that even getting rid of me won't compensate for six weeks in Reno."

"Miss him on the team," Tom said.

"But, darling," Betty asked, "you'd miss me more, please?"

"Nuts," Tom said.

Slim and shiny booted, she came over to the bed and sat down on it.

"Wouldn't you?" she asked again and took Tom's ear in small and predatory fingers.

"Nuts, girl," Tom said again. But not quite loud enough for Marjorie to hear as she walked in.

"Hello," said Marjorie. "Luther told me you had company and so I knew it must be all right to come on up."

"You timed it just right, dear," said Betty. "Have you heard the dirt?"

"I haven't seen you for a day or so," said Marjorie.

"I wonder," Betty speculated, "if you meant that for a crack. Well, anyway, my Willie's left me."

"Finally?" asked Marjorie.

"I hope it's final," Betty said. "Of course you meant it that way, dear?"

"Why, how else, dear?" asked Marjorie.

"Well, I must bound off like a startled fawn," said Betty. "Bye-bye, darling. Bye-bye, dear."

"So long," Tom said. "Thanks for the book."

"I'll come discuss it with you," Betty promised from the door. "It's all about life. In the raw. And oh! I almost failed to tell you, Marjorie, I saw you yesterday. I waved at you but you were so absorbed. You do pick out the most attractive men, dear."

"Thanks," Tom said.

"Oh, you too, darling," Betty said. "I meant the just-too-huge-and-handsome one I saw her with yesterday. And isn't that a lovely place to park to see the view, dear? Top of Harrow Hill? Remember, Marjorie, that I'm a widow woman now, so plan to divvy up with me."

"Lovely girl," thought Marjorie. "The kindly word. The helping hand. My pal, the so-and-so."

Tom lit a cigarette. It didn't taste good but he kept on puffing at it.

"Missed you yesterday," Tom said.

"I tried to make it. Rushed to death all day."

But time enough to park on Harrow Hill!

"New car?" he asked.

"Why, Tom," said Marjorie, "I've only had the roadster for a month or so. What made you think that?"

"Well," Tom said slowly, "you were riding. Thought perhaps you'd had a demonstration. On the Hill."

"Oh, no," said Marjorie. "And that reminds me. Tom, I've got to fly. I'll try to get Ned to bring me over after dinner."

"COULD you give a guy a kiss?" Tom asked.

"A passing peck," she stated. "There! No, Tom, I've really got to go. Your arm, Tom. Anyone would think, the way he clutches at her, that he'd never see the girl again. Bye."

"Bye," Tom said.

So that was it! He might have known. He might have been expecting it. Engagement? Didn't mean a thing. Look at Shirley Taylor. Look at Lillian. Engaged a dozen times. They said they loved you but it didn't mean a thing. Just words. But Marjorie? She wasn't like that, couldn't be. Marjorie was different. That was why he loved her. Was she different?

"Hup!" Tom thought. "Hup out of it. Lying here and jittering like some old lady with the palsy in a haunted house. Snap out. Forget it. Everything's all right."

Forget it. Sure. But— "You do pick out the most attractive men, dear—too absorbed—a lovely place to park."

Probably she'd rushed away to park there with him now. And served him right. Lying here because he had a little neck ache while someone swiped his girl.

"Hi, Luther," Tom called. "Get my clothes."

"But, Mister Tom—"

"And help me get them on."

"You heard what Doctor George say, Mister Tom."

"And have them get the car out," Tom instructed. "You're going to take me for a drive."

Sitting in the car, with Luther sulking at the wheel, Tom felt rotten.

"Luther," Tom said, "stop that sulking. You think I'm a fool?"

"Well, Mister Tom," said Luther, "cain't say yes and won't say no."

"We'll simply wheel around and catch a little air," Tom said.

"Where to, Mister Tom?"

"Anywhere," Tom answered. "I don't care. Just anywhere. Up Harrow Hill then, darn it."

He knew, of course, he wouldn't see her. He was nuts! And sometime, after they were married, he would tell her of the crazy jealous spell he'd had and she would say he was a nut and tell him all about it and they'd laugh about it. Marjorie would make a story out of it, the way she did—"The time Tom thought he had a rooting-tooting rival, so he bounded from a bed of pain and nearly split his splints and scurried all around the landscape in a wheel chair screaming 'Marjorie! Come back to me!'" Yes, she would make a story out of it, the way she did, and everyone would laugh and he'd laugh loudest. "Green-eyed monster sure did grab me," he would say. "I drove up Harrow Hill, a favorite spot of ours, expecting around every curve to catch her parked in someone's arms."

AND then, around the last curve, that is just the way he caught her. Marjorie MacLean. His girl. Parked in her own roadster and in someone's arms.

"Step on it!" Tom said.

Trees jerked by them in a swift confusion; formless, pell-mell, rushing all together, headed nowhere like his thoughts.

They got home sometime and when Tom had reached his room the phone rang.

"I'm coming over, Tom," said Marjorie. "There's something I must tell you."

"I'll come over there," Tom said.

"But, Tom!" said Marjorie. "You're up?"

She hadn't seen him then.

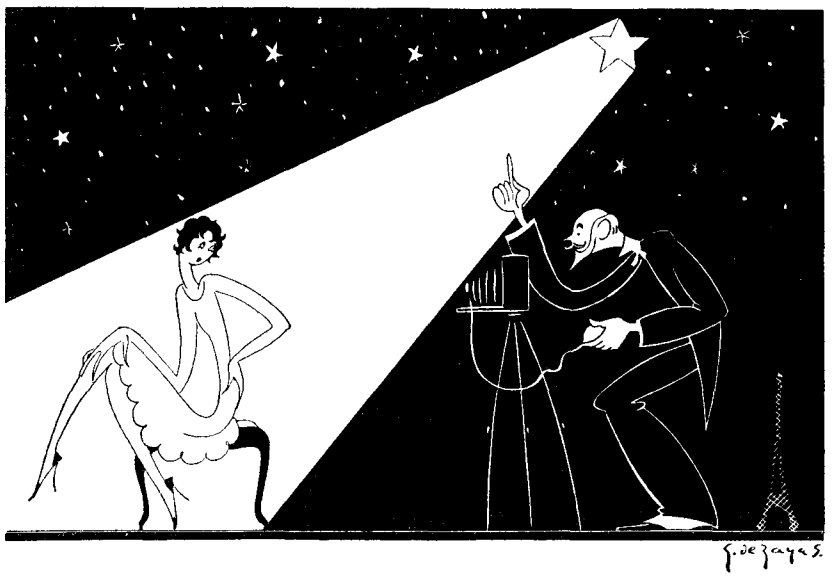
"Sure," Tom said. "Feel swell. I'll be over."

He knew what she had to tell him. And he'd take it grinning, too. At least he'd show her he could take it grinning. And, in a little while, he was sitting there and grinning and Marjorie was telling him, or trying to.

"Tom," Marjorie was saying, "when you hurt yourself I simply hated polo and I didn't see how I could stand it."

"Sure," Tom said. "Couldn't blame you, either."

(Continued on page 49)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Venus, commonly known as the Evening Star, recently was so bright that a French astronomer made photographs by its unaided light.

All real amber, the fossilized resin from extinct trees, is said to be at least 600,000 years old.

Although Asia and Africa are noted for their numerous languages and dialects, the American continent, with only 11 per cent of the world's population, has 1,624, or about 47 per cent, of the world's 3,424 different tongues.

Among the strangest organisms in the floating life of the sea are the Peridiniales, red single-cell plants which often multiply so profusely that they not only turn the water blood-red for miles but remove most of the available oxygen from it, thus causing the death of thousands of fish.

Although more than 25,000 Vestal Virgins of Ancient Rome guarded the sacred fire during the 1,100 years of this custom, only 18 suffered the penalty of being buried alive for breaking their vows of chastity.

Many persons have fractured their skulls, not by bumping their heads, but by falling on their feet.

In the United States today, a person is murdered—on the average—every 90 minutes.

Not long ago in Great Britain it was not uncommon for persons who had been hurt or insulted to go to church and pray to a saint for revenge, asking that great misfortune befall the offender and his family for generations.

In proportion to weight, a mouse has about 100 time as much skin surface as an elephant.

A recent survey made among the children on the sidewalks of New York shows that they play more than 150 different games.

Every faithful Mohammedan believes that he will be rewarded, upon his arrival in the Moslem heaven, with a harem of 72 beautiful houris or dark-eyed damsels who are endowed with perpetual youth.

Due to the constant demand for new kinds of circus freaks, a laboratory in Central Europe is today making these strange people to order by artificial means. An important one, now "in production," is a boy who is getting a bird-shaped head.

In Hindu music, there are today—and have been for many centuries—only 36 original melodies.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

The Story Thus Far:

TAKING with him certain "sacred" relics of El Mokanna, a long-dead prophet—relics which Si-Fan, a sinister secret organization, is frantically endeavoring to steal from him—Sir Lionel Barton, noted Orientalist, goes to Cairo. With him are Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a clever detective; Dr. Petrie, an old friend; Shan Greville, who tells the story; Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's niece, to whom Greville is engaged. All are in peril, for the man from whom Si-Fan takes its orders is the most dangerous criminal on earth: Dr. Fu Manchu!

Thrilling events follow. . . . Greville falls into the hands of Fu Manchu. Under the influence of a mysterious drug, he hands Rima over to the plotters; whereupon Fu Manchu offers to exchange her for the relics. The exchange is effected.

But Sir Lionel has not lost the relics. Those he has given his enemy are spurious—excellent imitations! . . . Fu Manchu's aides then try to steal the relics; but again Sir Lionel outwits them. . . .

Time passes. Greville and Rima, in London, are making preparations for their marriage. The relics—in Sir Lionel's house in Bruton Street—are safe. Fu Manchu has made no hostile move. Then—

While walking past a vacant house adjoining Sir Lionel's, Greville hears someone (a woman) calling his name. He follows the voice, is seized and drugged. After which, in Sir Lionel's museum (where the relics are kept in glass cases) he has a mystifying dream, during which he relives all of his experiences in Cairo. Awakening—or seeming to awaken—he finds himself alone with Fu Manchu's daughter, the beautiful Fah Lo Suee. The woman loves him. And Greville, as in a weird hypnotic dream, forgets everything, except that he adores Fah Lo Suee, longs to be near her always!

At last the woman steals away. Himself once more, Greville rushes to the relics. Fu Manchu's daughter has taken nothing!

Dr. Fu Manchu

Conclusion

PROFESSOR EISNER was the first of the experts to arrive. I knew his name, of course, but he himself proved something of a surprise. He had iron-gray hair cut close to a very fine skull and wore a small monocle. He was clean-shaven, presenting in his walk, his build, his manner, an Englishman's conception of the typical Prussian cavalry officer.

He was shown into the big Syrian room on the ground floor, where suitable refreshments had been prepared by Betts, and proved on acquaintance to be a charming as well as a clever man.

Then came the Frenchman, Dr. Brieux, a very different type. He wore a caped overcoat and a large black soft hat. I saw him approaching from the window, as a matter of fact, and predicted to myself that he would stop at the door and ring the bell. I was right. Here was the traditional scholar—stooping, with high, bald brow, scanty white hair and beard, and large, horn-rimmed glasses.

He greeted Professor Eisner very coldly. I didn't know it at the time, but they held directly opposite views regarding the date when the Khûld Palace in Old Bagdad was deserted in favor of the Palace of the Golden Gate. A heated controversy had raged in the learned journals between these two distinguished Orientalists. I fear I had overlooked this.

I KNOW and love the Near East, and its peoples; their arts and crafts and the details of their domestic life. But this hair-splitting on a matter of dates is something quite outside my province.

The learned Englishmen were late. They arrived together, and I was glad of their arrival. Professor Eisner was sipping a glass of the chief's magnificent old sherry, and nibbling some sort of savory provided by Betts; Dr. Brieux, hands behind him, was staring out of the window, his back ostentatiously turned to his German confrère.

When Mr. Hall-Ramsden of the British Museum and Sir Wallace Syms of the Royal Society had chatted for a time with the distinguished visitors, I led the way upstairs to the Museum Room.

As I have mentioned, I had prepared everything early the night before. My notes, a map of our route, a diary covering the period we had spent in the Place of the Great Magician, and one or two minor objects discovered in the tomb of the Prophet, were ready upon the table.

At all costs (such were the chief's instructions) I had to avoid giving away any of the dramatic points—he had made a list of them—which he proposed to spring upon the Royal Society.

THIS was not in the remotest degree my kind of job. I hated it from the beginning. The dream or vision which had disturbed my sleep during the night continued to haunt me. I was uncertain of myself—uncertain that the whole episode was not some damnable aftermath of that drug which had taken toll of several hours of my life in Cairo.

At the best of times, I should have been ill at ease, but on this occasion I was doubly so. However, I attacked the business.

Removing the mask, the plates and the sword from the cabinet in which they rested, I placed them upon the big table.

Professor Eisner claimed the gold plates with a motion resembling that of a hawk swooping upon its prey. Dr. Brieux took up the mask between delicate, nervous fingers, and peered at it closely through the powerful lenses of his spectacles. Hall-Ramsden and Sir Wallace Syms bent over the Sword of God.

I GLANCED at my notes and, realizing that nobody was listening to me, intoned the situation, condition, external appearance and so forth of the half-buried ruin which had been the tomb of the Mokanna. Finally:

"Here are the photographs to which I have referred, gentlemen," I said, opening a portfolio containing more than three hundred photographs taken by Rima. "If any questions occur to you, I shall be glad, in Sir Lionel's absence, to answer them to the best of my ability."

I had gone through this painful duty quite automatically. Now I had time to observe the four specialists. And looking at them where they sat around the big table, I sensed at once a queer atmosphere.

Mr. Hall-Ramsden glanced at me furtively, but, catching my eye, resumed a muttered colloquy with Sir Wallace Syms. Professor Eisner and Dr. Brieux seemed to have discovered common ground. The doctor, holding up the mask, was talking with tremendous rapidity, and the professor, alternately tapping the plates and pointing to the sword, seemed to be agreeing, judging from his short ejaculations of "Ja, ja!"

"Can I assist you in any way, gentlemen?" I asked, somewhat irritably.

(Continued on page 40)

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"Federico, I am come to recompense you in some sort for the evil you received at my hands"

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THERE once lived in Florence a young man of high reputation (as well for honor and generosity as for prowess in arms), named Federico Alberighi. His fortune was considerable. But, conceiving a deathless passion for a lady of the city, he dissipated his treasure in lavish entertainments designed to please and honor her. This he did in vain, for Monna Giovanna was no less virtuous than beautiful—and loved her husband to the exclusion of all else.

Having ruined himself, without receiving a single token of affection from the object of his love, Federico retired without complaint, more sunk in love than ever, to a small farm in the Tuscan countryside which was all that remained to him of his former wealth. Upon the meager produce of this little farm he subsisted with difficulty. His poverty was extreme. For consolation and distraction he had but one resource —a marvelous hunting falcon, which for her rare qualities was nowhere to be matched.

Now it befell that the husband of Monna Giovanna fell sick and died, leaving to his widow and her only child, a promising boy, all his possessions, which were very great. The bereaved lady prepared, according to custom, to pass a year of mourning in retirement —and removed to one of her estates, bordering upon the tiny farm of Federico.

Although the widow observed the strictest retirement, her young son soon made the acquaintance of Federico. The boy took great delight, as was natural, in hawks and dogs and everything pertaining to the chase. Consequently he became wonderfully fond of Federico's incomparable falcon and ardently longed to possess it. But he said nothing of this for he well knew how dearly its owner loved the splendid bird.

Some time passed, and the boy was taken with a fever. His mother, who loved him to excess, was distracted. Sitting at his bedside, she besought him to tell her if there was anything in the world that he lacked—anything he desired. The child, after repeated urgings, said at length, "My dear mother, I think if you could by any means procure me Federico's falcon, I think I should recover from my sickness."

At this the lady was troubled. For she knew that the bird was Federico's favorite diversion, and that it contributed in a high degree to his maintenance. But maternal love prevailed against her scruples and she said, at last, "My son, be comforted, for I promise you that I will go tomorrow for the falcon and will bring it to you." She spoke with confidence, for she knew that Federico had never ceased to love her.

TOGETHER with a companion, she went next morning as she had promised. Federico was in his garden, and was beyond measure astonished and ratified when he heard that Monna Giovanna was asking for him. He ran to meet her. She greeted him and said: "Federico, I am come to recompense you in some sort for the evil you received at my hands when you loved me more than was wise. The recompense I propose is that I shall be your guest at dinner."

With touching humility Federico said: "Alas, madam, I never received any evil whatever at your hands, but so much good that, had I another fortune, I should be glad to expend it again in your behalf." He then escorted his visitor into his garden and asked her to excuse him some little time while he made arrangements for her entertainment at table.

But such was his poverty that only by the exercise of the greatest ingenuity was he able to contrive a meal which might do justice to the occasion. After some time, however, he returned to the lady, his guest, with a cheerful aspect and told her that a dinner, the best he could provide, was prepared for her.

The lady and her companion took their places at the table, which was spread with a snowy cloth that was one of the last relics of Federico's former state of luxury. The meal was served by a peasant girl. Federico observed with satisfaction that the simplicity of the fare he offered did not displease Monna Giovanna, but that she ate with relish.

When they had risen from table, and had spent some time in agreeable conversation, Monna Giovanna judged that the moment was proper to make known the purpose of her visit. Turning to Federico, she said: "You will wonder at the presumption of what I am going to propose. But if you had ever had children, I am sure that you would understand my present distress.

"BY MATERNAL love and duty I am compelled to ask of you the gift of a possession which is indeed, I know, very dear to you. The gift I ask is your falcon. This I ask not for myself but for my son, who is taken with a grievous sickness and who so desires the falcon that if he obtain it not I fear his malady will be sensibly aggravated and that I shall lose him. Yet, if he obtain this wish of his, the pleasure of it may keep him alive. Therefore I entreat you, do this great service and so enable me to preserve the life of my dear boy."

Upon hearing what the lady said, Federico was struck dumb. He fell to weeping bitterly and could utter not a word. Monna Giovanna supposed that he would refuse her plea, and prepared for the worst. But Federico mastered his sorrow and began to speak.

"MOST honored lady," he said, "since the hour that I fixed my affection on you I have found Fortune most perverse and cruel to me, as she had never been before. But all her blows I consider light in comparison with the one she has now dealt me. For she has so contrived that now, when for the first time you deign to notice me and I might have rendered you a service, I cannot.

"When you informed me that you would honor my table, I was filled with consternation. For it seemed that my poor circumstances afforded nothing suitable to offer for your entertainment. Yet it was only proper that I should procure for you every delicacy within my power. Yet I could think of nothing to suit the occasion. For indeed there was nothing. Suddenly recollecting the falcon which you now request of me, and finding it fat and well-conditioned, I killed it with my own hand and caused it to be roasted and placed before you, a thing which at the time I considered most opportune. But, now that I know you wished to possess the falcon alive for your sick child, my inability to gratify you grieves me so that I think I shall never know happiness again!"

The lady admonished her friend for sacrificing his dearest possession in order to provide her with a repast. But in her own mind she commended highly the magnanimity of this man whom ill fortune could find no means to abase.

AS THE lady had feared, her son died a few days later. She was afflicted beyond the power of words to tell, and indulged her grief for many months. After some time, however, her brothers came to her and entreated her to marry again, for she was extremely wealthy and lacked an heir. She then recollected the noble conduct of Federico and his devotion in sacrificing his only treasure for her comfort. Whereupon she said to her brothers, "I should willingly remain in my present state, if it were agreeable to you. But if you insist that I marry, I will assuredly have no one but Federico Alberighi." Hearing this, her brothers cried folly, saying that the man was no match at all but a beggar in truth. To this she answered: "Brothers, what you say is so. But I choose rather a man that hath need of wealth, than wealth that hath need of a man!"

The brothers respected her answer, and Federico thus unexpectedly found himself united to a beautiful lady whom he had long dearly loved, and passed his days in peace and happiness.

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Keystone-Underwood

Dressing-room scenes during the 15-minute rest interval in the early stages of a dance marathon

It's more than a little tawdry and it's not exactly like the original marathon. But there's a fascination about it both for participants and onlookers. The benches are jammed. Here's what they see:

HELEN was weakening. She and her partner had entered the dance marathon as one of seventy couples bent on endurance and reward; she had entered a plump, vivacious brunette, pretty enough and attested by doctors to be in sound physical condition. That was eleven weeks before. The seventy couples had now thinned out to five, and all these were gummy-eyed, sunken-cheeked and numb with fatigue.

A slim young man spouting through a microphone told a listening world of the scene on the dance floor.

"The seventy-eighth day of the Golden Slipper Marathon Dance Contest," he blurbed. "Only five couples left on the floor. They're stumbling, slipping, fighting to keep awake. There's Helen sleeping on her partner's shoulder. Listen to the crowd yell as a judge comes up to look her over and see if she's fainted or just dozing." (He flaunts the microphone to embrace the crying, crowing spectators squared around the dance floor.) "Helen shudders awake. But she's wilting. It won't be long now.

"Her partner takes her out for the rest period of fifteen minutes. She can hardly stand. She looks twenty years older than when she started eleven weeks ago. But eleven weeks is a long time, folks. The other couples go on. This young guy who's been dancing solo for two weeks since his partner fainted he hasn't got any girl yet. Their mates are sticking out the grind. It's going to be a bitter finish, folks. Better come along and see it for yourselves."

They came to see it—in hundreds. Helen was the particular favorite of that particular dance marathon. Wherever those organized atrocities are held, one competitor—male or female—becomes an established favorite, especially if he or she is a durable local product, as Joe Humphreys might say. Shrewd showmen promoting the dances are as quick to focus publicity on favorites like Helen as the public is to select these favorites.

They came to see Helen quit. But she didn't. Her feet were swollen. Every touch of the patched and worn dance floor hurt them. So she hobbled around on crutches. This she did for two days and two nights. Housewives thronged the place. Helen was their heroine, and they enjoyed feeling anguish at her all-too-evident pain. Her partner, a square-shouldered young man with the stamina of a deep-sea diver, clinched to save her all the suffering he could. But that wasn't enough. A record crowd saw Helen's final agony on that floor. She came out of the rest cubicle unrevived by consommé and coffee. Bravely she tried to go on, haggard and grim. A five-piece jazz band droned maddeningly. The four other pairs of dancers stumbled about in near-coma. Helen pushed a crutch, it skidded on a smooth spot of the dance floor. Helen skidded with it, and collapsed. She was through, through so utterly that she was insensible to a small shower of bills and coins that fell about her.

Sobs came from women spectators; some shed tears; but the grind of the dance went on and on. Helen, carried away, was revived. Her partner remained, brokenly weaving about the floor, watching the other dancers like a tired jackal, waiting for a male to falter and fail so that he could step in and partner the surviving female. He danced like that, alone, for five days and nights, only emerging from his semi conscious daze to send word to Hele that if he won the prize he'd split h share with her.

That dance dragged on for anoth weary week. Then the climax. jammed hall. Two couples left. Sp tators divided in hysterical support each team. A fresh band bla through the same tunes the danc had heard for twelve solid weeks—a torture in itself. Days ago these "danc ers" debased their steps to a mournfu shuffle, mocked by jazz. From thei twitching faces—faces that stir even i

Acme

Joie Ray, former Olympic star, tries a new form of endurance competition

Wide World

"Contact" is being maintained as an exhausted partner steals a nap

Acme

The most approved method of resting while the partner carries on

Acme

Prize-winning tactics: this girl is being supported on her partner's feet

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half-sleep—they might be damned souls toiling through eternity on an outer rim of Hades. A shout from the crowd—one pair collapses. A functionary steps out, chains the waists of the swerving pair together. That gives them what is technically called "contact," so that even if leaden arms can no longer be lifted in an embrace—they're still deemed to be dancing partners.

The prize of that dance was theirs—a grim-jawed young woman of thirty who might have been a circus acrobat, and a semi-bald man of about forty who could only have been what he was, a freak in mufti. Hours pass, spectators fade—and when the gate has gone, the dance ends. Two human machines are awarded the title of champion marathon dancers of their district, and the promoters have a two-way chuckle—over the profits and over the fools who make them possible.

Nobody seems to know just where his fad originated. If you visit a zoo ou will find many things that resemble marathon dance, and if you visit a arathon dance you will find many ings that resemble a zoo. The swaying ear, the ambient wolf, the peripatetic nx, to say nothing of the gibbering impanzee, are gluttons for motion, et even these have sense enough to sur-nder to nature in replenishing sleep.

We've had rocking-chair marathons, talking marathons, roller-skating mara-ns and pie-eating marathons. All equally silly, all are equally sad; the dance marathon, more than any er, reveals human nature at its st. It's a bug that bites partici-its and spectators alike.

Research reveals that the first press ntion of dance marathoning issued ndiana. There an indignant hall etor, seeing the use to which his ises were put, ordered the dancers d their backers to move. Another ll was hired and the dancers conveyed re in open trucks, shuffling as they le.

out that fillip of publicity, this and nuttiest of the arts might een aborted and thousands of ied lunatics deprived of an op-y for self-expression. Alert n have turned the fad into a anized business.

ks this way. They descend on ike, say, Newark, New Jersey. e a dance hall, preferably in ement park. They hang up a rize of $2,000, with graded prizes $50—about $5,000 in all. That e ballyhoo. Entry blanks are erybody, including juveniles have the written consent of guardians. Doctors examine its to find if they're fit for the grueling grind. When passed, they team up with anybody of the opposite sex who's willing. Then time is hired on a local broadcasting station; three jazz bands are assigned eight-hour shifts, and the fun begins.

A girl champion being rubbed down after 984 hours of dancing

The Twin Trick

The dancers come from all walks of life, and in most cases they'd be better off if they'd keep on walking. Young and pretty girls line up with middle-aged women. Boys in their late teens compete with wiry veterans of sixty. Husbands and wives occasionally enter; but their records are poor. They quickly quarrel and reproduce all the atmosphere of home to get themselves chased by the judges.

One woman entrant in Detroit spotted her estranged husband at a dance-opening with another woman. She yanked him away, danced with him for weeks. They won the prize, split it and again split up.

A motley mob by day, in a variety of sports and street costumes, the marathoners resemble a beggars' ball. At night, when the customers pay their fifty cents by the hundreds, the dancers brighten. Many of them appear in evening clothes, although it's observable that the prettier women favor pajamas.

Both sexes are quartered just off the dance floor in two dormitories, littered with wardrobe and baggage. Through with a forty-five-minute spell, they are clocked for fifteen minutes' rest. A fire siren hoots them in and out of the dormitories, where the cots are used in shifts.

Clockers guard against cheating. Two blond boys who looked like twins got away with a trick of wearing identical clothes, one going out for the other so that each, in turn, could get a full hour's sleep. The watchers were fooled, but not the other male dancers. These tolerated the deception until the marathon reached the stage where nerves began to crack. Then they exposed the boys. Disqualification followed.

The most favorable thing that can be said for the promoters of these marathons is that they feed the dancers well—eight meals a day prescribed by a dietitian. It's claimed that the boys and girls actually put on weight during a grind. Some of them were frank enough to confide that if there was nothing else in it, being fed and sheltered for six or seven weeks was an inducement in jobless times.

The men and women eat together; they are only separated in the dormitories, where close supervision is kept over them to guard against irrelevant entertainment. Yet the atmosphere of these affairs is pervaded by sex. Drinking is taboo among the dancers; spectators make up for that enforced abstinence. But every few hours bushels of cigarette stubs, mostly stained by lipstick, are swept from dance floors and rest-rooms. A slip of a girl told me that she consumed four packs a day—an indication of how the crazy contest rags the nerves. The dancers have no time out for a breath of fresh air, save during their fifteen-minute intervals. Leaving the floor for any reason during the forty-five-minute dance session brings instant disqualification.

The judges are stern, especially at the beginning of a marathon. They like to see the field thinned out because that conduces to partisanship by the spectators, and partisanship means swinging turnstiles. They are especially alert for love episodes. Jealousy crops out every now and then when a girl or a man indicates a desire to change partners. Fist fights and hair-pulling often ensue, followed by ejection of the scrappers.

Permanent Partners

Romance invariably results from each dance. A man and woman who can tolerate each other through days and days of odious propinquity have initiation into the temperamental collisions of matrimony. In logic, that should cure them of the idea. In fact, it doesn't. Wedding bells always follow the bedlam for some pairs of prancers.

Indeed, I suspect that unmarried women go into these things with an eye to making a dance partner a life partner. I asked a stout lady in an expensive evening gown what induced her to leave her home in Chicago to take up marathoning. She had been the wife of an executive of a large national corporation. There was a glint in her eye as the question was asked, coupled with a smirk when it was answered.

"I've found my man," she said, tugging the sleeve of a broad-shouldered youth almost young enough to be her son. The youth gazed desirously at a doll-like girl in vivid magenta pajamas. She ogled him listlessly. He turned to talk to her; but the middle-aged woman tugged his sleeve and trotted him away.

"Nobody's going to get my man," she chirped over a pudgy shoulder.

About the second week of the dance, all the contestants know and call one another by first names. About the fourth week of a dance, the contestants come to call one another by any names that occur to them in their irritation at bumpings, collidings and accidental tramplings.

From that fourth week on to the finish the drama's at its best—or worst. Tempers are sharpened on jagged nerves; blow-ups are frequent.

A man who had achieved a reputation in half a dozen marathons for canniness in conserving his energies and the

(Continued on page 44)

Acme

tches help to take weight n sore feet after 20 days

Acme

An exhausted contestant gains brief respite in partner's arms

Acme

The weaker sex shows up to advantage after 80 days' dancing

Sullen, semi-conscious fatigue characterizes most marathoners

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"Ten Broek," I said, "there's nothing there." "What?" He caught up the lamp

Illustrated by Frank Street

Awaiting Orders

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jerome Barry

"WHAT was that?" I said, startled.

The moon, bright on the hemp *latis* and coconut groves, filled the bungalow veranda with an eerie half-light. Only Ten Broek and I were on the veranda. There should be no one now in the servants' quarters.

The noise I had heard was a stealthy scraping on the boards of the floor, as of something carefully dragged along. It stopped.

Ten Broek laughed. He was a big, blond, buck-toothed descendant of New Amsterdam patroons, with a rather harsh sense of humor.

"I remember getting gooseflesh a few years ago," he said, "first time I heard it. You'll kick yourself for an ass when I tell you what it is."

"Bernardo still here, out back?"

Bernardo was his head houseboy, a brown, serious young Filipino student who idolized him. Ten Broek had taught the boy a silly rigmarole to amuse his guests. If we were talking of anything—say of eyestrain—Ten Broek would clap hands in summons.

"Bernardo."

"Seer."

"Bernardo, what do you know about granular conjunctivitis?"

"Not a hell of a lot, seer."

"You may go."

Or else, apropos of nothing whatever, he would call the boy in.

"Bernardo."

"Seer."

"In what direction are your shirt tails from the North Pole?"

"Due south, seer."

"Bernardo, you may go."

The boy played up to his nonsense with a lovely dead-pan owlishness that hid the delight I am sure he felt at abetting Ten Broek's horseplay.

Besides his admiration for his employer, Bernardo had another obsession. He was crazy to go with Ten Broek when he returned to the United States, as he planned to do the following week. The boy wanted to study there, earning his living as Ten Broek's servant. It was a dream he'd set his heart on.

"NO, THE noise you hear isn't Bernardo," my host chuckled. "He went off sniffling because I turned him down finally and absolutely on that trip to the States he's had in his bonnet all along."

"Poor kid. I'm sorry."

"I should take the trouble! D'you know I'd have to sign up with the government to be responsible for him? And as soon as he got a chance he'd quit me. They're all the same. Do a few favors for them, and they demand more as a right. I know their sort too well to look for gratitude, or even a fair break. No, thank you; not even for Bernardo."

"It was his land of dreams, no doubt," I said.

"Pipe dreams. He'd be set right pretty smartly. I've saved him the trouble by disappointing him first."

The stealthy scraping resumed. Its faint vibration ran up the legs of my chair. For some reason, it bothered me extraordinarily.

"Look here, what is that?" I said. "Manuel doing some extra chores?"

Manuel was the other boy.

Ten Broek laughed gibingly. "No, Manuel is fired."

"What for?"

"He tried to knife me today."

"He—what?"

"The water pipes from the artesian spring up yonder are torn up for repairs, and I'd ordered Manuel to fetch water in gasoline tins from the spring. The lazy hound saved a few steps by going down to a surface well where half the *barrio* washes clothes. He was going to serve it unboiled. With loads of cholera around, it was rank poison. I smacked his head and he pulled a fanknife."

"Yes?"

"That's all. I cuffed him dizzy. He sneaked off, swearing he'd come get me."

Unwillingly I lowered my voice. "Doesn't that sound like someone shuffling along, trying not to be heard?"

Ten Broek guffawed. "Lord, Manuel wouldn't have the nerve, in cold blood. And what you're breaking out in a sweat over, *hombre*—know what that is? . . . A carabao! Whoops!" He roared with amused derision.

"A CARABAO?" I echoed the word. "Certainly. An old water buffalo, *no màs.* They love to get under a house and rub their horns slowly against the floor boards. First time I heard one I thought the ghost of an old Spanish *padre* was dragging a treasure chest around."

"A carabao!" I snorted. "The scut! I'll dent his ribs for him."

I jumped the railing and picked up a fallen coconut for a bowling ball. Then I looked under the bungalow. Seeing nothing, I returned to the veranda.

"Ten Broek," I said, "there's nothing there."

From beside my ear came the ghostly rustle of sound along the boards.

"What?" He caught up the lamp, lighted it, and stepped quickly to the partition that shut off the veranda from the servants' quarters. He swung out over the railing, around to the other side of the partition.

I JOINED him and we stood looking down at Bernardo, lying there with a dreadful wound in his throat, his limbs slack. It was easy to guess—his heartsick lingering after Ten Broek's decision, Manuel's prowling return, the struggle, and Bernardo's arduous, desperate, inching crawl to warn Ten Broek of danger. His trail was written plainly, the length of the boards.

"I wish to hell," Ten Broek said, "that I'd lied to the kid today. I wish to hell now that I'd let him think he might be going back to the States with me."

Bernardo's eyes fluttered and half-opened. Ten Broek dropped on his knees beside him.

"Bernardo," he said, softly.

The boy's lips moved soundlessly. "Seer."

"Bernardo, you may go."

And Bernardo smiled faintly for a second before taking him at his word.

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Salary no Objection

By Clinton W. Gilbert

MORE than two thirds of the members of the House and many members of the Senate come from small rural towns. The majority of them are country lawyers. The recently defeated Smith Brookhart, for example, practices in the town of Washington, Iowa, the county seat of Washington County.

One can only guess what the income of a lawyer in Washington, Iowa, is. An ex-congressman who used to live in a similar small town in Ohio recently went over with me the earnings of the leading lawyers in his town, and not one of them is making more than $3,000 a year.

So I suppose that in general the country lawyers in Congress, and there are more of them than anything else, have not been able to make in the practice of their professions more than $2,500 or $3,000 a year, and the rest of them, the members who have been state or county officials, farmers, country school teachers, country editors or what not, have made generally no more than the country lawyers have before they came to Congress. In many districts of the South and West the Congress member with his yearly salary, plus his perquisites, the mileage the government allows him, his stationery allowance, and his wife or daughter on the pay roll, is the richest resident. Hence our legislators are better equipped than any other class to bear up under the 10 per cent cut they were practically forced to vote themselves.

The powers of the Constitution could never have foreseen a Brookhart who, as I wrote last week, managed to get a $24,500 family income out of a place in the Senate, or for that matter a Smoot, who, like the too-thrifty Iowan, also has five members of his family on the government pay roll with a similar family income. The Constitution framers did not think of a seat in Congress as a means of livelihood, certainly not as a place which by judicious nepotism could be made the source of a rich man's income.

Twenty-five thousand dollars a year was a larger income, probably, than George Washington or any other rich man in the United States in those simple days enjoyed. They had in mind in providing a legislative branch of the government something like the British Parliament, in which pay was, and is to this day, practically nominal and election to which no one seeks for the money there is in it.

Really thrifty members of Congress save their entire salaries, living on what their wives get from the legislative pay roll, plus what they save out of the mileage allowance, plus what they can make by selling government publications that come to them free.

Don't Wake the Senator

Senator Trammell of Florida is one of the thriftiest. He sleeps in his office in the Senate office building, thus avoiding the cost of a room in a rooming house, much less house rent. An employee of the Senate delivering mail at the doors of the senators' offices early in the morning was met by Senator Trammell in pajamas with the warning to make less noise; he was disturbing the senator's sleep!

Most members of the Senate do not live as economically as Senator Trammell. They feel that they have a position to maintain and rent homes or live in hotels. But the House members may live as obscurely as they like, and some of them do live in cheap boarding houses or they may rent rooms and eat in cheap restaurants. Some of them who haven't their wives on the pay roll do not bring their wives to Washington, thus saving traveling expenses and rent. So the salary the government pays them is not only more than they could earn elsewhere, but it represents their possibility of accumulating savings for their old age. I write all this merely to make clear how strong the economic motive is for a member to hold his job.

When the question of Federal wage cuts was before the House, one of the members rose and said what all the members liked to hear, that they were $10,000 men and worth what the government was paying them. But probably three quarters of the members never earned that sum yearly before they were elected to Congress and could not earn that sum now if they lost their seats and had to go back to making their living in private life. Most of them so far as earning capacity is concerned are $3,000 or $4,000 men.

The salary of members was raised by their own votes from $7,500 to $10,000 seven years ago. And these members always entertain the hope of raising it again. A couple of years ago a movement was started to raise the pay to $12,500. But the depression was on and the members lost their nerve. With a return to prosperity, however, Congress will raise its pay once more. Raising of the congressional salary is always done as secretly as possible, without a second vote, because members are always afraid that their constituents will defeat them if the record shows that they voted for increased pay.

Defeat for congressmen is in most cases a loss of livelihood. The members have exactly the same motive for hanging on to their jobs that the average man has for hanging on to his. It is not only the title and sense of importance that count, but actual bread and butter. A member who fails to be reëlected joins the ranks of the unemployed. He may be hard put to it to know how to make a living. He is likely to be more than fifty years old and for a good many years he has done nothing but hold public office. Two hundred and ten of the four hundred and thirty-five members of the House have been in Congress for five terms—ten years. Some of them have served for thirty years. The prime of their lives has been spent drawing Federal salaries. In most cases losing the job in Congress is like losing a job at fifty or sixty in private employment. The eagerness with which lame-duck appointments, jobs on Federal commissions, are sought by defeated members shows how important a consideration salary is.

The Terrors of Defeat

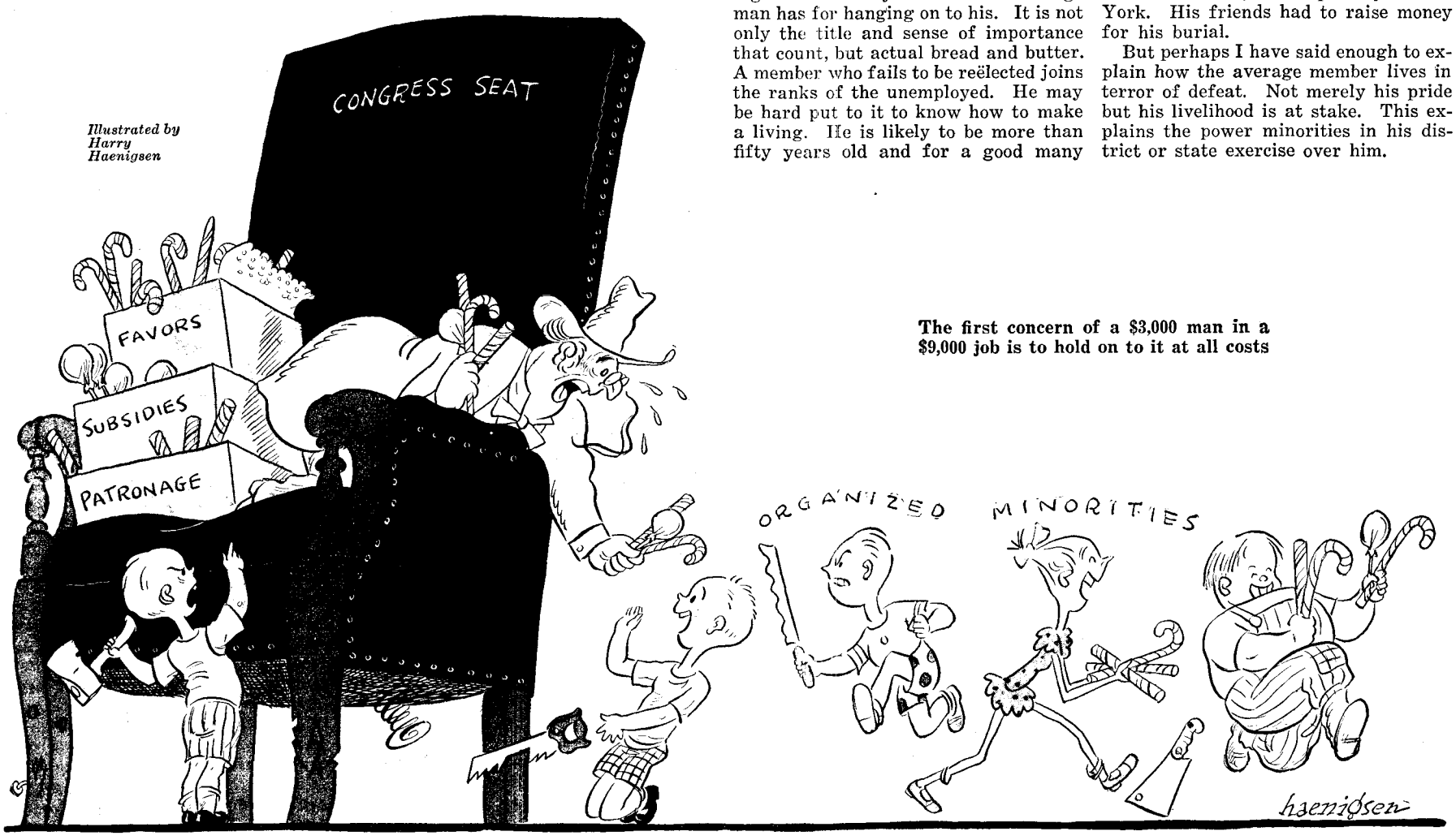
What is to become of a man like Heflin, who was defeated for the Senate in 1930? He will make another try at the senatorship from Alabama this year, but will probably be defeated. Here is a man of more than usual parts, a brilliant orator, well advertised. He used to be on the Anti-Saloon League pay roll as a lecturer. But the Anti-Saloon League no longer has money to pay lecturers. He is an extraordinary story-teller and may make a living on the platform telling stories. But this is a precarious outlook compared to that of the regal stipend for three to six months' work in Washington.

I have seen an exceptional member of the Senate, one of the best orators I have ever heard and an able lawyer, at his wit's end to know what to do when, in his early fifties, he was defeated for the Senate. He had spent most of his life in public office. A law practice is a slow growth. Few men of fifty-five or sixty can step out of office into one. His friends finally placed him on a Federal commission.

John G. Carlisle, one of the ablest men Kentucky ever produced, Speaker of the House, Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland, died in poverty in New York. His friends had to raise money for his burial.

But perhaps I have said enough to explain how the average member lives in terror of defeat. Not merely his pride but his livelihood is at stake. This explains the power minorities in his district or state exercise over him.

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



The first concern of a $3,000 man in a $9,000 job is to hold on to it at all costs

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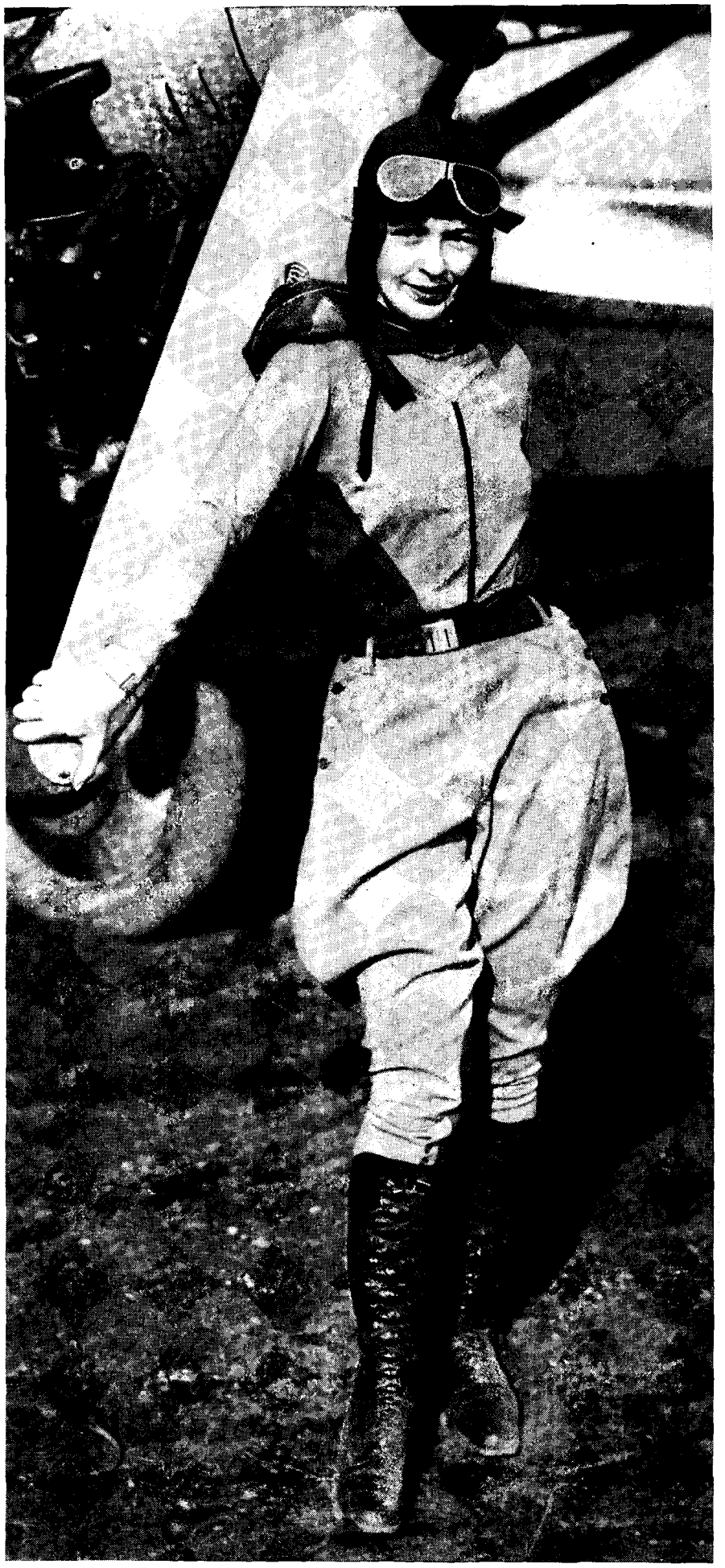
Fruit for Fare

In order to go up in the air and still keep calm, Elinor Smith depends on plenty of fruit in her diet. But it works just as well on land—try it yourself for vitamins and variety in tempting summer meals

By Betty Thornley Stuart



Keystone-Underwood

Elinor Smith

DID you ever hear of a girl who lost fifteen pounds in thirteen hours? Page Elinor Smith, who weighed a hundred and ten to start with and didn't want to drop an ounce. It was her first endurance solo flight, and it nearly finished her.

Elinor went to a doctor. He told her she might know all about fuels for a motor, but not for a human stomach. She needed a diet for maximum endurance, both before she left the ground and during her grueling hours in the air. Guess what it starred? Fruit.

For three weeks before a flight here's the menu:

For breakfast, oranges or grapefruit, with whole-bran muffins and buttermilk.

For lunch, a fruit or vegetable salad with light oil dressing, fruit-flavored gelatin and buttermilk.

Dinner consists of a fruit or tomato-juice cocktail, lean meat (chicken, beef or lamb), green vegetables and rye, whole-wheat or bran bread with plenty of butter.

Three days before leaving the ground, Elinor goes on a liquid diet—soup, buttermilk and all the water she can drink.

In the air she eats whole-bran raisin muffins, mixed and baked by her doctor. Aside from these, she has oranges, for sustenance and liquid.

A Diet Comes Down to Earth

How does it work? The first time, she stayed aloft twenty-six hours and never lost an ounce. She felt grand—so grand that she came down and stuck to her diet. She never has nervous indigestion beforehand, as so many pilots do. She's her own business manager, too—and you know what the managerial temper turns into, given a siege of strain even on *terra firma*. She's learned about fuel for the stomach of a girl who has to keep her efficiency up to A-plus, despite racket *in excelsis* and hours so late that they don't include sleep until she's through.

Contrast this pink-and-white twenty-one-year-old with the average girl you know, including the one in the mirror. The office worker rushes out and gets a sandwich, with two cups of coffee. The young lady of leisure, but no dietetic instruction, leans toward mixtures rich in fats and sugars. The office worker comes back and feels dopey—or jumpy and cross. The other girl wonders why life looks stale and empty, unless she's worked off her overplus by exercise.

But even those who exercise can't afford to neglect fruit. Every day in his gymnasium Artie McGovern deals with men and women whose nerves have gone back on them.

He believes in orange juice in the morning. Take it half an hour before breakfast, because it is more potent without coffee interference. For sedentary people, like most of us, a fruit or a vegetable salad is the foundation of the best lunch.

Why Fruits Are Good for You

Fruits shine in those exclusive clubs known as Vitamins A, B and C. There is even one fruit elected to Vitamin G—the banana. The fact that almost all fruits are so often eaten uncooked helps, too, for some of the vitamins just curl up and die when they smell heat.

Vitamin A, so important for growth, appetite and elimination, is somewhat soluble in water and, though fairly stable to heat, may be destroyed when heated in the presence of air—a thing that always happens in home cooking. Such star turns as the banana, the apricot, the yellow peach, the cantaloupe, the pineapple, the orange, the fresh prune and the noble watermelon, not to mention other fruits lower in the A-scale to begin with, pass with honors. We eat them raw or vacuum-canned.

Fruits get an even better break with Vitamin B, because this digestion and nerve protector is more readily destroyed by heat and oxidation. Grapefruit, lemons, oranges, pineapples, bananas, apples, peaches, alligator pears, grapes, fresh prunes, dates and cherries head the list of fruits to choose if anybody feels down after meals, or goes up in the air if they aren't on time.

As for Vitamin C, guardian of the teeth and the complexion, it behaves before the fire like a cake of ice—now you see it, and now you don't. Home-cooked foods can't be relied on to supply it, so cut your dentist's and your beauty bills by absorbing oranges, grapefruit, lemons, tangerines, apples, strawberries, cranberries, bananas, peaches, pineapples, raspberries, watermelon, cantaloupes, currants and gooseberries.

In addition to the vitamin intake, points to be checked on the average American diet are minerals, bulk, fluids and the counteracting of too much that is acid-forming. We're told that calcium (lime) is more often lacking than any of the other minerals, and here we

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Before and After

Continued from page 13

"And then Lady Dinah came into the saloon, wearing cord riding breeches and tall laced boots and a blue flannel shirt and a loose collar and tie. I'm an old-fashioned man and I'm not ashamed of it. No young woman had ever wore riding breeches on board my ship before and no young woman was going to now.

"She said good morning, kind of off-hand and cool, and sat down and looked at the burgoo before her.

"'Whatever's this?' she said.

"'Porridge, ma'am,' I said.

"'Take it away,' she said. 'I'll have bacon and eggs.'

"The steward pretty nearly fainted.

"'This ain't a Thursday, ma'am,' he said, 'nor yet a Sunday. You can't get bacon and eggs today, ma'am. There's curried prawns and beefsteak and onions.'

"'And you eat it?' she said.

"'You won't find a better table anywhere than on board the Rose of Syria,' I said.

"'We live and learn,' she said. She had some tea and some toast and then she said she was going on deck for a breath of fresh air.

"'It's blowing a bit,' I said.

"'I'm not afraid,' she said.

"'Had your marconigrams?' I said.

"I knew there were some of a personal nature, because Sparks had said so.

"'I'll look at them later,' she said.

"'You'd better borrow a warm jacket,' I said. Which she did from the mate, who fell all over himself to oblige—a blue, double-breasted reefer with brass buttons.

"WHEN she'd gone I said to the steward:

"'Steward, you'll make that young woman a skirt out of that new gray blanket of mine.' The steward told me he couldn't possibly. He suggested the bos'n, who'd been brought up to the tailoring business and was better at sewing than anyone else on board. The bos'n was quite agreeable but he said he'd have to measure the lady around the waist. I asked him why, and he said if he didn't, how would the skirt stay up?

"You can't have bos'ns doing that kind of thing, of course, so I said:

"'Put a couple of buckles just over the hips like you'd put on a pair of trousers so she can tighten the skirt or *not as she likes.*'

"And then I went up to the bridge, and what do you think I found?"

"I can't imagine," said the young man.

"I found her ladyship, as bold as brass, talking to the third mate. I said: 'Lady Dinah Feraday, no one is allowed on the bridge without my permission. *Go below this minute.*'

"'You're very rude, Captain Hale,' she said.

"I lost my temper. I yelled:

"'Go below this instant and don't you dare set foot out of the saloon till I come and speak to you.' Believe me, she was so surprised, she went."

"She did, did she?" said the young man.

"She did. And meantime the bos'n was making the blanket into a skirt. As soon as the skirt was finished, I told the steward to give it to Lady Dinah and tell her to put it on and wear it. He came back, boiling, and said she'd told him he was the only old woman on board and he'd better wear it himself. I went down to the saloon.

"'Lady Dinah Feraday,' I said, 'what's this mean?'

"'It means I'm not going to wear that outrage,' she said. She sat on the settee, looking pale and not happy.

"'You'll wear it or you won't eat,' I said.

"'I don't want to eat,' she said. 'The food's muck.'

"'All right,' I said, 'you'll stay in your room the rest of the voyage. That's the second time I've had to say that to you. I'm in earnest. And if you don't go of your own free will I'll get the steward and the bos'n to carry you and you can kick to your heart's content.'

"'I don't kick,' she said. 'I'll go, anyway.'

"I WAS almost sorry for her, she looked so miserable. And then the ship dipped her head and rolled way over to port and Lady Dinah slid the width of the saloon and fetched up against the bulkhead.

"'I feel ill,' she said. 'It's the smell of the grease in the pantry.'

"Dinner-time I told the steward to take her some pea soup. He came back quick and said she'd told him to go to the devil. . . . Vicious, eh?"

"A wildcat, that lass," said Mr. Murgatroyd.

"But we tamed her," said Captain Hale and he raised his pewter pot to his lips and drank. "We tamed her."

"How?" said the young man.

"Wait," said Captain Hale. "Wait and you'll hear. It was two days before she appeared in public again."

"In her skirt?"

"In her skirt. She'd borrowed a needle and thread from the steward and remade it."

"You mean that, Captain Hale?"

"I do, mister. She said any woman who could run a high-powered racing car, or pilot a two-hundred-and-fifty-horsepower monoplane from London nearly to New York or navigate on a Great Circle course, could use a needle. She made a good job of it, too."

"She come on deck," said Mr. Murgatroyd, "with her hair all fine and curly, in her blue flannel shirt, and her gray woolen skirt, shortish, and her laced boots, and she looked—she looked like an angel."

"Poetical, ain't he?" said Captain Hale. "All chief engineers are. It's because they've got nothing to do with their time at sea."

"Lady Dinah looked good, eh?" said the young man.

"Why, yes, but she wasn't—wasn't good. She was lying low, waiting her chance. She said: 'Captain Hale, you've treated me disgracefully. I warn you I'll make you pay for it.' Quite pleasant, but mad. 'You've not sent off any of my messages to the newspapers.'

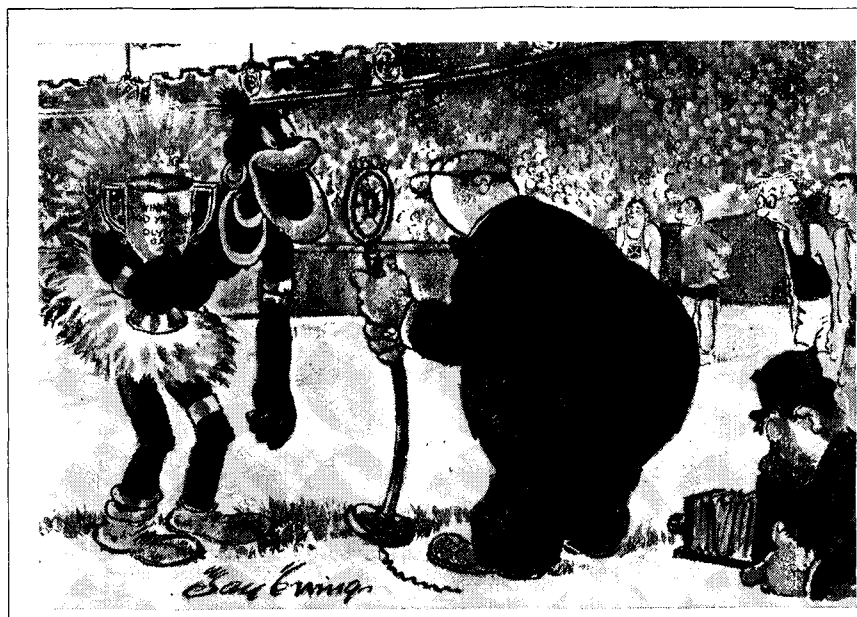
"'You mean,' I said, 'I've forbidden the wireless operator to do so. That's right, ma'am,' I said, 'I have. The one message sent off concerning you was that you were on board and in good health. I gave orders you were not to use the ship's wireless for your own private ends. You're here on sufferance, ma'am, and the sooner we get rid of you, the better.'

"She laughed and said: 'This is the first time any man has ever told me to my face I'm not welcome.'

"'I'm the first man,' I said, 'that ever had nerve enough to stand up to you.' I went to the chartroom and then—" Captain Hale broke off. "You tell it, chief."

Mr. Murgatroyd leaned forward across the table.

"I was on the bridge deck," he said, "by the port-side engine-room alleyway when I seen Sparks going to the bridge with a message. And then I seen her ladyship come along, kind of catlike and quick, and I moved away from the alleyway so I could see what she was up to, without being seen. She climbed the ladder that was fixed perpendicular to the engine-room casing and I wondered what on earth she was doing. And so I climbed after her and seen her go into the wireless house which is on what we call the boat deck, level with the engine-room skylights, between the Number Three and Four lifeboats. I followed her, and what do you think I found?



"Hullo momma! Hullo poppa! . . ." *Jay Irving*

"SHE was transmitting. Sending a message—a radio-telegram, if you prefer the technical word, which I don't. She understood all about radio and code, just as she understood all about airplanes and racing motor cars and speed boats and the rhumb line—or thought she did—and the message was —guess?"

"What?" said the young man.

"Three short, three long, three short, and the ship's name. Three short, three long, three short, repeated. In other words, S O S. That's as far as she got. I hauled her away from the transmitting key and she slapped my face, hard, and I brought her up before Captain Hale and said what she'd done."

"And," said Captain Hale, "I was angry at last. I said: 'Young woman, do you realize that every ship that got that signal of yours is waiting for us to send out our latitude and longitude so she can come to our rescue? If you were my daughter,' I said, 'I'd turn you over to your mother for discipline, but seeing you're on board ship I'll log you and you'll work your passage. You're a typical woman,' I said; 'a silly, spiteful creature that thinks the world was meant to be run for her benefit and no one else's. What did you want to pretend we were sinking for?'"

"'I didn't,' she said, taken aback.

"'You did,' I said. 'What do you think S O S means?'

"She nearly cried. She said: 'I'm sorry. I didn't stop to think. I wanted to get in touch with some other steamer quickly to put in a report on the way you're treating me. I wanted to attract attention, that's all.'

"'In other words,' I said, 'spite.'

"'I'm sorry now,' she said. 'But I'm not a typical woman, all the same.'

"'You are,' I said. 'Don't argue.' And then I told the steward to put her to work, which he did, prompt. Mister, it did your heart good to see that young person on her knees scrubbing the saloon deck, or cleaning the pantry, which, God knows, needed it, or polishing knives and forks and spoons, or shining brasswork. She was half afraid I'd have her put under arrest as soon as we reached port.

"We'd no more trouble with her after that. She had her meals at the second table with the third mate and the two apprentices. She seemed kind of crushed. She was scared of me and I wasn't scared of her. And when I found a spoon that wasn't as bright as it ought to have been I sent for her and told her to do it over again and she did.

"WELL," said Captain Hale, chuckling at the memory, "that's how it was. You've no idea, mister, what a change that taste of sea discipline made in her. By the time we said good-by she was a human being and likeable."

"And that's how it was, eh?" said the young man.

"Yes, mister, that's how it was. And when she was going ashore she said: 'Captain Hale, you're the first man I ever met that ever made me do what I didn't want to.' Three months later when we were 'way the back of beyond, loading copra, I got a letter from her and it had in it these two."

Captain Hale produced from his leather dispatch case two photographs of Lady Dinah Feraday: one taken in breeches and tall laced boots, the other in a flannel shirt and blanket skirt, bare legs and a pair of too large slippers.

"The slippers belonged to Sparks," said Captain Hale. "She wanted to buy 'em as a souvenir but he gave 'em, willing, because, like everyone else on board but me, he was head over heels in love with her." On one of the photographs was written *Before*, on the other *After*. "Kind of interesting, isn't it?" Captain Hale said. "I'm going to have the pictures framed. She said when we got home she'd like to see me, but I know too much. She'd probably turn me over to the police."

"No," said the young man briskly, "she means it. She wants to see you badly. And Mr. Murgatroyd, too. They told me on board the Rose of Syria I'd most likely find you here. She's tremendously improved, I assure you. You'd be surprised. I'm most grateful for all the trouble you took."

"If it isn't a rude question, mister," said Captain Hale, "who are you?"

"I'm Lady Dinah Feraday's husband," said the young man.

There was a short and rather breathless silence.

"You're lucky," said Mr. Murgatroyd.

"Yes," said Captain Hale, "very. You've got a fine lass for a wife." He added thoughtfully, "You have now, anyway."

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3. And how happy it was—for two whole years. What fun they had! Jack was always so gay—so ready to "go places and do things" with his vivacious little wife . . .

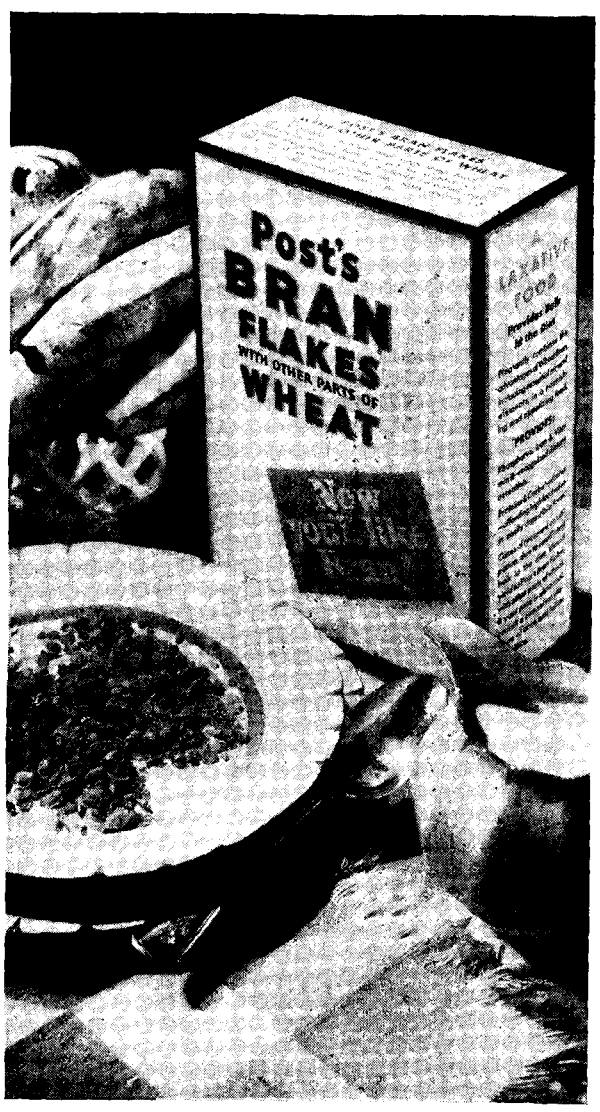
4. Then . . . the third year—and a strange change came over Jack. He protested more and more at "going out." Said he was tired. He grew irritable—and even cross at times . . .

5. Finally . . . the morning when Jack, disgruntled at some small thing, rose from the breakfast table, grabbed his hat—and, in a rage, left Helen without a word of good-by.

6. Then deep remorse. Suddenly, Jack realized the change in him. Later he went to his club for a workout. "Joe," he asked the trainer, "what's wrong with me?"

Joe's suggestion was — *Constipation.* It surprised Jack, but it was right. Because, a few weeks later . . . what a difference in Jack!

8. For here is the old Jack again—completely his happy, boy-like self. And again Helen knows that hers is the best, the kindest and the most perfect of all husbands!



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Hot Water

Continued from page 21

"And that sort of thing," he concluded, "is happening all the time. I have no doubt that there must exist a very striking resemblance between the vicomte and your friend, Mr. Franklyn, but I can assure you that the young man you have just seen is the vicomte and no other. I am in a position, I may add, to speak authoritatively on the point, for he is engaged to be married to my daughter."

"Engaged to your daughter!"

"Precisely."

"Are you sure?"

Of all the remarks which she could have made, this struck Senator Opal as perhaps the silliest. He chuckled fatly.

"You would not ask that if you had seen them together. It is beautiful in these cynical modern days to witness affection like theirs. They are completely wrapped up in each other. Never seem to be happy unless they are kissing each other all the time."

"It must be charming."

"It is charming."

"Well, I seem to have made a mistake. I must apologize."

"My dear young lady!"

"I wonder if you could tell me where the writing-room is? I suppose there would be no objection to my writing a letter there?"

"None whatever. It is through those curtains."

"Thank you."

She bowed slightly and left him. Senator Opal, with a faint yearning pang for the years that were no more—years when he would certainly not have permitted a girl like that to pass out of his life without a struggle—proceeded on his way to seek that source of consolation which the philanthropic Monsieur Gustave affords to men who, even if they have passed the age when love is king, can still swallow.

SOUP SLATTERY was sitting up in bed, reading Alice in Wonderland. As Packy entered, he sneezed and turned to refresh himself from a glass of hot whisky.

"Hullo," he said. He held the book up. "Ever read this?"

"Often. Where did you get it?"

"Found it downstairs in the lobby. Must belong to someone, I guess."

He sneezed again, and Packy looked at him with some concern.

"You've caught cold."

"I certainly have."

"I'm sorry," said Packy. "This complicates matters. I came to tell you that I wanted you to bust that safe for me tonight."

Mr. Slattery was of Spartan mold.

"Cheese!" he said lightly. "You don't think a little thing like a cold is going to stop me? Sure, I'll bust it for you. Then you got the Gedge dame out of that room?"

"Not only that, but Gedge won't be there, either."

"Good enough. How did you work it?"

"Oh, it's a long story," said Packy deprecatingly. "I showed extraordinary sagacity and resource. If you care to call it genius, it will be all right with me. Mrs. Gedge will be in Mr. Gedge's room, and Mr. Gedge is in dead storage elsewhere. I'll leave the drawing-room window open for you, and all you'll have to do is walk in and collect. A soft job."

"Well," confessed Mr. Slattery, "they can't come too soft for me nowadays. Used to be the tougher an evening's work was the better I'd like it. Julia would razz me about it sometimes. All for a quiet life now. Getting old, I guess. If I could grab me a little bit of capital, enough to buy a farm, I'd retire. There's something about a farm. All those cows and chickens."

He mused wistfully. Then some unpleasant thought seemed to intrude itself on his dreams, for his eye kindled. "Say, I've been meaning to ask you. About that chatty-o."

"What about it?"

"Who would a guy up there be with white hair and black eyebrows? Sort of thick-set bird."

"Oh, have you met him? That's Senator Opal."

PACKY paused, surprised. A whistling breath had escaped his companion. It might be pneumonia, but it had sounded much more like a strong man's wrath.

"What's the matter?"

Mr. Slattery was still breathing in that odd, labored way.

"Senator Opal? The fellow you want to get this copperising letter for?"

"That's the man."

"He says he uses it to play mumblety-peg, Your Honor"

Lawrence La Riar

"Brother," said Mr. Slattery, "the whole thing's off. I won't do it."

"What!"

"No, sir, not even to oblige you. Me get that white-haired bird out of a jam? Say, the worse jam he's in, the better it suits me. If he was drowning, the only thing I'd throw him would be a flat-iron."

Packy was bewildered. He could make nothing of this startlingly unexpected display of feeling.

"But . . ."

"No, sir," repeated Mr. Slattery firmly. "If Senator Opal's in a spot, I'm glad of it. After what he done to me. . . ."

And in crisp, telling sentences, to which an occasional sneeze merely lent additional impressiveness, he proceeded to relate the story of his night in the open. He told it well. You could see the window sill, hear the cold breeze whistling about his dangling ankles. Packy, listening, found hopelessness creeping over him. After what had occurred, it was plainly not going to be easy to mollify this injured man.

"Tough," he agreed. "But surely you aren't going to get sore at a little thing like that?"

"Did you," asked Mr. Slattery, "say 'little thing'?"

"It was just his fun."

"I don't like that sort of fun."

Packy felt that he had tried the wrong line of reasoning. He struck a more personal note.

"But think of me. You wouldn't let me down, would you?"

Mr. Slattery seemed to be puzzled.

"Say, just where do you come in on this? It's had me guessing right along. Why are you so steamed up about it? If this palooka has been writing letters he shouldn't have written, it's his funeral, not yours. I can't see what you're doing in the act."

"Senator Opal has a daughter. She is naturally very much upset about this thing. I want to help her."

"Are you stuck on her?"

"Certainly not," said Packy.

IT ANNOYED him that the purely platonic friendliness which he felt towards Jane Opal should be so consistently misinterpreted. He himself knew, of course, that there was nothing between them except on his side a chivalrous desire to be of assistance to a distressed acquaintance and, on hers, a natural gratitude for such assistance. True, once or twice he had had occasion to pat her hand and, indeed, to hold it for a brief moment or two; but that had been the merest civility, such as he would have shown towards an aunt, had he had an aunt in trouble.

He endeavored to impress this upon Mr. Slattery now.

"Nothing of the kind. I'm just sorry for her."

"Well, you'd best be sorry for old Opal."

"Then you won't help us out?"

"No, sir."

Packy regarded him reproachfully.

"I can't believe it is really Soup Slattery—good, trusty old Soup Slattery—who is talking like this."

"It is," Mr. Slattery assured him.

"You really refuse?"

"Yes, sir."

Packy turned to the door. He knew when he was beaten.

"Well," he said with infinite sadness, "this has broken me all up. I don't suppose I shall ever have another shock like this in my life."

He was wrong. He had one almost immediately. It occurred when he stepped out of the elevator into the lobby and recognized in the lovely girl who advanced towards him his fiancée, Lady Beatrice Bracken.

The emotions of a young man who, separated from the beautiful girl to whom his troth is plighted, suddenly finds himself quite unexpectedly reunited to her ought to be unmixedly ecstatic. Packy's could scarcely have been so described. In a situation which has furnished a congenial theme for more than one poet, he merely felt as if some muscular acquaintance had just punched him solidly on the nose.

Beatrice was the first to speak.

"Well," she said. "You don't seem very pleased to see me."

The words had the effect of causing Packy's stunned faculties in a certain measure to function again. He was still feeling far from tranquil, but reason, limping back to her throne, told him that he ought to be exhibiting at least a modicum of hearty rapture. He endeavored to do so. His brain was still numbed by this unbelievable disaster, but he contrived to smile tenderly.

"I'm tickled to death," he said. "It's simply wonderful, seeing you. But I didn't expect . . . I mean, I hadn't a notion . . ."

"No. I suppose you hadn't."

"When did you arrive?"

"This afternoon."

PACKY began to regain his proper form. The one thing he must avoid, he recognized, was the display of anything that might suggest a guilty conscience. After all, things were not so bad as they might have been. Fortunately, he had his boat as an alibi. There was no reason why she should ever know that he had not been living on the Flying Cloud ever since his arrival.

His manner, though still not assured, became easier.

"How fine that you were able to come over. I hoped you would when I wrote and told you I was coming here. But I was afraid you might be tied up at your father's for weeks. How was the house party, by the way?"

"Quite nice."

"Lots of interesting people there?"

"Quite a number."

"And how is everybody at home?"

"Quite well."

"How's your father?"

"Quite well."

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well."

"How's your aunt Gwendolyn?"

This detailed solicitude, instead of touching Lady Beatrice Bracken, seemed to make her rather restless.

"Wouldn't it save time," she said, "if you simply accepted my assurance that *everybody* at Worbles is quite well?"

Packy recognized the reasonableness of the suggestion.

"Well, it's wonderful, your having been able to get over here," he said, abandoning the theme. "I suppose you

(Continued on page 36)

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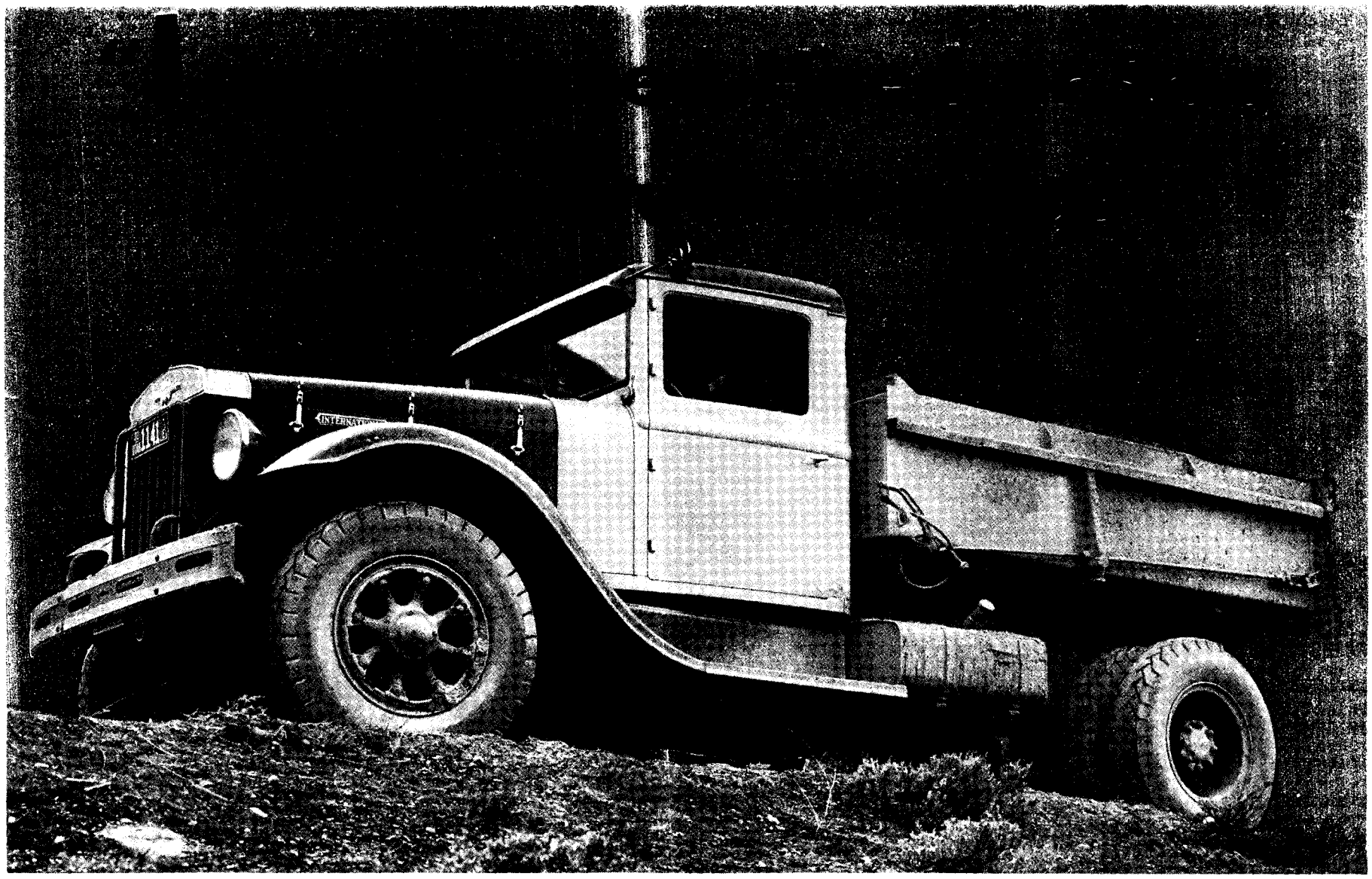

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fresh everywhere everytime

Hot Water

Continued from page 34

had some difficulty finding me, as I wasn't at any of the hotels. You see, I came over on a boat. You remember my saying I might charter . . . or did I tell you in my letter?"

"No. In your letter you simply mentioned that you were leaving for St. Rocque."

"Well, I chartered a yawl. She's lying in the harbor now."

"Are you living on board?"

"That's right. Yes. Living on board."

"Oh?" said Beatrice. "I understood you were at this château, passing yourself off as the Vicomte de Blissac."

ONCE again Packy experienced the sensation of having been punched on the nose. It seemed to him, moreover, that his unseen assailant, not satisfied with this buffet, had also brought his right up with a swing and got home on the point of the jaw. Through an enveloping mist he heard Beatrice continue:

"I happen to know that the Vicomte de Blissac is staying at his mother's château with some Americans named Gedge. And I met an old man just now who told me that you were the Vicomte de Blissac and that you were engaged to his daughter. Don't you think, perhaps, that you had better explain?"

One of the drawbacks to life is that it contains moments when one is compelled to tell the truth. Such a moment, Packy realized, had arrived now. There were few things he would not have preferred to telling the truth, but it seemed unavoidable.

"I'll tell you all about that."

"I am longing to hear."

"That old man was Senator Opal."

"So you are engaged to Miss Opal?"

"No, no, no! He only thinks I am."

"From what he told me, you seem to have given him very good reason to think so."

"Senator Opal wrote a letter."

"A curious coincidence. I have just written a letter."

"It was a compromising letter, and Mrs. Gedge got hold of it and talks of giving it to the papers, so he wants to get it back. I happened to meet his daughter . . ."

"How was that?"

"Well, it's a long story. I was cutting the old man's hair . . ."

"Doing what?"

"I can't go into that now. But while I was cutting his hair I met his daughter and she told me about this letter, so naturally I offered to get it back for her. And this, of course, gave old Opal the idea that I was Blair Eggleston."

"What!"

PACKY paused to marshal his thoughts. He felt he was not making this as clear as he should.

"When I say he thought I was Blair Eggleston, I mean that Jane . . ."

"Jane!"

"Her name is Jane. He thought I was the man to whom Miss Opal was engaged. She's really engaged to Blair Eggleston."

"She certainly isn't. Mr. Eggleston didn't say a word to me about it when I met him in London."

"Naturally not. You see, it's a dead secret."

"Well, go on."

"Well, that's why he thinks we're engaged."

Beatrice tapped her foot on the carpet, always a bad sign.

"Up to the present, all I have understood is that this Senator Opal wrote a letter and that Miss Opal wishes you to get it back."

"Well, that's all there is to it."

"Not quite. Isn't it rather a risky business, stealing this letter from Mrs. Gedge?"

"You bet it's risky!"

"It might lead to your getting into serious trouble."

"It *certainly might*," said Packy, charmed by her solicitude.

Beatrice's lips tightened.

"And yet," she said, in that soft, silky voice which women so often employ and which has never yet done any man any good, "you were apparently quite prepared to take the risk for Miss Opal's sake. A girl who means nothing to you."

Too late Packy saw the quagmire into which she had led him. He felt some of the helpless desperation which comes to a nervous witness when trapped by cross-examining counsels.

"Yes, but don't you see . . ."

"I think I see perfectly. To me, the inference is obvious. You are evidently infatuated with this girl. I think you had better take this letter and read it. It will save a lot of unnecessary talk."

"But you don't understand."

"Don't I?"

"I went into this business simply for the fun of it."

"What *is* the fun of it?"

"Well, I mean . . . the spirit of adventure. . . ."

"The spirit of absolute idiocy. It seems to me that you have not only been making love to this Miss Opal behind my back but are also a perfect half-wit. And it is quite plain to me that you are not the man I want to spend the rest of my life with. I thought I could make something of you, but evidently it's hopeless, and we might as well recognize it at once. Just glance at that letter, will you, when you have a spare moment. It says everything. Good-by."

"But listen . . ."

The objection to holding these intimate heart-to-heart talks in a public spot is that your movements are hampered by the necessity of observing the conventions. Even in France you cannot chivvy girls across the lobby of a hotel. Beatrice had begun to make for the door at a pace so brisk that Packy's only alternative to letting her go was to pursue her at a gallop. He let her go.

The envelope crackled in his hand. He opened it dully. He did not anticipate that it would add much to his existing information. After those last words of hers, so characteristically lucid, he presumed it to be the bird or raspberry in written form.

HE HAD guessed correctly. The letter ran to three pages and a little over, but its gist could have been condensed into that poignant phrase so familiar to lovers of melodrama—*Those wedding bells shall not ring out.*

The marriage which had been arranged between Lady Beatrice Bracken (who is, of course, the daughter of the Earl of Stableford) and Patrick B. Franklyn (who is, of course, the well-known young American millionaire and sportsman) would not take place.

(To be continued next week)

"This is an early '24 job, but it'll always have a good trade-in value!"

Fred Wilkinson

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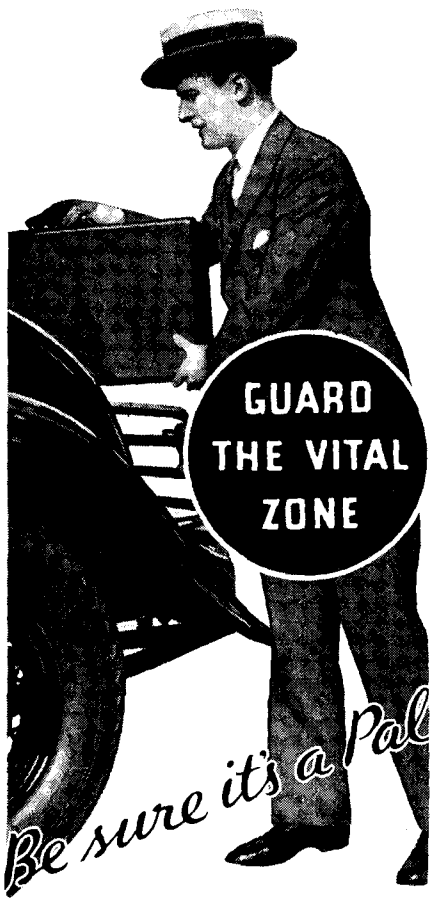

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Whose Picture do you Want?

Continued from page 15

"Charlie Chaplin."

"Why?"

"Camera-shy."

"Who?"

"Chaplin," he said. "Absolutely. He's one of the most camera-shy people I've ever known—off his own lot, that is. He is so completely consumed by what he's doing—by his own art—when making a movie, that he doesn't think of or notice the camera. But I had to work with him for more than an hour before he emerged from himself—forgot that he was being photographed. Presently we got into a pretty hot argument and—well, after that, I did it all in fifteen minutes. You have to fight them. I had an awful time with George Arliss. I give you my word he began acting the moment he came in. I stood it for just so long and then I attacked.

"'Look here, Arliss,' I said. 'You've been acting ever since you entered this room—acting like a small, vain child. Now cut it out, or get out. Who do you think you are, anyway?'

"That did it," said Steichen. "Mr. Arliss was as meek as a lamb."

Women Better to Look At

"The reason I said, a little while ago, that women were the more difficult subjects," I said, "was because one sees more photographs of women than men and naturally suspects that the feminine ego runs more in that direction."

"Not at all," said Steichen. "It's merely that you would rather look at women than men. Even a bad portrait of a good-looking woman attracts us. But we aren't interested in photographs of men. Therefore we think chiefly of women when photography is our topic."

"Are there any rules a woman should observe in being photographed? How should a woman have her picture taken?"

"Most of them shouldn't," said Steichen gloomily. "But there are no rules—no arbitrary rules anyway. Just go in. Just be natural—if you can. Relax. Help the photographer. He will probably need help. If you insist on doing the posing you'll probably make an ass of yourself. And I don't blame the photographer for letting you make yourself just that. The average portrait photographer thrives or starves according to how his work pleases his clients. Unless he is able to dominate the situation, if he is too tired to fight you, or too cynical, he is justifiably apt to say to himself:

"'Shucks, I'll shoot 'em as fast as they come in. I'm not going to bother about trick light effects. I'm not going to worry about individualism. Let's go.'

"And what does he give you?" demanded Steichen. "He gives you precisely what you want—a photograph of your face with all your features properly assembled. You probably look like a clothing dummy or a mannequin in that picture—as animate as a plaster figure in a department store window. It gives you all the animation of a bland turnip—a turnip, incidentally, of which the weary photographer could have made a much better picture because it would let him do his stuff in his own way.

"But all your friends—the lovable liars—will tell you it's a superb likeness, a work of art, a speaking image. You know? And in their hearts, if their hearts are true, they will know perfectly well that it is as much you, as they know you when you are out of yourself, as the corner of the town's popular drug store. It's merely your face on top of your best suit or frock. It's merely your face telling the world that you know you are being photographed and that you are trying to impress the beholder. It is you, whose face is absolutely devoid of character, trying to kid the public into believing you're masterful, or winsome, or intellectual or—oh, well."

You can have what opinions you choose about why a man succeeds. You'll find no argument here. You may give priority to whichever of the components of success you nominate—luck, showmanship, perseverance, ingenuity, knavery or overwhelming art. That's your affair. You even may be right. But you'll probably agree that Steichen had a considerable quantity of some particularly valuable talent to fetch to his door long lines of men and women with letters of introduction which, they hope, will break down his reluctance to take their pictures at prices a portrait painter would not despise.

Such hopefuls must pay him a minimum of five hundred dollars for the sitting alone. Some have paid twice that. After being photographed they pay at least twenty-five dollars for each print. And it may be much more. But if he likes you, is interested, he might photograph you for nothing—even badger you, roar at you, bully you until you agree to be his subject. Whether you induce him to take your picture or he prevails upon you to sit, it is altogether up to him whether you ever see the result. If he doesn't like the picture it doesn't leave his studio.

He is fifty-two years old and a native of Milwaukee whose streets he learned as a newsboy, a telegraph messenger and, presently, an idea-sleuth for a lithographing company. A camera was among his early possessions and with it, in the opinion of quite a few, he made a nuisance of himself. He went in for painting but never managed to muster enough talent to arouse honest enthusiasm in any educated eye. Steichen with canvas, brushes and tubes might easily have remained as obscure as a rear-rank private in the Russian army. He was fortunate in realizing this suddenly one morning and abandoning everything for his camera.

Enraged by Morgan

It was in Voulangis, France, thirty miles from Paris. He had finished six canvases, which were leaning against the walls of the little house where he worked. The elderly Frenchman who pottered about the place, weeding the garden and so on, came to him on that morning with a painting of one of the scenes Steichen had done.

"Who did this?" asked Steichen, nodding to the gardener's canvas.

"I did," replied the gardener. "I wondered whether you'd mind."

"Mind?" replied Steichen sadly. "Of course I mind. It's so much better than my own that—"

Anyway he forthwith abandoned the paintbrush. During the World War, which had ended but a few months before this, he had served with the Army Air Corps taking pictures of the enemy from various heights and angles. In that capacity his best efforts had gone into crowding as much information as possible onto a photographic plate. Now that so humble a person as his gardener had convinced him that he wasn't getting anywhere in particular as a painter, he went back to his original love—his camera—which, understand, he had never quite abandoned. Only now he had resolved to give it all his time, all his purpose, all his thought.

He and his camera had long since come to an understanding. It was while he was still unknown to the public that he was called upon to photograph J. Pierpont Morgan the elder. Mr. Morgan was not a person to be trifled with. The magic of his name and the fearsome legends embellishing it were enough to disconcert veterans. Hard-boiled experts became tongue-locked in Cæsar's presence. Steichen was asked to photograph the money master with as little flurry as possible and with a minimum of suggestions.

He made one plate of Morgan—a somewhat tentative one. Then he suggested that his important client turn a trifle, leaving the direction and extent of the turn up to Midas. Morgan obeyed. Another plate was made and Steichen announced that the sitting was over, immediately leaving the room.

"Where's that young man?" demanded Morgan. "I like him. He seems to know what he is doing."

Steichen was called and the country's greatest financier gave him five hundred dollars, repeating the fact that he liked him.

Both portraits were sent to Mr. Morgan. He accepted the first and scorned the second, thereby arousing Steichen to a rage, because the second, in his opinion, was a work of art.

Some time later he entered the rejected portrait in an exhibition. Such was the enthusiasm of the critics over the Morgan photograph that an agent of the financier took it to him for inspection, assuring him that it was by far the best portrait of him in existence.

Steichen Picks Tunney

"I agree," said Morgan. "Why have I never seen this? Tell the young man I'll buy this—give him $5,000 for it. He should be encouraged."

It was entirely characteristic of Steichen that he should refuse to sell the picture. He kept it for three years and then, deciding that it was idle to feel injured any longer by the first rejection of what he considered a masterpiece, he sent the photograph to Morgan—with his compliments.

Since then he seems to have photographed every celebrity in America. Scanning the list you see horses of the Gallant Fox class (or are there any?), Jack Dempsey and other prize fighters, Greta Garbo, Lillian Gish and on down the Hollywood line, Bill Tilden defending his base line and again, alas, as an actor, and Tommy Hitchcock applying Einstein to polo. And the proudest and purest of dogs, roses, colonial doorways and cup defenders.

To his studios flocked the smartest and fairest of society's débutantes, Junior Leaguers and matrons, and such was his success with them that the publishers of Vogue and Vanity Fair put him under a stout contract to photograph women for no other publications. Any knowing photographer will tell you, if he feels like being strictly honest, what flattering recognition this was.

Of all the girls in Hollywood he found the superb Garbo the greatest for portraiture. Even in the simple process of picking up a book, says he, La Garbo is as natural, as free from pose and affectation as a deer at its ease in the forest. His own simile. For spirituality he acclaims Gish. For high intelligence and subtlety Katharine Cornell. For combined beauty and aristocracy he names the Russian Princess Youssoupoff. For dynamic personality, Anne Morgan. For unconquerable artistry, Isadora

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Duncan. For every worthwhile thing a woman may possess, Eleonora Duse.

Before Gene Tunney took the heavyweight championship from Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia, Steichen photographed them both within a week. The fight was less than a month off. The fading Dempsey arrived at the studio with Estelle Taylor, his wife. Both she and Steichen looked upon the event with utter calm but Dempsey was fretful, emotional, nervous as a caged cat, defensive. He was hard to photograph. As he left, his dark brow cleared a little, as if he forced the scowl off.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Steichen," said Dempsey a little uneasily. "You're a fine artist."

Then Tunney appeared, a few days later. He came alone. He was unconcerned, easy, sure, pliant, able if necessary to hold any posture any length of time. The approaching fight might have been with a sodden palooka for all Tunney seemed to care instead of with a man who had been one of the deadliest of sluggers. Tunney was almost blithe as he departed.

"Permit me," said Gene a little grandly, "to congratulate you, Mr. Steichen. I can see you are a fine craftsman."

When Tunney had taken the elevator, Steichen turned to his assistants and offered to bet that Gene would win. He had never seen either man fight. He had merely studied them from his camera. What he had observed convinced him. And of course Tunney won—in the Tunney manner.

The Trend Toward Realism

"Do you want an opinion of mine?" Steichen volunteered.

"Let's hear it."

"Artists, among others, fail because they stop observing the commonplace," he said. "An artist, a photographer, will achieve success and with it a static smugness of attitude toward common things. He despises the radio—calls it cheap, Main Street amusement. He sneers at tabloid newspapers and the motion pictures. He has gone intellectual. He an artist? . . . He's a silly fool. Mind you, I don't say he has to love radio programs, tabloid newspapers and motion pictures. But he does have to be honest and remain natural and keep in just as close contact with the common things as he was before he had money. Otherwise he's going to flop. I've seen a lot of them."

"Did a knowledge of the lack of durability of the portrait photographer's vogue have anything to do with your going in for commercial work?" I asked.

"No," he replied, grinning, "but I branched out before the test came to me. You must remember that I never liked wearing myself out on human subjects anyway. I was doing well enough with them though. I had a certain amount of luck, too. Once there was a lady—oh, what a grand high-hat lady!—who came to me. She was, I should say, the most superior person in the world. Incidentally, she was a ridiculous snob. All she required was private streets for her to come and go on.

"Of course her personality was clear in her face. I hated her as much as I'm capable of. I irritated her until her face, which was not at all unpleasant as faces go, became painfully ugly. Then I took the photograph. It occurred to me that the photograph would tell her better than my tongue just what I thought of her. But the result was much like what happened after I photographed that Philadelphia millionaire. She chased all her friends to me. Heaven knows how much money she sent my way. It was just too bad. Or was she settling old and bad accounts with those she sent to me? It doesn't pay to be too sure on such questions."

"What is the safest direction for the professional photographer to take?" I asked. "How is he to tell what people want."

"The trend in everything is toward realism," said Steichen. "The portrait photograph that will last longest is the one that shows you as you are every day. If you are of a sober nature, not given to the cheerful expression, the photograph giving you a fixed smile or that professional pleasant expression is more than likely to be a caricature of you. If you are inclined to clown, don't let them photograph you as a serious thinker. And so on. If you are inclined to be a bit careless in your dress, don't primp. If you do, that photograph is going to mock you and presently you are going to go sick at the very sight of it, your own honesty asserting itself. You will have made a bad investment. You will have purchased just so many worthless documents, bought just so many lies of which you will be ashamed. As you pay a lawyer to tell you the truth, as you yourself are paid to tell the truth, let your photographer tell the truth. If he can't he isn't a good photographer. If he isn't glad to he's a perjurer. The trend is toward realism and the photographer who doesn't realize that is out of luck.

"Look back over the theatrical photographs. There was once a time when it seemed utterly impossible for an actor to be photographed without grimacing. It was unheard of that he should sit down as an ordinary person would. No, he sat astride a chair, facing its back. Perhaps a cigarette nonchalantly dangling in his fingers. Always he was facing his audience, vamping it outrageously.

"Look in the family album, bless its heart. You behold beloved ancestors looking as if they had been photographed after death, or at any rate as if the hangman was whistling for them. That era has passed. Today the weak face, if it must be preserved to posterity, is being taken weak. The masterful countenance (and there are fewer of them than photographic exhibits would indicate) must be strong. Get what I mean?

Aunt Emma's Portrait

"Once I made a couple of portraits of an elderly lady who was extremely easy to handle. She wanted no nonsense, although she didn't say so, and I gave her none. She had a stern, even cruel face and no silly notions about personal beauty. She hadn't had a photograph made for thirty years but had surrendered to the importunities of her relations. She came in, sat down, resigned herself and was photographed. She departed in grim silence.

"A few days after the pictures were delivered, her nephew came in. He looked a bit apologetic and then mentioned the fact that the pictures were not wholly satisfactory.

"'To whom?' I asked.

"'Well, to us nieces and nephews and her friends,' he said. 'Understand, we think they are fine and all that but—but, after all, you didn't make Aunt Emma look any too pleasant, did you?'

"'No,' I agreed, 'but I gather that Aunt Emma isn't the last word in sweetness and light. Is she?'

"'Lord, no,' he said. 'Between you and me, she's a chronic outrage. She's a howling disaster, Aunt Emma."

"'Does she like these pictures?' I demanded.

"'Absolutely,' he replied. 'She would. Oh, understand me, the pictures are Aunt Emma. It's Aunt Emma all right, but—'

"'Well, just whose picture did you want?' I asked.

"And that," said Steichen, "ended that argument."

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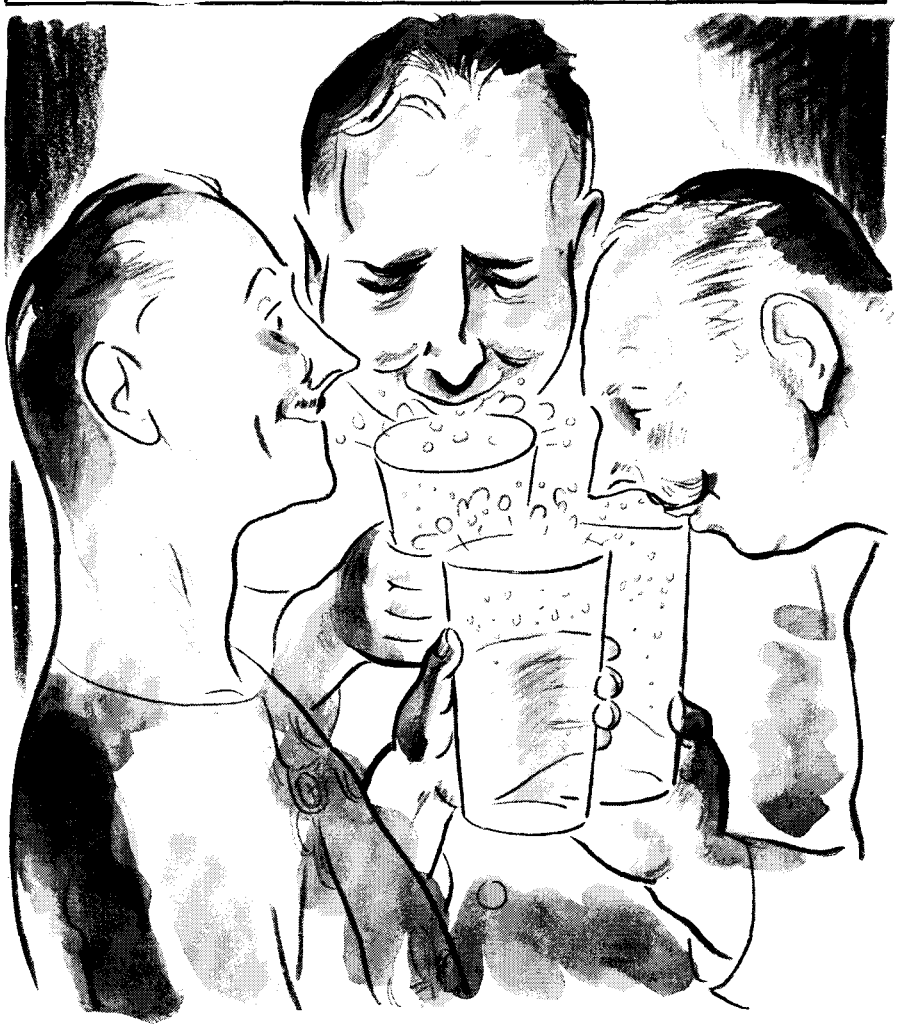

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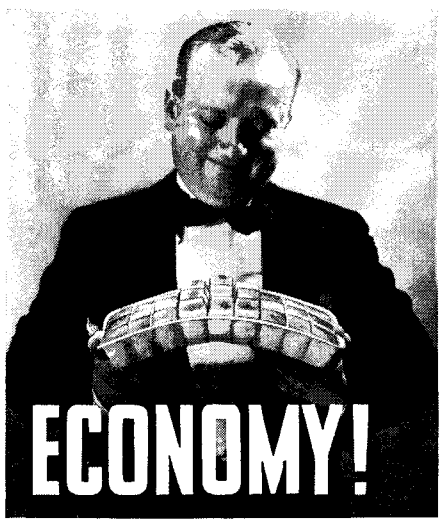

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ICE CUBES—THE MODERN WAY

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 25

There came a moment of silence, as I looked from face to face; and then it was the German professor who spoke:

"Mr. Greville," he said, "I understand that you were present when Sir Lionel Barton opened the tomb of El Mokanna?"

"Certainly I was present, professor."

"Were you actually present at the time that these relics were unearthed?"

His inquiry was made in a way kindly enough, but it jagged me horribly. I looked from face to face, meeting with nothing but unfathomable glances.

"YOUR question is a strange one," I replied slowly. "Ali Mahmoud, the headman in charge of our party, was actually first among us to see anything of the relics; he saw a corner of one of those gold plates. I was the first to see an entire plate (I think it was ninth in the series, as a matter of fact). Sir Lionel and Rima, his niece, as well as the late Dr. van Berg, were present when the treasure was brought to light."

Professor Eisner had a habit of closing his left eye, betokening concentration, no doubt; and now, his right eye—a cold, blue eye—focussed upon me through the little monocle, registered something between incredulity, amusement and pity.

Sir Wallace I knew for an avowed enemy of the chief. Regarding Hall-Ramsden's attitude, I knew nothing. Of Professor Eisner Sir Lionel had always spoken favorably, but I was aware that he regarded Dr. Brieux as a mere impostor.

But now, under the gaze of that magnified blue eye, I realized that the authenticity of these treasures, which had nearly led to a Holy War in the East, was being questioned by these four men!

"Gentlemen," I said, "you seem to share some common opinion about the relics of El Mokanna. I should be glad to know your views."

A further exchange of glances followed. I realized that in some way my words had caused embarrassment. Finally, having cleared his throat, it was Hall-Ramsden who answered me.

"Mr. Greville," he said, "I have heard you well spoken of and, personally, I should not think of doubting your integrity. Sir Lionel Barton—" he cleared his throat again—"as an Orientalist of international reputation, is naturally above suspicion—"

Dr. Brieux blew his nose.

"Since it has been arranged for Sir Lionel to address the Royal Society next Thursday on the subject—" he extended his hand toward the objects on the table—"of these relics, I recognize, of course—we all recognize—that there must be some strange mistake, or else . . ."

He hesitated, glancing about as if to seek help from one of his confrères.

"That Barton," Sir Wallace Syms continued—"whose sense of humor sometimes betrays him—has seen fit to play a joke upon us!"

By this time I was thoroughly angry.

"What the devil do you mean, Sir Wallace?" I asked.

My anger had one immediate effect. Professor Eisner stood up and approached me, putting his arm about my shoulders.

"My young friend," he said, "something has gone wrong. It will all be explained, no doubt. But be calm."

His manner quieted me. I recognized its sincerity. And, giving me a kind of final reassuring hug:

"I shall not be surprised to hear," he went on, "that you have not examined these relics recently. Eh?"

"Not," I admitted, "since they were put in the case."

"Since you placed them in the case, eh? Now you have already a considerable reputation, Mr. Greville. I have talked with you and you know your subject. Before we say any more, please to look at this sword."

He stepped to the table, took up the Sword of God, returned, and handed it to me. My anger was still simmering as I took the thing up and glanced at it. Having done so:

"Well," I replied, "I have looked. What do you expect me to say?"

"To say nothing—yet." Again that reassuring arm was around my shoulders. "But to look, to examine carefully—"

"It's simply absurd!" came the voice of Dr. Brieux.

"If you please!" snapped the professor sharply—"if you please! What you have to say, Doctor, can wait for a moment."

Amid a silence which vibrated with hostility, I examined the blade in my hand. And I suppose as I did so, my expression changed.

"Ah! you see, eh?" said the German.

And while I stared with horrified eyes at the blade, the inlay, the hilt, he had darted to the table, almost immediately to return with one of the gold plates. Relieving me of the sword, he placed the inscribed tablet in my hands.

"It is beautifully done!" He almost whispered the words, very close to my ear. "And rubbed down very fine. But look . . ."

He held a glass before my eye—one of those which I had provided for this very purpose.

I looked—and I knew!

"Gentlemen," I said—"my apologies. I can only ask you to remain silent until this mystery has been cleared up. I will try, to the best of my ability, to explain."

The sword, the plates and the mask which I had exhibited to these four experts were, beyond any shadow of doubt, *the duplicates made by Solomon Ishak. . . .*

THANKS to Rima's photographs, I proved my case. The blade of the sword, as I realized, had been provided by Solomon Ishak. It closely resembled the sword of the Prophet, but differed in several essential particulars.

The stones in the hilt (the hilt had been reproduced exactly) were genuine, and must have cost the chief some hundreds of pounds; but they were much smaller than those shown in the photograph; and some of them badly flawed.

Under a powerful lens, the plates shrieked forgery. I learned later that they had been photographed from Rima's negatives onto the gold, and then engraved by Solomon's workmen. Closely examined, the newly cut gold betrayed the secret.

The mask was the most perfect duplicate I have ever handled; but the two large jewels were reconstructed; and the delicate engraving, magnified, betrayed itself in the same way as that upon the plates.

However, a friendly atmosphere was reëstablished before the party broke up. I had admitted—I could see no alternative—that Sir Lionel had had a duplicate set made in Persia. And it was obvious that this was the set which now lay upon the table.

When and where the substitution had taken place, I left to the imagination of my visitors. They were sympathetic in a way, but the Englishmen were laughing at me; and the Frenchman, who had come from Paris especially to view the relics, was very plainly annoyed.

Professor Eisner, alone, seemed to understand and to sympathize. He was the last to leave, and:

"Mr. Greville," he said in parting, "Sir Lionel Barton has touched deep, secret influences in this matter. He has been clever—very clever; but they have been more clever still. Eh? You will find out one day when this trick was done."

But as from the window I watched him swinging down Bruton Street with the walk of a dragoon, I knew that I had nothing to find out. I knew where dreaming had ended and reality had begun. And I knew why Fah Lo Suee had whispered: "You will live to hate me. . . ."

I WAS still trying to get a call through to the chief, whose Norfolk number was a private extension, when Betts came in and announced:

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie, sir."

I hung up the receiver and positively sprang to meet them. I suppose my expression must have betrayed me, for I saw, as I ran in, that both had sensed the fact that there was something wrong.

"What is it, Greville!" snapped Nayland Smith—"Barton? Rima?"

"Both safe," I replied. "This is a delightful surprise! You are a whole day ahead of your schedule!"

"Flew from Marseilles," said Sir Denis.

"But something is wrong with you," Dr. Petrie declared, holding on to my hand and looking at me searchingly.

I nodded, smiling, although I was far from mirthful.

"Suppose you prescribe a drink, Doctor!" I suggested. "I feel badly shot away. Then I will try to explain the position."

It occupied me longer than I could have supposed, involving as it did an account of what had happened since I had parted from my friend on the previous night, right up to my recent interview with the four experts.

Long before I had reached the end of it, Nayland Smith was pacing up and down the room in his restless fashion, having relighted his pipe three or four times. But, at last, when that strange story was ended:

"Amazing," he snapped, "but ghastly." He turned to Petrie. "I told you that Fu Manchu would be in England ahead of us—"

"You did," the doctor agreed.

"He is here?" I exclaimed.

"Undoubtedly, Greville. He keeps a close watch upon his beautiful daughter! Your dream, as it seemed to you, was of course no dream at all. You were subjected last night, in the basement of the adjoining house, to the treatment referred to by Dr. Fu Manchu; an injection in your arm. Petrie can probably discover the mark. Eh, Petrie?"

"Possibly," the doctor replied guardedly. "But I can make an examination later, Smith. Please carry on."

"Very well. Later you were given that 'simple antidote' which he mentioned. You remember now those lost hours in Cairo. And some of your memories, Greville, are most illuminating. I can see Hewlett and myself

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searching the Sûkkarîya quarter, when actually the house for which we were looking was somewhere out at Gîzeh!

"The drug used by Fu Manchu (obviously that mentioned by McGovern) renders the subject peculiarly susceptible to suggestion. I suppose you appreciate that you had your instructions from Fah Lo Suee, who was awaiting your return in the adjoining empty house, to open the door for her at a specified time?"

"I *must* have opened it," I returned blankly; "for otherwise, how did she get in?"

"You certainly *did* open it; just as certainly as you once aided in the abduction of Rima from Shepheard's in Cairo!

"She substituted the duplicates, which of course she had brought with her, for the real relics, and presumably handed the latter to an accomplice in waiting. The phase which followed, Greville—" he smiled that inimitable smile—"is one which I prefer to forget—"

"Let's all agree to forget it," said Petrie.

"Dr. Fu Manchu is the greatest master of drugs this old world of ours has ever known. His daughter is an apt pupil. I believe she has a sincere affection for you, Greville—God knows why! But, since you did not dream, we have the word of Fu Manchu that no harm will come to you. Frankly, I think Barton has got off lightly—"

"So do I!" Petrie interrupted again.

"After all, even in this age of laxity, there are things which are not done. The word of a prison governor to a convict is as sacred as any man's word to any other man; and according to my view, which may be peculiar, Barton doubled on Dr. Fu Manchu. I believe that super-devil to be too great a character to waste a moment upon revenge. But in the circumstances, Greville, if you don't mind, I should like to get through to Sir Lionel—and there's someone there whom Petrie is dying to speak to. . . ."

UPON the events of the next few days I prefer not to dwell. At my first interview with Sir Lionel, following the loss of the relics of the Masked Prophet, I believed for one hectic moment that he would attempt to strangle me with his own hands.

Perhaps it was the presence of Nayland Smith which alone prevented him from making an assault. I can see him now, pacing up and down the Museum Room, clenching and relaxing his big fists, and looking murder from underneath tufted eyebrows.

"No possible blame attaches to Greville," said Sir Denis.

The chief growled inarticulately.

"And I would remind you that in somewhat similar circumstances, and not so long ago, you personally assisted the same lady to open the Tomb of the Black Ape, in the Valley of the Kings, and to walk away with its contents. Rather a good parallel, I think?"

Sir Lionel stood still, staring hard at the speaker; then:

"Damn it!" he admitted—"you're right!"

He transferred his stare to Petrie, and finally to me.

"Forget my somewhat harsh criticisms, Greville," he said. "Unlike Smith, I often say more than I mean. But this cancellation of my address to the Royal Society is going to set poisoned tongues wagging."

This was true enough. Not only had he been deprived of that hour of triumph in anticipation of which he had lived for many months past, but unpleasant whispers were going around the more scholarly clubs. Scotland Yard, working secretly, had put its vast machinery in motion in an endeavor to trace Fah Lo Suee.

They failed, as indeed we all knew they must fail. Servants of Dr. Fu Manchu pursued secret avenues of travel upon which the customs and the police apparently had no check. There was a theory held at Scotland Yard, and shared I believe by our old friend Weymouth, that the Chinese doctor worked in concert with what is known as the "underworld."

This theory Nayland Smith declined to entertain.

"His own organization is infinitely superior to anything established among the criminal classes," he declared. "He would not stoop to use such instruments."

HOWEVER, the chief's resiliency of character was not the least amazing of his attributes; and within forty-eight hours he was deep in a book dealing with the Masked Prophet, of which he intended to publish a limited edition, illustrated by selected photographs of Rima's.

In the meantime, he had relaxed no jot of his publicity campaign upon my wedding, to which an added piquancy was given by what happened at the Athenæum Club.

Following a heated argument there with Sir Wallace Syms, the chief challenged him to a duel within hearing of fully twelve members!

This resulted in a crop of spicy paragraphs, practically all of which included a reference to the forthcoming ceremony at St. Margaret's. My horror of this notoriety grew with almost every passing hour.

I had been pestered by interviewers and gossip writers for particulars of my family history, my interests in sport, and other purely personal matters, until I was reduced to a state of nerves as bad as anything I had known in the most evil times of the past.

A popular débutante two years before, Rima had spent one hectic season in London under the wing of Lady Ettrington, Sir Lionel's younger sister and a chip of the old block, whom I wholeheartedly detested.

Rima's decision to abandon society and to join her eccentric uncle in the capacity of photographer had brought down upon her head the wrath of Lady Ettrington. Her later decision to marry me instead of some society idler had resulted in my name being written in large letters in her ladyship's Black Book.

Amidst all the fuss and bother and the twittering of Rima's bridesmaids (only two of whom I had ever met before) I felt a good deal of an outsider. To me the whole thing was unspeakably idiotic—a waste of time and as utterly undignified an exhibition as only a spectacular wedding can offer.

The chief, however, was enjoying himself to the top of his bent, sparing no expense to make the entertainment a popular one. The number of people who had accepted invitations appalled me.

I knew many of them by name, but few of them personally; and in cold print it appeared that the bridegroom would be the least distinguished person present in the church.

In many respects those days were the worst I have ever lived through. . . .

But I moved under a cloud. Since the loss of the relics, I had felt, in some indefinable way, that of actual danger from Dr. Fu Manchu there was none. His last project had failed; but I was convinced that failure and success alike left him unmoved. Over and over again I discussed the matter with Nayland Smith and Petrie, and with Superintendent Weymouth, who had been stay-

(Continued on page 42)

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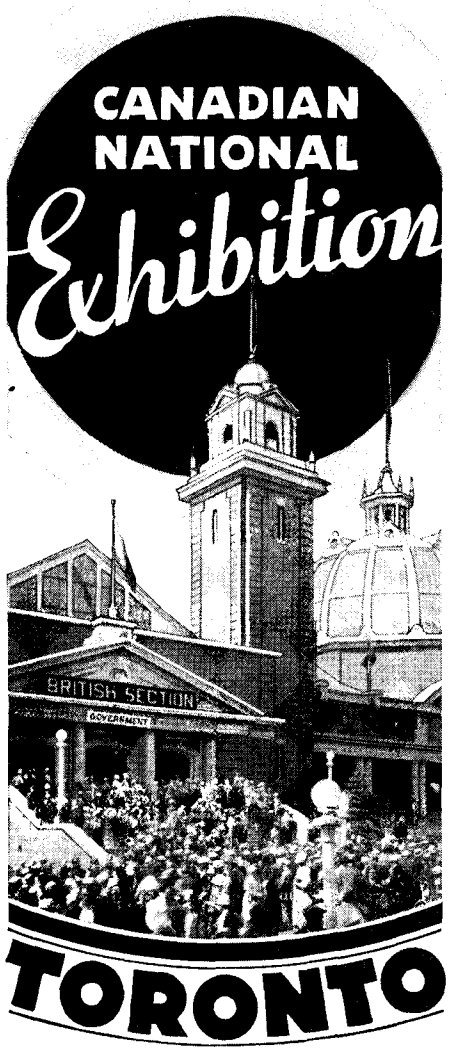

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(Continued from page 41)

ing somewhere in the Midlands but who was now back in London prior to returning to Cairo.

"In the old days," he said on one occasion, "Fu Manchu was operating under cover, and he stuck at nothing to get rid of those who picked up any clue to his plans. From what you tell me now, it appears that in this last job he had nothing to hide."

This, then, was not the shadow which haunted me: it was the memory of Fah Lo Suee. . . .

TO WHAT extent aided by those strange drugs of which her father alone possessed the secret, I was unable to decide, but definitely she had power to throw some sort of spell upon me, under which I became her helpless slave. Rima knew something, but not all, of the truth.

She knew that I had followed Fah Lo Suee from Shepheard's that night in Cairo, but of what happened later she knew nothing; nor of what had happened in Bruton Street.

But something there was which she knew and had known from the first: that Fah Lo Suee possessed a snake-like fascination to which I, perhaps any man, was liable to succumb. And she knew that this incalculable woman experienced a kind of feline passion for me.

Often, when we had been separated, I surprised a question in her eyes. Perhaps she knew that I dreaded meeting Fu Manchu's daughter as greatly as she dreaded it herself.

And all the time, while I looked on, feeling like a complete stranger, arrangements for the wedding proceeded.

I pointed out to Sir Lionel one day that since Rima and I would have to live upon my comparatively slender income, our married life would be something of an anticlimax to our wedding.

"You've got a good job!" he shouted. "Damn it! I pay you a thousand pounds a year!—and you must make something out of your ridiculous books!"

The discussion was not carried any further. I realized that it was one I should never have begun.

I had his sister, Lady Ettrington, to cope with also. She issued an ultimatum to the effect that she would not be present in the church unless it was arranged that I took up my residence elsewhere than under the same roof as her niece, Rima.

This led to a tremendous row between brother and sister. It took place in the room where the presents were assembled; a draw, in which both parties exhibited the celebrated Barton temperament in its most lurid form.

"You can go to the devil!" was Sir Lionel's final politeness. "As to being in the church, personally I don't remember having invited you." . . .

It had all blown over, however, which was the way with storms in this peculiar family. And one morning Betts, that privileged old idiot, wakened me, raised the curtains and announced:

"The happy day has arrived, sir." . . .

Not being a society reporter, the wedding at St. Margaret's must be taken for granted in this account. Suffice it to say, it duly took place.

My best man was first-rate, and Rima looked so lovely that I was almost reconciled to this dreadful occasion. The crowd inside the church was small in comparison with the crowd outside.

Sir Lionel sailed into the church through a solid avenue of humanity with that dainty bride on his arm, smiling cheerfully, right and left, as if to say, "What did I tell you? Isn't she a beauty?"

My own entrance took place in a sort of merciful haze, out of which, dimly, I heard reassuring words from my best man. The ceremony itself stunned me.

When we came out again into the sunshine (as the sentimental Betts had prayed, this was a glorious day) a battery of cameras awaited us.

We escaped finally in a Spiritanto roadster—one of Sir Lionel's presents to the bride—in which he had insisted we must drive away, although frankly I was in no fit condition for the job.

However, I managed it without mishap—to find a second camera battery awaiting us in Bruton Street. . . .

Inside the house, I found myself lost in a maze of unfamiliar faces. It was like a first night at a London theater. Even the servants were strangers, many of them, although Sir Lionel had reënforcements there from his other establishments.

One fleeting glimpse I had of Petrie's beautiful wife. She waved to me from a distant corner, and then disappeared before I could reach her. A queer situation: *I* was the cause, the center, of this gathering—and I didn't seem to know a soul!

The room containing the wedding presents looked promising. I saw Betts there, presiding over a sort of extemporized snack bar. I also saw a detective whom I had chanced to meet in London two years before. He winked at me solemnly—the first man I had recognized at my own wedding reception.

It was one of the queerest experiences of my life. And, owing to my association with Sir Lionel, my days had been far from humdrum.

Exactly what occurred in the interval preceding that strange intrusion which must form the end of this chronicle, I cannot definitely state. At one moment I was with Rima; in the next I had lost her. . . . I exchanged greetings with Nayland Smith—and then found myself talking to a perfect stranger. . . . Petrie expressed a wish to drink my health . . . and we were separated on our way to the buffet.

Over the heads of a group of perfect strangers I presently caught the eye of Betts. He signaled to me.

I extricated myself from the crowd and joined him.

"A somewhat belated visitor, sir, wishes to add his congratulations on this happy day. . . ."

"Who is he, Betts?"

Betts extended a salver, with a perfect gesture. Jostled on all sides, I took up a card, and read:

Dr. Fu Manchu

There was no address; just those three words.

I BECAME suddenly unaware of everything, and of everybody about me, except Betts and the card of Dr. Fu Manchu. I spoke—and my voice seemed to come from far away:

"Did you—*see* the visitor?"

"I showed him up to the Museum Room, sir, which, having been locked, is the only suitable room in the house today. He expressed a wish to see you *alone*, sir."

"Is *he* alone?"

"Yes, sir."

A band had started playing somewhere.

People spoke to me on my way: I don't know who they were. One idea, one idea only, was burning in my brain: this was a trap, a trap into which the doctor expected that all his enemies assembled in that house would fall!

A final question I threw at Betts:

"He's a tall man?"

"Very tall, sir, and distinguished; Chinese, I believe. . . ."

I battled my way to the staircase. Couples were seated upon it fully half-way up. I heard the chief's loud laugh and had a hazy impression that Nayland Smith formed one of the group in the lobby.

They were the two for whom this trap had been laid!

While disavowing any claims to heroism, I must state here that I mounted those stairs to the Museum Room fully expecting to meet destruction. I was determined to meet it alone. The plan should fail. With moderate luck, I might escape; but even if I crashed, the Chinese doctor would have been foiled.

Sounds of voices, laughter, music, followed me as I threw open the door guarded left and right by phantoms clothed in Saracen armor.

The Museum Room was empty!

For a moment I doubted the evidence of my senses. After all, was it credible that Fu Manchu should have presented himself at Sir Lionel's house? Was it possible that he could have crossed the lobby without being recognized by one of the many present who knew him?

I was aware, of course, that the room had three doors; but, even so, escape to the street without detection was next to impossible.

But definitely there was no one there!

Then, on the table, that memorable table which I had prepared for the private view of the relics, I saw that a small parcel lay.

Neatly wrapped and sealed, it lay before me; that package which I believed to contain—death.

THE motives which actuated me, I realize now, looking back, were obscure; but I opened the parcel and found it to consist of a small casket apparently of crystal, carved (as I supposed at the time) in a pattern of regular prisms which glittered brightly in the sunlight.

An ebony box was inside the casket. A sheet of thick, yellow notepaper, folded, lay on the lid of the box. I opened the box.

It was lined with velvet; and, resting upon the velvet, I saw a string of pink pearls coiled around a scarab ring.

My brain performed a somersault. Someone was calling my name, but I didn't heed the interruption. I was unfolding the sheet of thick, yellow notepaper. It was neither headed nor dated. In jet black, cramped writing it contained these words:

To Mr. Shan Greville:
Greeting.

You have suffered at my hands, because unwittingly you have sometimes obstructed me. I bear you no ill will. Indeed, I respect you—for you are an honorable man; and I wish you every happiness.

The pearls are for your bride. They are the only perfectly matched set of a hundred pink pearls in the world. The casket is also for her. She is beautiful, brave and virtuous, a combination of qualities so rare that the woman possessing them is a jewel above price. It is set with eighty flawless diamonds and was made to the order of Catherine of Russia—who was brave but neither beautiful nor virtuous.

The ebony box is for you. It will interest Sir Lionel Barton. It bears engraved upon it the seal of King Solomon and came from his temple. The ring, also, I request you to accept. It is the signet ring of Khûfu—supposed builder of the Great Pyramid.

Commend me to Sir Denis Nayland Smith, and to Dr. Petrie and to Kâraméneh, his wife, and convey my good wishes to Superintendent Weymouth.

I desire you every good fortune.

Greeting and farewell.

FU MANCHU.

THE END

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Fruit for Fare

Continued from page 31

find oranges, grapefruit, rhubarb and dried figs on the preferred list. Iron is to be had from such dried fruits as raisins, apricots, peaches, currants, dates, figs and prunes. Bulk and fluids reach us from almost all fruits, which, with the exception of cranberries, prunes and some types of plums, are also alkaline.

And now let's jot down a few recipes to be used when the lady of the house gets tired serving her fruits as heaven or the National Canners' Association provided them.

Fruitful Recipes

A salad that never fails to win applause is as follows:

GRAPEFRUIT AND AVOCADO SALAD

1 pkg. jelly powder, lemon flavor
1 cup boiling water
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. sugar
1 grapefruit
1 avocado
2 tbsps. finely chopped pimiento

Dissolve powder in water, adding lemon juice, salt and sugar. Stir until completely dissolved. Cut grapefruit in half and remove pulp with spoon, or divide into sections free from skin if you have the time. Measure juice and add cold water to make one cup, combining with gelatin mixture. Chill until it begins to get thick, then put in grapefruit, avocado peeled and cut in slices, and pimiento. (If you haven't this last, don't worry.) Pour into mold and chill till firm. Serve on lettuce or romaine, with French dressing or mayonnaise, seasoned well with pepper and moderately with salt. Serves 6.

It's just a step from fruit-gelatin mixtures that chill in the outer precincts of the refrigerator to those that go into the trays and come out as ices, mousses or creams.

PEACH MOUSSE

1 pkg. jelly powder, orange flavor
¾ cup boiling water
2 cups sliced fresh peaches
1 cup sugar
2 cups cream, whipped

Rub peaches through sieve, add sugar and let stand one hour. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, add peaches and chill till thick. Fold in stiffly beaten whipped cream, pour into trays and freeze without stirring 6 to 8 hours. Fresh raspberries or strawberries may be used instead of peaches. Makes one quart.

FRUIT SHERBET

¼ cup orange juice
½ cup lemon juice
2½ cups sugar
1 quart milk
1 cup fruit (crushed strawberries, crushed raspberries, apricot pulp, mashed peaches, mashed bananas or apple sauce)

Mix and freeze in freezer. If mixture curdles, it will freeze smooth again. This makes 2 quarts.

No summer program is complete without cold drinks. Here's a punch to try when you have a crowd in:

FRUIT PUNCH

⅞ cup sugar
¾ cup water
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup orange juice
1 cup grape juice
1½ cups tea (beverage)
1 pint ginger ale

Boil sugar and water for 5 minutes. Strain lemon and orange juice and combine with syrup, grape juice and tea. Chill for several hours in refrigerator. When time to serve, add ginger ale and pour over plenty of ice. Garnish with mint leaves, sliced strawberries or cherries. Serves 15.

Serve fruit cup to start the summer lunch or dinner—cubed pineapple, orange or grapefruit sprinkled with sugar and finely chopped mint, or mixed fruit made doubly refreshing with a small scoop of lemon ice. Don't forget the fruit salad, as a main dish or accompaniment. Bake bananas with any meat course. Sprinkle pork chops with lemon juice or combine them with lightly fried slices of pineapple. Try apple rings with breakfast bacon. Add rhubarb to roast duck or roast pork. In short, if you'd be a modern hostess, consider a fruitless meal a fruitless effort.

"I'm very happy to have you for a son-in-law, Reggie, and I've made a place for you in our Borneo branch"

Gilbert Bundy

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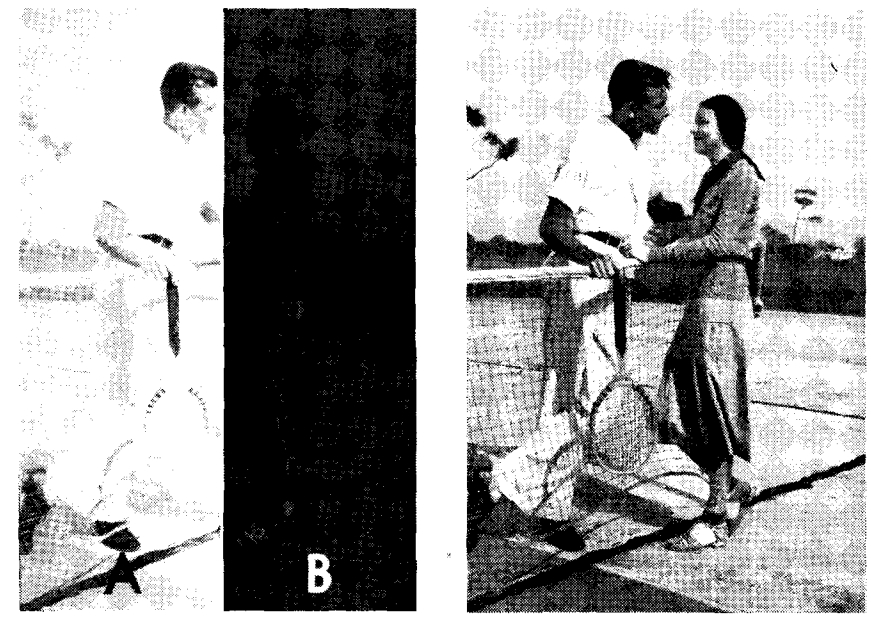

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Good-Night Lady

Continued from page 28

stamina of his partners caused a riot one night in Brooklyn. He had feet that would have stopped traffic anywhere. His girl would stand on them and be carried around the floor. In turn he would rest his chin on her shoulder and sneak over a snooze. But as the weeks wore on his girl developed an annoying trick of coming out of her dance coma and clawing his face. She didn't mean to do it; but she did it well—so well that word got around and customers piled in to see the act. Before a full house she clawed once too often. The gentleman exploded, landed a haymaker and brought on a free-for-all in which the customers heartily participated until the girl was dragged away unconscious and sent to the massage table.

Mother Machree Enters

Tempers pop as the time flies. Couples who, in the early stages, brightened proceedings by rapid tangos or double hulas, concentrate on sticking rather than starring. They smell the prize and settle down stubbornly to win it. This engenders impatience with the side-racket specialists. These are the boys who sell their backs for advertising signs of local merchants and the dancers who juggle and sing to entice showers of coins from the spectators. One lad with a tenor voice like a circus calliope makes hundreds of dollars by singing Mother Machree at different marathons eleven times in a night in a style that should make the composer revolve in his grave. The customers toss him money with outspoken injunctions to shut up. So every time he comes out last in the crap games in which the hardier boys indulge during rest periods, he bounds to the floor and gives poor old Mother Machree another drubbing. Ringsiders always respond.

They sit there, hour after hour, watching for the weary marathoners to break down. And the weary marathoners in turn always respond. Towards the end of the grind each night witnesses some individual or couple go completely out. Many of them go quite mad, although it's granted that they don't have to go very far.

The Softest Racket

Women marathoners seem to be able to hold their mental balance longer than the men. Certainly they are more expert dancers. During lulls in the music you'll see girls teaching their partners new steps, usually some unorthodox new twist they themselves have invented. That, of course, is early in the dance. Towards the end the steps degenerate to painful plodding. Yet in those vivacious hours when the dance is young a specter lurks behind the life of the party. That specter is the lure that fills the marathon halls by night. It's really brutality, the sight of others in mental and physical anguish that gives beholders a greedy delight. It's the eternal fascination of the kill. Spiced by sex it makes a show to the taste of the tasteless.

Of course there are exceptions. At a marathon dance that had checked in more than a million customers over a period of five weeks, I spotted O. O. McIntyre, whose taste cannot be impugned, no matter what may be said about his tailor. "Odd" sat there bright-eyed—he only wears glasses to pick out his shirts. He'd been sitting there for hours and on many different days.

"Why?" I asked him.

"I like it," he said.

Millions share Mr. McIntyre's curious pleasure in these moron clinics. At the present writing there are eleven marathons in full swing in eight different cities. Jack Curley, master of the sports stockyards where wrestlers eat, drink and make mayhem, is operating dance marathons on the chain-store plan. This shrewd showman plans a series of international marathons, finals of champion couples from all over the world, to be held in New York. He has rivals, because the racket has come at the right time when a fifty-cent top price for a show is practical and popular.

"It's the softest thing I've ever struck," says the calculating but candid Mr. Curley. "As a craze it beats midget golf hollow. The customer doesn't have to do any work. There, my boy, is the secret of success in the exhibition business. Never make your customer exert himself beyond paying at the gate and getting his seat. This is ideal for promoter, participants and public. The promoter makes money because his show is continuous day and night; the participants are paid even if they don't win prizes. They have cash thrown at them by the customers and they're well fed. And the public has every variety of entertainment."

A soft racket like this was not long overlooked by the authorities. In various cities health inspectors dug up the old laws enacted to stop six-day bike racing. These prohibit participation in any athletic event by any individual for more than twelve hours continuously. Curley and his pals kicked that law in its rubber teeth by teaming up bike riders. In dance marathons they get by with that fifteen-minute rest in each hour. Besides, every entrant signs a legal release, so that, whatever happens, the promoters are covered.

Through the haze and odor of one of these marathons at its mad stage, when the boys and girls had been grinding for a solid month, a wiry man in his mid-thirties who had danced throughout in overalls staggered into the dormitory.

He was a steam-fitter by trade until the marathon bug bit him.

"I'm in this racket—for fun and money," he said. "It's going to be my life work. I never win a prize but I get my keep and about thirty bucks a week for my whistling act."

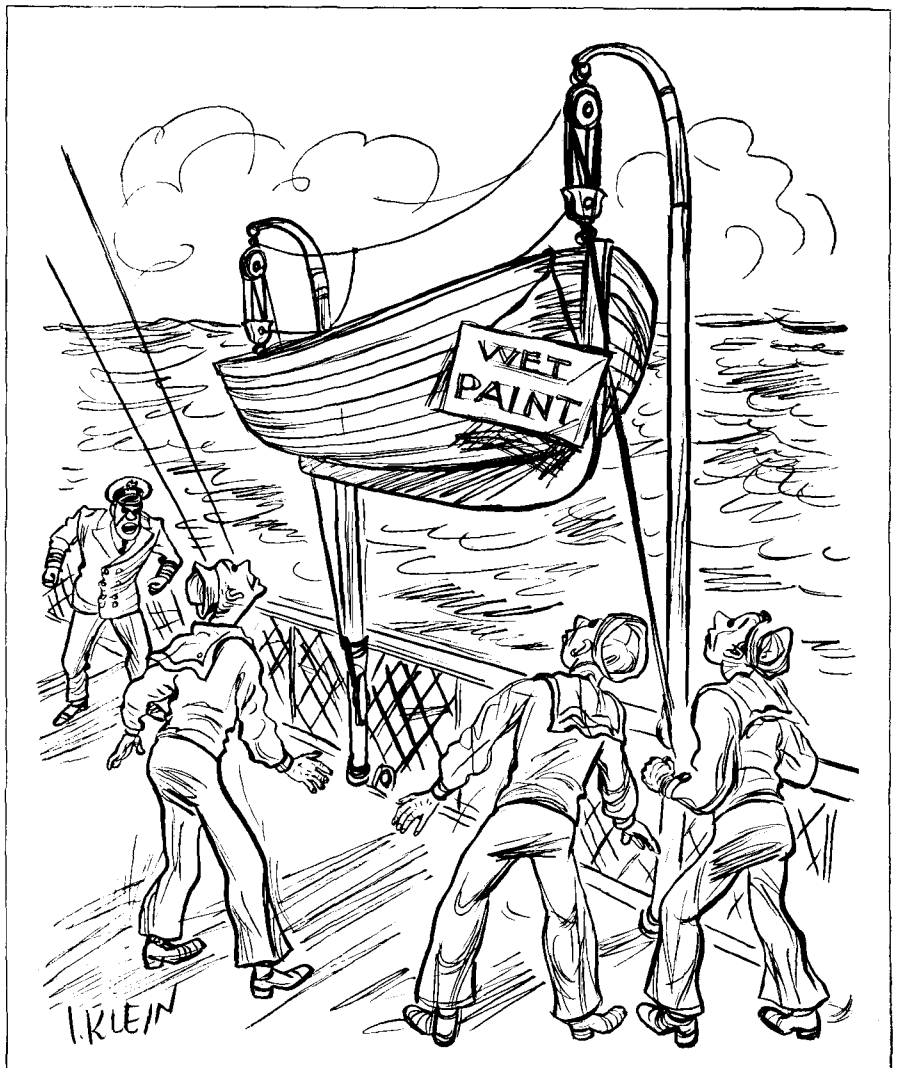
He began to whistle, piercingly—but a fellow artist socked him with a pillow and he fell over on his cot—asleep.

Twenty a Week

Outside was a pleasant-faced girl who would have been quite pretty if she hadn't been quite fat.

"What am I in this game for?" said she, with perhaps merited scorn in her tone at an obvious question. "What does a girl go into any racket for? Money, of course. I've got two babies to keep. My husband left me—to become a marathon dancer. He's playing in that one up in Boston. So I took up the racket. Oh, I only knock down about twenty dollars a week. You see, I ain't got no specialty like that gal over there. She can do the split."

Figuring hurriedly with a blunt pencil and a blunter arithmetic, this twenty bucks a week for eighteen hours a day works out at what? Too much for the pleasure given the public; too little for the pain given the patient.



"Man the lifeboat!" *I. Klein*

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Son of Balko

Continued from page 19

"Would I be stepping out of line if I asked why his father carried potatoes to Numbska?"

"Everybody in Numbska was down with the scurvy from lack of fresh vegetables. Potatoes are a sure cure. Balko was lead dog on the sledge that packed the potatoes over seven hundred miles of wilderness, through the silent valleys, over frozen trails, in ice, sleet and blizzards. This is his son."

"Well, from the way he hates potatoes he must be like all other sons these days. Ashamed of his old man's business. You had better get him out of that berth because we're pulling out for the great uncharted wilderness, better known as the Mott Haven Yards. And Balko, Junior, looks like he is fed up on the great outdoors. When you get him home you had better make him a bed in a bottom bureau drawer and don't whistle for him until he's an Egyptian mummy. That muzzler is a goner or I ain't got no ear for music."

I GOT the rest of the blankets off Balko's son and he let out a howl that rattled the windows. Then he howled again because the windows weren't tight. He sure objected to posing in the nude. Even then I couldn't get him out of the berth until I ran a hawser through his collar and yanked him until he was silly. Then I picked him up and carried him down the aisle and off the train. It was fortunate that I had him roped, for when I sat him down on the cold concrete platform he tried to scramble back into the Pullman. But with me yanking on the rope his feet couldn't get any traction. I pulled him backward all the way through the gates. He never stopped howling until he spotted a poster ballyhooing one of those sixty-day trips to the Caribbean and Panama. Then he sat up and begged.

It was tough work getting Sonny away from that poster. I yanked the rope but Sonny had his gears in reverse. He must have thought he was anchor man on a tug-of-war team. The man in the information booth leaned over and asked, "Thinking of going away?"

"Yep," I told him, "if this rope doesn't break, the dog and I are both going away."

"What kind of dog is it?" he wanted to know.

"It's an Eskimo Malemute. He's a son of Balko, the dog that carried the potatoes to Numbska."

"Numbska?" the information man queried. "That's on the Yukon, ain't it?"

"Don't you know?"

"Well, I ain't sure."

"In that case," I told him, "you come out here and hold the dog and I'll climb in there and answer questions."

By this time he was busy looking up folders and time-tables. Finally he got out a pencil and pad and started figuring. He said, "I can route you through Winnipeg, Regina and Medicine Hat, but you'll have to take your chances on an upper from there to Vancouver. From there we can arrange a nice cabin on the steamer—"

"What are you bugging about?" I asked. He was the kind of a guy who uses his ear as a golf bag for pencils. He came down with a red one this time.

"Didn't you ask me about a trip to Numbska for you and the dog?" he wanted to know.

Well, Sonny heard him say Numbska or he would have been admiring that Caribbean poster yet. He let out a series of sub-zero yelps and started away from there. This time we changed the order of march and Sonny dragged me. We went out of Grand Central Station in two shakes of an old-fashioned school-teacher's finger. Sonny went through the revolving doors faster than a tax bill through Congress. He gave one sniff at the air and then started back through the doors. It was still chilly out.

I picked him up and got him into a taxi. We cuddled all the way home. I had a tough time getting him out of the cab, for by this time he had decided that home was any place where the doors and windows were closed. Then he saw our house but started for the garage because it was nearer. That made me drag him sideways and just as we made the porch Louise opened the door and sounded the Bronx view halloo. In other words, the razzberry.

"So that's Son of Balko, is it?" she interroquizzed. "He must have traded his outdoor complex for a defense mechanism—"

But she couldn't say any more because Sonny Boy was past her and through the door. I'll bet that dog would have liked nothing better than to play here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush in a forest fire. We located Sonny Boy in the kitchen wrapped around the stove. I'll bet he wished he was a bloodhound so he could have tied his ears under his chin. Louise gave me a look that was preamble, Constitution and amendments all in one.

Sonny stayed under the stove all day, coming out only once to shuffle slowly to the window and howl the bitter crescendo of lost ectoplasm looking for a spiritualistic séance. I looked out of the window and got the idea right away. An ice wagon was going by.

Then he got back under the stove again with his paws sticking out very parallel like the safety gates at a railroad crossing. Fortunately, our cook is slightly Scotch, both by descent and absorption. She managed to cook dinner while doing a Highland fling over and around the paws. During the eccentric dancing she spilled enough hot fat on Sonny Boy's chassis to coat it for a channel swim. He licked it off and whined beggingly for an encore. He was very grateful.

SHE only made one mistake. She went to the icebox to get the poor dog a bone and Sonny grabbed her by the Achilles tendon. Fortunately, she is a good girl and wears long underwear. All Sonny got was wool in his teeth. Achilles should have worn spats.

Perdook strolled in casually after dinner and took a very doggy look at Sonny. If there is contempt in the canine glossary of inarticulate sounds, Perdook spoke it fluently. Then Perdy left. His exit was much strollier than his entrance.

The question of where Sonny was going to sleep that night was settled by Sonny himself, who went to sleep exactly where he was, with a dexterity born of long practice.

In the morning we discovered him on top of the stove. It was a gas range. One of those modern ones with a pilot light burning under one lid all the time. Sonny used that special lid for a pillow. To him the stove was a beautiful davenport by day and a comfortable bed by night. He wouldn't budge until the cook started to fry potatoes. Then off he came for a perfect one-point landing on his jowls.

The more I saw of Sonny the more I liked all the other hounds. If he was

(Continued on page 46)

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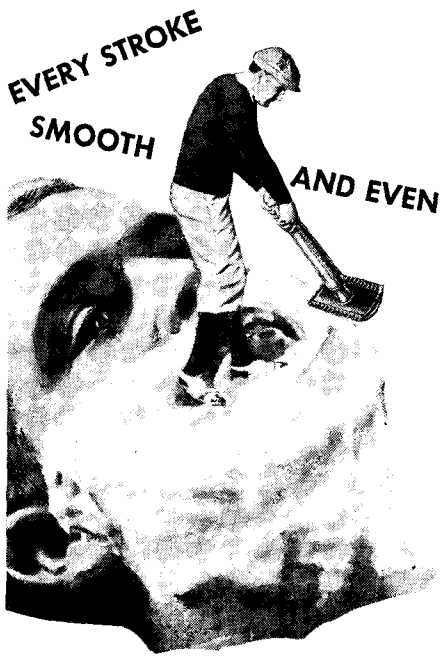

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(Continued from page 45)

a man's dog the man must have been a Central American. He pined away, wouldn't eat anything he couldn't swallow, his eyes got as dull as Einstein's last theory and his skin was looser than wet wall paper.

The queerest thing about Sonny was that his nose seemed to bother him most. He would muzzle it against anything warm for hours, poke it under rugs and bat at it with his paws. I called in a veterinary because I was afraid that Sonny would finally punch himself on the beezer and knock himself out. The vet looked him over, felt his nose and reported: "Nothing wrong with him at all. He's got a cold nose and that's the sign of a healthy dog."

WELL, it wasn't the sign of a healthy Sonny, who hated everything connected with cold and was forced to go through a dog's life with a frigid pad of cartilage right on the end of his face where he could see it with both eyes.

That's when I got another bright idea. If I could make Sonny sick, his nose would get warm and he would be cured. It's what doctors call a counter-irritant. I went to the medicine cabinet and mixed up a lot of things the wife makes me take when my heels are run-over and the buttons come off my vest. Sweet spirits of niter, paregoric, breath sweetener, some shaving lilac and a slight dash of bicarb. I shook it up in a soapy shaving mug and tried an eye dropper full of it. It wasn't bad, as the soap made a nice foam to cap it off.

As I didn't have any grated nutmeg I dusted it lightly with a guaranteed brand of foot-ease. It looked great. Just then the wife rushed in to save the bottles I hadn't dropped yet.

"Are you sick?" she asked.

"No, dearie," I short-waved back, "this isn't for me. It's for Son of Balko."

"Is he sick?"

"No, but he's going to be."

"What do you mean, he's going to be?"

So I explained everything in great detail like a mail-order catalogue after which Louise slapped the shaving mug out of my hand and it didn't warm anything but a nice, expensive bath mat I had picked up in an exclusive hotel.

Sonny wasn't much good as a house dog but he was a corking barometer. If you could just see his face and paws under the stove it meant the weather was going to be crisp and exhilarating. Only the paws indicated a slight overnight frost. And it was clear and colder if you didn't see him at all. That's when he was in the oven.

And to put an old gray bonnet on the climax our house was robbed. Not the whole house. Just the kitchen. Somebody broke in with a marvelous appetite and cleaned out the larder. Do you think that Sonny cracked the welkin with his warning growls? Nope, not Sonny Boy. He just let 'em go ahead and grab everything they wanted. That was none of his business. He was no police dog. He wasn't even a stool pigeon.

That just about finished Sonny's career with me, the undersigned. I decided to put him on the spot for invading Perdook's territory. All I had for the job was an air rifle that shot those little BB pills. I went to town and bought twenty pounds of the lead beads. I knew Sonny would take a lot of shooting but I decided to fill him so full of lead I would have to bury him at sea.

But when Louise saw me dragging him out into the yard one morning she put on the big reprieve-from-the-governor act. She wouldn't let me massacre Sonny. Do you know she had fallen in love with the poor old shivering emigrant from the far north? She cried, Sonny cried and I cried until my corns started to ache. I think even Perdook relented a little. And that's how Sonny was taken off the lead standard.

Louise cuddled Sonny and started to knit him a sweater from a pattern she must have got from Omar the Tent Maker. It was the biggest sweater I ever saw. Perdook and I became great pals. We took long walks together. On one of these ankle excursions I figured a way to get rid of Sonny. Take him for a walk and lose him. But how are you going to lose a dog who refuses to leave the premises?

He lost weight every day. Perdook and I were getting thick while Sonny was growing thin. He still parked under the stove trying to hang on until warm weather arrived and gave him a new lease on life with an option. There wasn't a chance of him making it until one day—

Ziggy called up.

He said the spectacular Olympic winter sports scene was in again and wanted to know if he could borrow Son of Balko for the run of the show. I was as generous about it as the farmer who gave all his corn husks to the poor. I donated Balko, Junior, to Ziggy, to have and to hold in fee simple, even unto the third generation. I knew that Sonny wouldn't last through the opening chorus. But he fooled me. The weather put on the switch. That was the year summer arrived before spring.

It was a terrifically hot day when I packed Sonny over to the Follies. I had him wrapped in absorbent cotton. But when he sniffed the air he perked up and wagged cotton into people's faces. I left the dog in the property-room which is next to the boilers and Sonny romped all over the props as happy as a lizard on a hot rock. Ziggy was delighted when he looked him over and staked me to two tickets for opening night. They were being sold by the specs at fifty dollars a copy.

EVER see an opening night at the Follies? The ladies arrived in streamlined ermines, bruised mink and double chinchilla. The perspiration ran down their faces and their make-ups were carried away in the flood. It was a distinguished gathering of first-nighters but the theater was so hot the boys in the front row were fanning themselves with their toupees.

Every breath you took in that theater was like a cooling draught of air from a vacuum cleaner. Patrons were flopping all over the arena and there wasn't much applause for the really magnificent series of curtains, drapes, trailers and cycloramas. The sketches were great too, for a change. But there wasn't any response. The audience was frying in its seats. It didn't even laugh when their favorite comedian stepped out and sang the best gag lyric he ever had, "She used to go with the landlord but now she goes with the lease."

And then came the Olympic sports tableau. I never saw such sybaritical lavishness even if I can't spell it. Ziggy had spent a million on this one scene alone. Beautiful girls in white furs seated on Arctic sledges drawn by seventeen dogs with Sonny Boy in the lead. Girls on glittering mountains of celluloid and silver dust. Girls on cakes of glass ice. Twenty-four Canadian Northwest Mounted Police in winter overcoats and parkas. Girls on skis and snowshoes. Genuine Eskimos spearing stuffed walruses. And over all the aurora borealis winking and blinking as an imported Norwegian tenor made a sixty-foot ski jump, meanwhile playing sweet music on a Spitzbergen ukulele and singing, "When it's apple-blossom time in Norway I'll be going the other way."

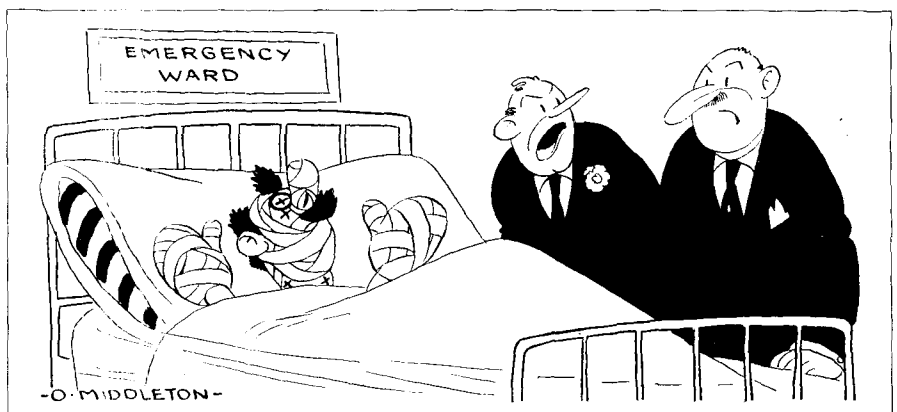
And every actor in the frost-bitten tableau dying of the heat except Sonny Boy. He stood erect and triumphant while all around him performers were drooping with the heat. He was happy at last and couldn't have been more contented if he had been fanned by a combined Mediterranean sirocco and a breeze from a blast furnace at the fusing point. He was the sensation of the evening and the audience perked up in its seats to watch this magnificent specimen of doghood from the frozen north. Just as I bogged down unconscious with the first sunstroke I ever got indoors there was a tremendous burst of applause and I knew no more.

NEXT day the critics raved about nothing but Sonny Boy. Even Haywire Broom, famous and hard-boiled drama reviewer of the Morning Reproach, let down his hair for once and predicted Sonny's performance meant the revival of the speaking stage. Here is Broom's final analysis of Sonny Boy's work. Unless claimed within thirty days the italics are mine:

"And in conclusion I wish to go on record as saying a dog stole the show. An Eskimo husky from the far north, son of the illustrious Balko (*he's right so far*) appeared on the stage in the winter-sports tableau and upheld the traditions of the frozen northlands while around him all the artists were sagging with the heat. (*Sonny Boy was in his element.*)

"The greater son of the great Balko proved that heredity will display itself under all conditions. He seemed to be inspired by the music (*the orchestra was playing Hearts in Dixie*) as he strained and tugged on the leash while the other dogs lolled in their tracks with their tongues hanging out. (*Sonny was trying to get to the boiler-room where it was warmer. And the only reason he kept his tongue in was he didn't want another vet looking at it.*) We congratulate Ziggy on securing Son of Balko and predict that he will soon be signed up to a long-term contract in Hollywood."

(*That's all right with Sonny Boy. If he can't get Florida he'll take California.*)



"He said he gets a kick outa trumping his wife's tricks"
O. Middleton

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Found Out

Continued from page 17

stared again at the safe, expressionless cheeks covering a quick surprise that rose from the saloonman's grin. Then, still impassive, he strolled into the crowd. Gary Danster's voice sailed through the confusion, impatiently cynical: "Gentlemen, here's to a short relief in a dismal world! Tomorrow we'll be sober and sorry! How!"

Logan aimed for him, but Danster drank off his whisky at a gulp and strode out. "Never still, never steady," thought Logan irritably, and signaled throughout the place for the Anvil men to collect. When he had them on the porch he mounted and led them down the street, through the crush of buggies by the hall; Danster and Loretta were already bound for home in their rig and the man's rebel yell split the night as the outfit went by. Silent to it, Logan was equally taciturn all the way to the ranch gate.

BUT after putting up his horse he turned to the nearest corral and sat on the top bar; and over the tip of his cigarette he stared unseeing at the roundabout shadows. "These things leak out—they always do. Pay-off money is gold and silver. Punchers wouldn't take paper. Twenty-two thousand in hard metal is a big pile. No, it ain't in Rabb's safe. That's what Rabb's grin meant." The rest of it was clear. Afraid of a hold-up en route, the four big outfits let it be known that the money had arrived; meanwhile another stage, free from observation, would come along with the actual currency. "But," grumbled Logan, "Flack wasn't born yesterday. He's got friends to tell him the real business—that barkeep among others."

Still in silent debate, he saw the buggy drive out of the night and wheel before the porch. There was a patch of light coming through the main house doorway; Loretta stepped into it, turning and smiling sleepily at Danster, and her quiet "Good night" made melody across the dark. Danster swung the rig into a shed, humming a ribald song that seemed to release the cloudy anger in Logan's mind. "When you're through with that tomcat yowlin'," he called, "come over here."

Danster's ironic chuckle wavered up. "And you're squanderin' the night so frivolous?" He advanced in rapid strides, heaved himself beside Logan, who slowly crushed a cigarette between the blunt tips of his fingers. "Match?" commanded the smaller partner.

Logan offered it, all at once thinking that this reckless, irresponsible man never had learned to give. And searching now for words that might stiffen the other's spine, he was conscious of a dismal foreboding. During the years he had poured a great deal of himself into Gary Danster, a great deal of hope and courage and ambition; yet the loose sands of Danster's character had absorbed it, dissipated it.

"You've got the collywobbles again," he said slowly. "These spells come on you plain as smallpox. You're ready to bust for greener grass."

Danster made an odd noise with his tongue. "Listen, Jim. A wild horse never pulls a load, never knows a saddle gall. Nature's got it right. Somebody's a fool. Who in heck divided up this world and left fellows like me to sweat out a livin'?"

Logan folded his big fists and stared at them. "I've heard the song before. Look here. We used to be fiddle-footed. But we've settled down. We're doin' nice. What's over the hill that ain't here? Where's those boys that drifted for better pasture? Still driftin'. Gettin' to be old men busted down."

"Stuck it out, ain't I?" challenged Danster, half sullen.

"For a reason," said Logan, and looked up to the bright second-story window of Loretta's room.

"Yeah."

"Good reason, ain't it?" pressed Logan.

"Yeah."

"Damn you," exploded Logan, "it had better be!"

The astonished Danster said, "What in thunder ails you now?"

"Nothing," growled Logan and slipped to the ground. "I heard of Anvil strays over by the stage road. Light out in the mornin' and see."

"Sunday?" protested Danster.

"Early in the mornin'," repeated Logan and entered the bunkhouse. The usual Saturday poker session was in full blast. Danster let out a yip. "Brethren, move over for a good man!" And long after, Logan was roused from his sleep by his partner's high shout of laughter. . . .

After breakfast, Logan saddled up and rode to the house porch where Colonel Rawlins and his daughter were idling. "Takin' a drift toward the Rim," said the foreman casually.

Rawlins winked at Loretta. "Whose ranch is this? A fellow wouldn't know."

"None of my business," pursued Logan, "but you're sure the money is safe, where it is?"

The colonel leaned forward and studied his foreman closely. "Anything to tell me, Jim?"

"Nothing."

Rawlins rose and walked into the house. "It's all right," said he, over his shoulder. "I'll take care of that."

"Sure," said Logan and pressed his lips together. Loretta smiled up from the depths of a rocking chair.

"Something's biting you, Jim."

"Foremen die young."

"YOU'RE a poor liar, mister." Then she rose and came to the steps, looking across to him. "If this is none of my business, land on me. What were you thinking about last night when you told Gary that you found yourself asking a lot of favors from him as regarded me?"

"Simple and clear, ain't it?"

"Certainly," said Loretta, equally blunt. "But if you dislike dealing second-hand for favors, you know the remedy, don't you?"

"Wouldn't it be fine to pass an evenin' entire with me? You'd die of old age and neglect. I told you I never knew how to mix business and pleasure."

She dismissed the affair with a lift of her shoulders. "I'll saddle up and ride with you. Objections?"

"Yes," said Logan and wheeled away. Across the yard he turned, meaning to soften the roughness of the refusal. But this strange girl stood tranquilly on the porch and laughed at him; cool mockery followed Logan clear out of the Anvil environs. "Jim, you're a fraud and a tyrant."

A meadow ran into a long flat of sage and scar rock; beyond that the tortuous foot slopes of Harney Rim went upward, half barren and half in pine. Rose light flooded over the high parapets, strengthening to a rawer red as he left the level stretch and entered the trees. Slowly climbing and keeping well

(Continued on page 48)

The same man, but different glasses. Above, new style FUL-VUE, *with high-up streamline side bows. At right, old style, low side bows hide the eyes and obstruct vision.*

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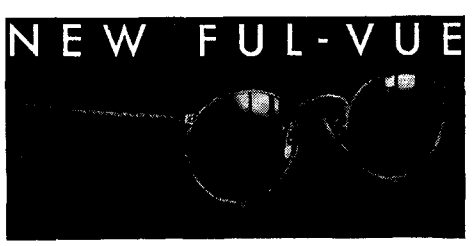

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(*Continued from page 47*)

out of view, he passed to the Rim's table top, veered for the still higher spine of Thunder Horse. When he reached it, all the world lay below him—and southward stood the green willows in which the hidden cabin was. Crouched behind a boulder, he threshed away at the puzzle, sad and a little grim. "All things end. What kink in a man could make him rob off the father of a girl that loved him? By God, I don't understand it! If that's his real inside slant, I have been blind a long while."

Patient in all things, he was patient in this; and it was well beyond noon before Harney's surface was broken by a rider cantering up from an eastern ravine toward the willows. Not long after a second figure breasted the horizon on the north and fell directly from sight. Later, one man departed in the general direction of Spanish Flat. Such as it was, this show of activity was enough and Logan turned for the ranch. He knew Flack's methods. The outlaw would cling to the willows until his henchmen had arranged the play; then and then only would he move out. "He'll have three or four," mused Logan. "That's all he can muster around here now. Well, I fought him once—and now I've got it to do again."

HE PULLED up, instantly alert; on a ridge above him a rider came to view and spurred recklessly down. Logan's squinting attention relaxed and he sat with his hands folded until the newcomer—Sturdevant, Y-Cross owner—came to a precipitate halt in front of him.

"You'll save me a ride on. Tell the colonel I'll be at Halfway store early in the morning with eight men."

"Done," drawled Logan.

"And no rain in sight," complained Sturdevant, departing as abruptly as he had come. More and more preoccupied, Logan walked his pony through the pines. Sturdevant had money in the pay-off shipment. No other ranch business would bring him across the Rim with half a crew. So, then, the four outfits expected to pick up the shipment at the isolated Halfway store, which was twenty miles short of Spanish Flat. Yet there was a catch here. No stage went through Halfway between Saturday night and Monday night. Pondering this, Logan leaned back in the saddle and expelled a slow breath. That young fortune was right now cached at the store, waiting delivery.

"And Flack knows—make no mistake," said he quietly. "Been a bobble somewhere in leavin' it lie there two nights and a day."

It was around three of the afternoon when he reached home, to unsaddle and eat a cold bite in the kitchen. Droning silence hung over Anvil quarters. A hand drowsed in the shade of the water-trough locust tree and watched Logan arrive without remark; but as the Anvil foreman came out of the kitchen, this hand stirred himself sufficiently to say: "Gary come back. No strays. He went on to Spanish Flat for a drink."

Logan turned to the corral, saddled a fresh horse and slipped quietly from the yard. Beyond view of the ranch he curled into the immediate ridge on the west and straightened out for Halfway, sixteen miles distant. "Flack," he muttered, "will be there sometime after dark. It is the way he works."

As for himself, his part was written. Alone, without help to back him up, he inevitably played ducks and drakes with that twenty-two thousand dollars. If he fell, the money was gone. Yet, the pattern of the years could not be changed overnight; his chore now, as before, was to catch up Danster from another folly. And though he tried to reason away Danster's probable participation in the affair, the shadowed foreboding was too strong, too irretrievably certain. Wind wailing in the distance meant storm would come.

So, traveling slowly along the beaten trail, Logan repeated an old part with at least a final conviction of its futility. The faith was out of him and it seemed he was only carrying on the struggle through stubbornness. That was it—he hated to lose a fight. But even as he decided it to be so, a fairer answer thrust aside this self-deception and he realized that he could no longer keep the truth from himself.

"Not for Gary. Things end and if it was only for him I'd be through now. But Loretta loves the fool and it makes no difference to a woman what a man is, if she's gone on him. He's hurt enough people—he can't hurt her!"

High on a ridge he halted, the peaked top of the solitary Halfway store thrusting up from a little clearing in the pines below. Then he rode on. Full night fell. Leaving his horse, Logan crossed to the store.

He knew the money was there by the sudden relaxing of care on Max Bryan's face when he entered and confronted the storekeeper. Bryan, rugged and around fifty, let out a sigh of open relief. "Evenin', Jim. Glad to see you." Then, as if he had said too much, he added: "Run outa tobacco?"

"Max," said Logan, "you and I are old friends and there's nothing between us. Whatever happens in the next hour, you do as I tell you. Say nothing. Understand? Say nothing."

Bryan's eyes quickened with interest. "No, I don't understand."

"Flack will be here pretty soon."

"Damnation!" exclaimed Bryan. "You got the Anvil boys hidden out?"

Logan shook his head. "It is my play, for my own reasons. I'll be standing where you are. You get your shotgun and go to the side of the building. Hide, but don't fire unless the game goes all wrong."

A thin thread of sound came into the room and increased until it became the echo of slow-pacing horses. Bryan, tight-cheeked, motioned silently to a corner of the room—which made no sense to Logan—and retreated through an inner doorway. Standing there, both hands hanging below the counter level, Logan heard the storekeeper run across a floor. The advancing cavalcade swept up to the porch and a calm voice said, "Stick here, Lou, while the rest of us go in for a minute."

LOGAN pulled the counter lamp in front of him, reluctantly admiring the owner of that voice, who was Henry Flack. The man was sure, unhurried; a cold and ruthless brute without knowledge of fear, and so confident of the surprise attack that he marched into the store's room with his gun still holstered. A white neckpiece crossed his face above the high bridge of his nose; steel-blue eyes, bothered by the light, stared at Logan for an instant without recognition. Two men followed close behind and spread instantly to either side of him. Unmoving, all the black suspicion turned to certainty, Logan recognized Gary Danster's slim and restless body on Flack's left hand. The half-mask was no concealment for that glinting, gray-green glance of his mercurial partner.

It was Danster's vision that first adjusted itself to the glare of the lamp. He whirled on Flack, but the gunman's voice boomed with sudden recognition and hostility:

"Logan—what you doin' here?"

"Waitin' for you, Henry," said Logan, tonelessly.

"Where's the cash? Where's Bryan?"

"No difference," muttered Logan. "You'll get none of that pay-off."

Flack flung out a flat order to the men on either hand. "I'm going to draw on this bloodhound! Watch him!"

Danster yelled a raging "No—no!" But Henry Flack's arm fell in a piston plunge and his big torso swayed. Logan's fisted gun snapped above the counter level; steady in his tracks, he fired on the swelling chest before him. All the close air of the room ignited, exploded and the lamp flame danced wildly. A giant ram seemed to crash against the walls of the house—to crash and recoil and crash again. Danster threw himself around, crying a strangled caution, risen weapon commanding the posted outlaw beyond Flack who broke out of a rigid aloofness and started to draw.

DANSTER yelled again, "Put it down, Pete!" And after that the brittle building shuddered on its foundations from the impact of his single shot. The outlaw spun about, shouting, "Get him, Flack!" and gripped the wall vainly as he slid to the floor. Henry Flack's body, locked throughout the long interval, broke at all joints and he went down, voiceless and dead.

Into the weltering riot came Bryan's strangely cool call from the yard: "I've got this mug out here pinned in his socks."

Danster ripped off his mask, the easy face scored by terrific shock. "Jim, what'd you come for? I couldn't see you knocked over! Why'd you come!"

Logan slowly placed his revolver on the counter and leaned against it, full of enervating discouragement. He had banked on this outcome, yet the victory was tasteless, depressing. "Sure," said he slowly, "I knew you'd never make a play against me. Weak as you are, you ain't that bad."

"On purpose—on your cold nerve?" cried Danster. "You did it—"

Logan ripped Danster with bitter words. "I'm rubbin' this rotten mess in your face! How does it feel to be thirty seconds from havin' my blood spilled all over you? How does it feel, you pup! Still want to be a crook?" Then, that lone burst of outrage spent, he walked around the counter and out of the room. He dropped from the porch, behind Flack's waiting henchman, ripped the man's gun free of its holster and flung it far through the dark. "You—get on your nag and swarm out of here! Hit this country again and I'll find you."

"Now hold on," interposed Bryan.

But Logan stepped in front of the storekeeper's shotgun.

"You never saw that man, Bryan," he said, and stared at Danster, who stood now framed in the doorway. "Make a note of it. Danster came here with me. He helped me knock over Flack. You hear?"

"So," said Bryan and slowly nodded. "It's a lie—and I'm not sure you're makin' things better. But all right, Jim."

"Danster," went on Logan, "you're goin' back to the ranch with me. And as long as you live and I live you're goin' to be a good dog."

Suddenly Danster dropped from the porch and stepped forward. "Jim," said he, brokenly, "I've grown up!"

"Sure," muttered Logan. "So have I. But you'll never share another blanket with me, my boy—"

Out of the shadows was the sound of another rider drumming in. Logan swung around, sharply warning both the others. "Danster helped me clear this up. That's the story." And hard on the heels of it, the rider burst through the cloaked night and dismounted in the dim fan of illumination. Loretta's quick glance swept the three, paused on Logan; and she came on until one hand rested against his shoulder,

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saying nothing yet watching him so closely and so soberly that he felt the silence to be oppressive. Full of irritation, he moved back. "There was a little trouble here, Loretta. Gary and Bryan and myself got it ironed out."

Loretta swung on Danster. "Good-by, Gary."

"What's that?" said Logan.

"So long, Gary," repeated the girl.

Danster's colorless, haggard eyes whipped across them all and halted a moment, thoughtfully, on Logan. Wheeling, then, he climbed to his saddle and spurred away.

Loretta turned on Logan and her small fists struck his chest, hammering in the force of her angry words.

"You darned fool! Don't you suppose I have a mind! When I missed you this afternoon I knew. Oh, you idiot, would you have me marry a man like that, you knowing what he is and trying to keep the knowledge from me?"

"If you loved him," said Logan, "it would make no difference."

"No, it probably wouldn't. Women are fools that way. But I don't love him—never did. And I'm tired of throwing myself at you. Jim—you lunk, open your eyes and look at me once. Am I a Chinese woman to be given away? Look!"

Logan straightened his shoulders, the whole burden of weariness sliding from them, astonished by the dazzling sight of a woman smiling out of possessive eyes. "Who?" he grumbled. "Me? A plow horse like me?"

"Women, I said, were fools that way." Then Loretta laughed, the last melodious note of it smothered against him. Bryan said:

"Nothing so pretty of a night as the stars shinin' full and clear."

A Lovely Place to Park

Continued from page 24

"I knew it wasn't fair to ask you to give it up," said Marjorie. "And then that night I got to thinking and it came to me, like that, and I decided, Tom."

Poor kid, she was making pretty heavy going of it and he'd help her if he knew how.

"Sure," Tom said. "The thing to do."

"And so next day I met," Marjorie went on, "George. Mr. Crockett."

"Good lad, too, I'll bet," Tom helped her.

"And he agreed with me right off," said Marjorie.

"Can't blame the chap for that," Tom said.

"WHAT happened isn't George's fault," she told him. "So, that first day, we drove west and all around almost all day. I wanted to tell you that night, but we hadn't really decided and George thought I ought to wait till I was sure."

"Sure," Tom said. "Save it up for a surprise."

"And then," Marjorie continued, "the next day we drove east and he explained how it would be and then we went up Harrow Hill and, Tom, it looked so beautiful from Harrow Hill—"

"Things do look swell from Harrow Hill," Tom said and kept on grinning.

"And so," said Marjorie, "we settled it. And then the next day I met Mr. Charters."

Charters? Who was he?

"Who is he?" asked Tom.

"Why, he's the other one," said Marjorie.

"The other one? Good Lord."

"The architect," she said. "And so, of course, I spent the day with him," she said. "And so the next day—was that Wednesday?"

"God knows," Tom answered. "Wonder could I have a little drink. A big one."

"Wednesday," Marjorie replied, "it must have been. The day I couldn't go because of Henry. Henry came. Of course I spent the day with him."

Was this a nightmare? Was he going nuts?

"Drink. Better have a drink maybe," Tom muttered.

"Have them get you one in just a minute, Tom," she said. "So yesterday I had this date with him again and that was why I had to rush away."

"I'm just a little mixed up, if it matters," Tom grinned. "Date with which one? Henry?"

"Silly!" Marjorie said. "With Mr. Charters. So we went up Harrow Hill and stopped to look it over and of course he made this violent love to me."

"Of course," Tom answered. "Naturally. Is this pretty near the end?"

"He's married, too, Tom," Marjorie reported. "It was awful. So I socked him and I thought you might know someone else."

"Good gad!" Tom said.

"And then," said Marjorie, "I got to thinking that I'd spent a hundred thousand dollars on the land already and I thought before I got another architect I'd better talk it over with you, because what if I got it all made and you wouldn't take it up instead? You're awfully stubborn, Tom."

"Ugh!" Tom said. It didn't make sense but it didn't matter. He could go on standing this for hours if his collar wasn't choking him.

"Take what up where?" Tom asked. "Instead of what?"

"Why, golf," said Marjorie, "instead of polo."

"Look here!" Tom yelled. "You little nut! What are you driving at?"

"Why, the golf links for you, silly," Marjorie said. "You haven't listened to a word that I've been saying! You see, I thought that if you had some real nice golf links, Tom, you'd give up polo. It seemed such a swell idea because you can't fall off a golf links, Tom, and so—"

"Good grief!" Tom said.

"And so I bought the land from George right at the foot of Harrow Hill and so I met this nasty Mr. Architect and so I thought if that's the way golf made them act I'd almost nearly rather have you safely on a horse and out where I could watch you, anyway. And so—oh, Tom, I've just remembered that you had to have a drink."

"I guess not," Tom said. "Just a passing fancy. Tell you what, though. Could you give a guy a kiss?"

AND when that was over, finally, Tom said:

"You bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth of land! For me! And now, for Pete's sake, what are we going to do with it?"

"Oh, well," said Marjorie, "it's always nice to have."

Then suddenly a thought struck Tom which turned him cold.

"But Henry!" Tom yelled. "Who is Henry?"

"Oh," said Marjorie. "But, Tom! You haven't seen him yet! Aunt Marian won't let me keep him in the house until he gets a little more adjusted. Tom! I know! We'll put some sheep on it! For Henry!"

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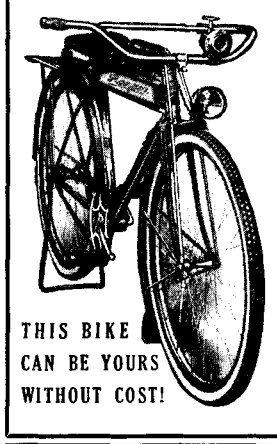

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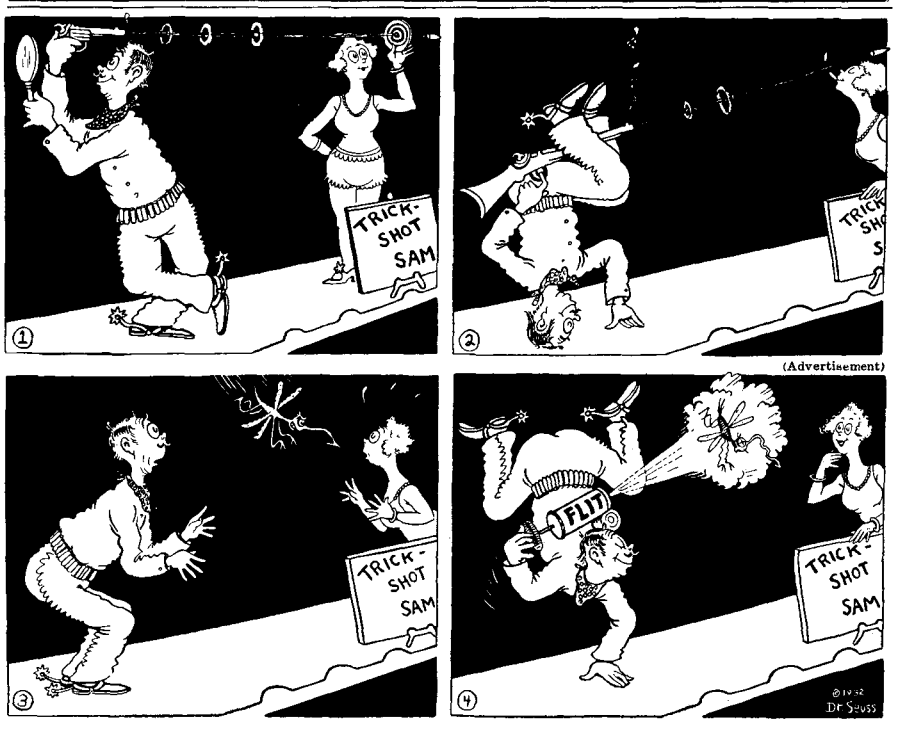

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

You and who else?

WITHIN a few days the conflicting claims of two men who want to be elected President of the United States will be thrust upon our attention.

We shall be asked as voters to choose between the two in November. Behind each stand a party and a personal record. We shall be expected to vote for a man and a party.

It is not enough. No man alone, whatever his party, is wise enough or strong enough to meet all the demands of this unprecedented time. Candidates and their organizations must put partisanship aside to rise to necessities of a great emergency.

So we appeal to both candidates and to both parties to forget political advantage and to center all thought and all effort upon promoting the good of the country.

Assure the people of the United States that there will be a truce upon politics and whatever is done and whatever is proposed will be considered only from the standpoint of the national welfare.

Specifically we appeal to both candidates to ignore the traditional barter and trade of politics and immediately at the outset of the campaign to announce the names of those eminent and public-spirited Americans whose services they would draft as members of their Cabinets.

This would admittedly be an act of self-denial upon the part of any candidate and any party, but these are unusual times. The necessity for wise and generous leadership is too great to be sacrificed to political custom or to expediency.

What does it matter if in ordinary times it was customary to reward with Cabinet offices lavish contributors of political funds or campaigners who proved successful in getting votes? Today something better is vitally needed.

During the months and years ahead we must have leadership of the highest order. As, during the war, so now the national welfare demands the services of the wisest and strongest.

Ability, character and public spirit are abundantly available, but the best and the most persuasive do not wear political tags. Yet both the Republican and the Democratic candidates for the Presidency have only to ask to obtain the pledges of the services of the most eminent of their fellow citizens, regardless of their previous party affiliations.

The times call for non-partisan government, for the sinking of minor differences and for constructive action along lines which will be readily approved by sensible and fair-minded men and women of all parties.

Consider the problems with which we must deal and we see clearly how little room there is for political partisanship.

Taxation certainly is real and cannot safely be made partisan.

Balancing the budget and cutting down wasteful expenditures is not political.

Wasteful donations to veterans whose claims are not based on military services are assuredly not a part of either Republican or Democratic doctrine.

The expansion of the nation's business manifestly cannot be conducted along political lines.

The settlement of our foreign debts is not a matter for politicians.

The restoration of our world trade cannot be accomplished by political prescriptions.

The revival of agricultural prosperity is not a partisan problem.

Prohibition and all its attendant issues are neither Democratic nor Republican.

The work to be done is national and only men capable of thinking along broad national lines are fit for the responsibilities which must be borne.

Both Presidential candidates would accordingly strengthen their own campaigns and at the same time reassure the country by announcing far ahead of the actual election the names of those distinguished Americans who would share with them the burdens of the Administration.

George Washington was President at a time not less difficult than the present and Washington was commonly conceded to be the ablest leader of his time. Yet Washington drew his Cabinet from all existing parties. We have only to recall their names. Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton were included and yet the differences between those two leaders were so fundamental that a hundred and forty years later Hamiltonians and Jeffersonians still hold opposite beliefs. Washington, however, used both to serve the nation. He wanted the strongest men of his time.

Whoever is elected President this November will need the best. Announce now that come what may during the next four years politics will be adjourned and that the most competent citizens of this republic, irrespective of all political considerations, will be invited to put their abilities to work in the national service and immediately much of the fear and apprehension which so delays recovery will be dissipated and confidence will be restored. Seldom have Presidential candidates had so great an opportunity to prove their worth.

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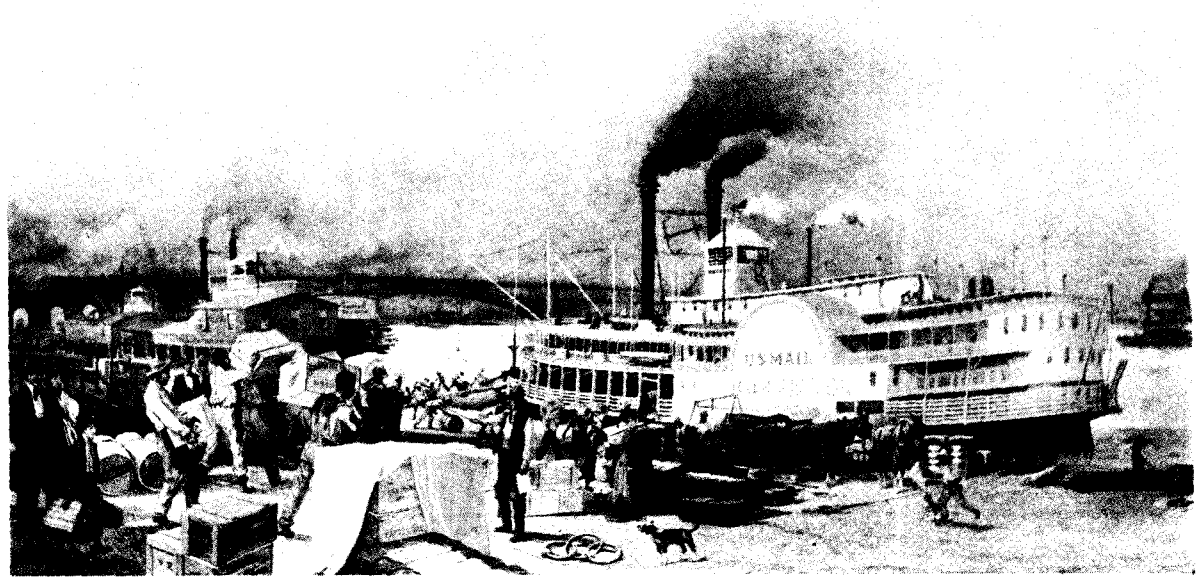
Budweiser

GOING STRONG — IN 1870 – AND EVER SINCE



BUDWEISER
helped make life on the Mississippi grand, gay and gallant

Back in the happy times that Mark Twain wrote about, every steamboat on the Mississippi tried to outdo all the others in the magnificence of its menu. They were determined that fine foods should not suffer for lack of fine drink. So—foaming BUDWEISER became the most popular bottled beer on the river because it matched delicious dishes so smoothly. Not only on the river, but everywhere, this beer was the favorite among those who gallantly 'drank like gentlemen'—temperately.

Today, BUDWEISER is brewed just as it always was. It has the maximum of alcohol allowed by law and the same old tang, the same fine flavors of choice barley and imported Saazer hops. Drink BUDWEISER with your meals. Nothing brings out the flavors of delicious dishes better than does this fine, old brew. Whether it be with a ham sandwich or a full course dinner, BUDWEISER *tastes better with food and food tastes better with* BUDWEISER.

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

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Two men disagreed about this IPANA Advertisement

which one of them is Right?

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a Crank about his Budget . .
. . . careless of his GUMS
and he has "pink tooth brush"!
TAKE your budget as seriously as you please! But if you're wise, you'll take your gums just as seriously—or more seriously!
When you were a child, your gums were as hard as your shins. But to stay hard and healthy, gums need stimulation. And the soft foods of today don't give it to them!
Your gums have never had enough exercise. They have become lazy, then touchy, then tender. And unless you're more lucky than most people of this day and age, you have "pink tooth brush"—today!
And "pink tooth brush" is nothing to be careless about. It can lead to gingivitis, to pyorrhea, to Vincent's disease. It may endanger the soundness of your teeth.
Even though your gums haven't reached the "pink tooth brush" stage, you'd better heed the warnings of modern dental science and start hardening them back to health.
Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it twice a day. But each time put a little more Ipana on your brush and massage it right into your gums. Learn why there's Zyrate in Ipana and why it's more than merely good to clean your teeth with.
In a few days after you start, your teeth will begin to whiten and brighten. Before the first tube of Ipana is gone your gums will show firmer health. Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush"!
A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST IS NEVER A LUXURY
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Arthur Somers Roche

AS the train gathered speed, the clatter subsided to a rhythmic click—and the New York newspaperman couldn't help but overhear the conversation.

One fellow, who looked like a mining engineer, was thumbing through a magazine. Suddenly he stopped and pointed to an Ipana advertisement. "Good ad, this," he said. "A man *is* a fool to let his gums get so touchy that they bleed."

His companion—a professor, apparently—looked up from his book to scan the advertisement.

"But imagine going to all the trouble to massage a tooth paste into your gums every day!" he commented.

"Ever have your gums bleed?" asked the engineer.

"Yes. But I don't take things like that very seriously. *Everybody* these days has tender gums. It's because we civilized human beings eat soft foods that don't stimulate the gums. And the gums become flabby. That's all there is to it."

"SURE that's all there is to it?" inquired the engineer. "Listen, friend. I've HAD what they call 'pink tooth brush.' And I picked up a gum trouble called 'gingivitis.' Had a *swell* time getting rid of that disease. Used to drive 18 miles to a dentist's every Sunday morning. He was the one who started me on Ipana Tooth Paste. Told me to rub it into my gums every time I cleaned my teeth. Well—today, my gums are as hard as a rock. And I DON'T have 'pink tooth brush'!"...

• • •

This advertisement repeats the net of an actual conversation overheard on a Pullman between Chicago and New York.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-72
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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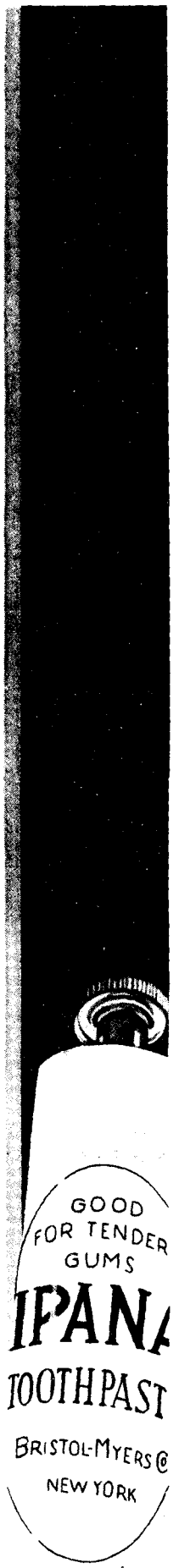
City.....*State*.....



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